Outdoor America

JANUARY, 1929

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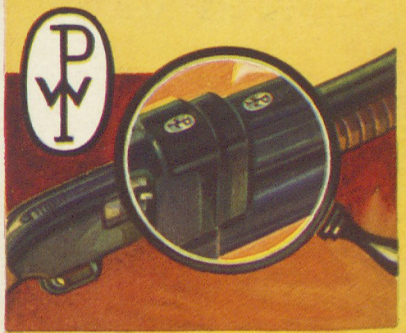

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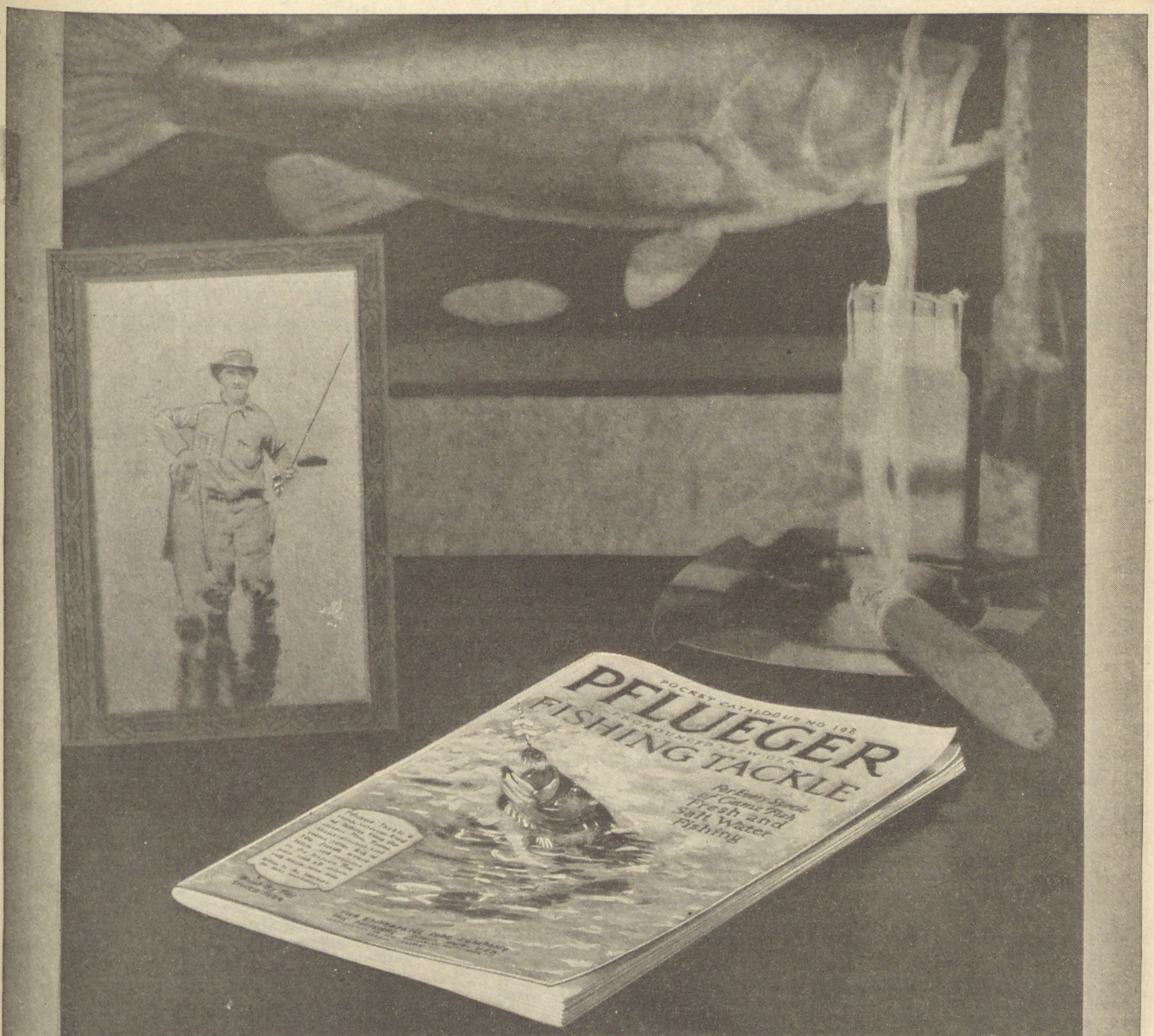

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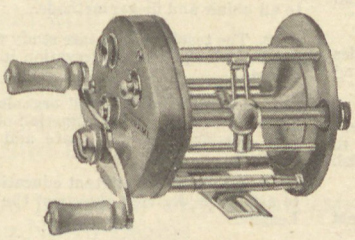

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The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

These are the greatest blessings we can acquire for ourselves and for our children, the best legacy we can leave them, adding to their happiness, their health, and their character.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

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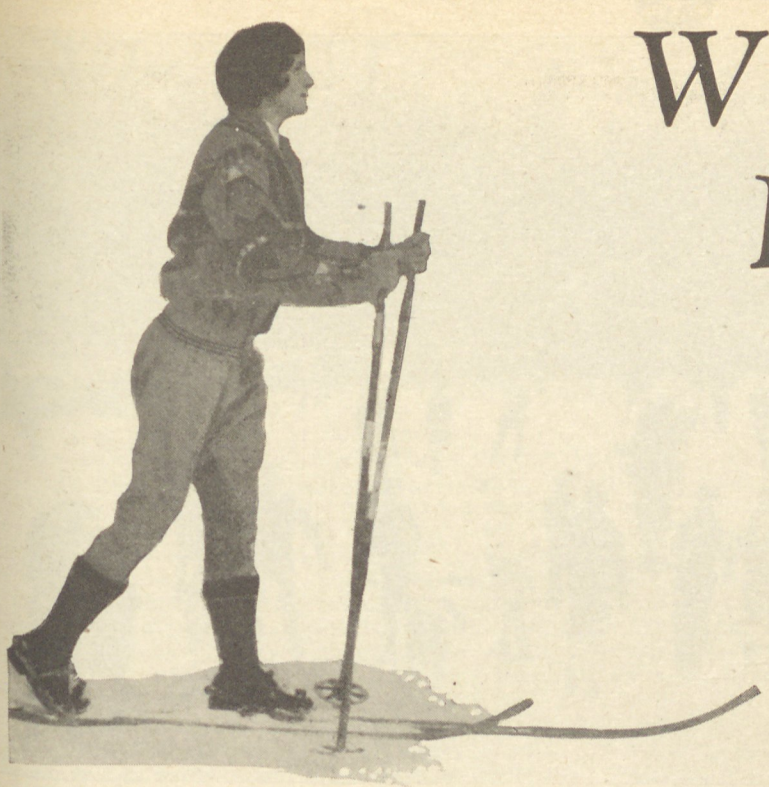
SLUSHIOUS

"* * * * Now that our young lady chums have discovered their knees * * * * and have come to realize just how little clothing is necessary to keep life in the human body, the idea of sensible winter sports attire has come out of the red flannel stage * * * *"

—*Winter Hath Charms!*



Winter Hath Charms!

By
DONALD HOUGH

ONCE upon a time when I was in St. Paul a man came to me and told me he was going to entertain Ozark Ripley during Ozark's visit to the city, and asked for a bit of friendly advice on various points. Among other things he said:

"Now this chap Ripley is a hard-boiled outdoorsman who thinks nothing of sleeping right out in the snow in weather like this. Do you think he'll feel all right in a steam heated room, or what shall I do?"

The thermometer then stood at about ten below zero, and the temptation to play a dirty trick on Ozark was more than I could withstand. "Yes," I said, "Ozark would doubtless suffocate in a warm room. Keep the steam turned off in his room for two or three days before he arrives, so it'll be darned good and cold. He'll feel at home then. He can't stand warmth. He's used to sleeping right in the snow."

I don't know how the affair came off, but if it was arranged as I suggested doubtless that accounts for the fact that Ozark has been rather cool toward me ever since. And he should be. If ever anybody played a trick like that on me I'd commit all of the more popular crimes on him at once.

I've been out in the winter, too. I've ridden thirty miles on horseback in Jackson's Hole when the thermometer stood at about twenty below zero, and I've ridden behind a team at fifty-five below, and I've seen the temperature (from an excellent seat behind the stove), hover around sixty-two below. Up along the Minnesota-Canadian boundary I've taken dog team trips 150 miles at a crack and slept in tents pitched on the ice.

All of which shows how hard-boiled I am. Then why is it that in the city I have to wear an overcoat twice as heavy as that required by the less hard-boiled citizen, and why am I nearly a divorcee because I require a higher temperature in our apartment than does my wife? Well, that's a sort of a secret, but I see no reason why it shouldn't be aired. So here it is: Instead of being hard-boiled I'm about the softest boiled individual ever assembled in one piece.

When we have company for supper and all gather in the family circle afterward and my wife gets out the photograph album and the company sees all of those pictures of me out in the snow and wind, I am looked at with something which I have always hoped was a sort of awe.

At least that goes for the members of the female sex who are present. The males, being more logical and less emotional (at least where I am concerned) give me a sort of an appraising glance and closely compare my face with the hard-boiled ones in the pictures to be sure I'm not lying.

One day one of them said, "They sure do have life-like backgrounds in the photograph studios nowadays. That snow almost looks real. I had my picture taken in an airplane at Coney Island once, and another time at Luna Park I had one taken while I was sitting on the moon."

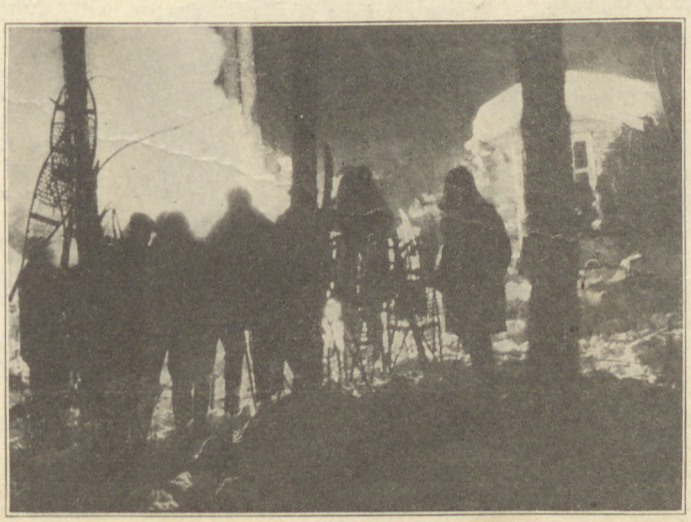
All of this has its drawbacks. I always am given the draughtiest seat in the car, I am the one who has to go out to the store after more ginger ale in the face of wintry blasts, it is poor me who has to postpone a new heavy coat for winter. It is taken for granted that firesides are my anathema, that anything warmer than zero bores me.

But it doesn't. A nice warm room doesn't bore me a particle. I love it with an all-consuming fire.

But now that I've given you this inside history of my affairs, let's return to our theme.

The real low-down on the situation is that the outdoors in winter is just as comfortable as the outdoors in summer, and it requires no more special preparation to go out into the cold than it does to go out into the heat. And what's more, the chill is easier fooled than is the humidity. The other evening I rode home in a taxi (heated) with a driver whose kindly countenance prompted me to enter into conversation with him, and he confided to me that he much preferred winter to summer "because, rich or poor, you can keep warm in winter, but who the hell, no

WINTER, too, has its campfires. And the beauty of the winter campfire is that nobody complains about the heat! In winter the ambitious fire maker can let his imagination run riot, and you don't have to carry any water afterward. This picture was taken during a trip by dog team along the Minnesota-Ontario boundary.



NOBODY has to persuade the youngsters that winter hath charms! They know of wintry charms that mere grown-ups have long since forgotten. Winter sport is healthful sport, and here is where the red blood of the north is manufactured—on skating ponds just like this. Here is one of the reasons why the mightiest civilizations are found far away from the equator. Remember your delight at the first real snowfall? Do you feel the same way about it now? You should. Take a hint from the kids and tear yourself away from the easy chair—that symbol of approaching age and immobility. Winter is no colder now than it was during those golden years when skates and skis and toboggans and sleds played such an important part in your life.

matter how much dough they got, can keep cool in hot weather?"

The point is that the average city dweller sits all day in a heated room, gets all damp, rushes out into a temperature all the way from fifty to ninety degrees colder with no more preparation than slipping on an outside wrap. The result is that you dash shivering to the bus or car, paw impatiently at doorways as you seek warmth again. If you have to stand on the street corner to wait a few minutes in weather that is around zero, you nearly freeze stiff; and if somebody should mention to you such a possibility as rolling up in a robe and sleeping there all night you'd likely butcher him just to be on the safe side.

Yet you could be outdoors at that same moment, in fewer clothes than you had on your back as you shivered, and be perfectly comfortable.

The human body can't stand tremendous changes of temperature like that without feeling it. But it can stay in warmth, or stay in cold, with impunity. It is the constant changing that brings grief to the habitant of the big city.

The shopper, for example, goes from store to store and from store to transportation, with a heavy coat on, perspires bountifully while inside, then wonders why the fur coat doesn't do its duty when the chill blast outside is met. It's a wonder everybody hasn't died long ago under such treatment. But don't get me wrong: I do the same thing, and I haven't any remedy to suggest, and I'm not alarmed about the world. I'm just pointing this out as part of my statement that a person who stays outdoors in winter doesn't suffer from the cold under ordinary circumstances.

Heartier appetites and fewer mosquitoes are found around the winter kitchen.

A few winters ago I took a trip by dog team along the Canadian boundary together with a group of a dozen men, most of whom never had been in the woods in winter in their lives. All of us came smack out of heated offices. We nearly froze for the first few hours. But during the following twelve days or so, though we encountered much sub-zero weather, carried packs, slept in tents, we never for a moment suffered from the cold. Before we had finished the trip we had come to forget that the snow was cold at all. The only suffering we experienced was from sunburn!

To the man or woman who likes the outdoors, winter offers much. If it has been left unexplored, you have a great many pleasant surprises ahead of you. You don't have to get an eider-down robe and a dog team and hie away to the places where Men are Men. Take yourself a ski hike on Sunday afternoon just outside the city; make a fire about dusk, make a pot of coffee, and roast yourself some potatoes.

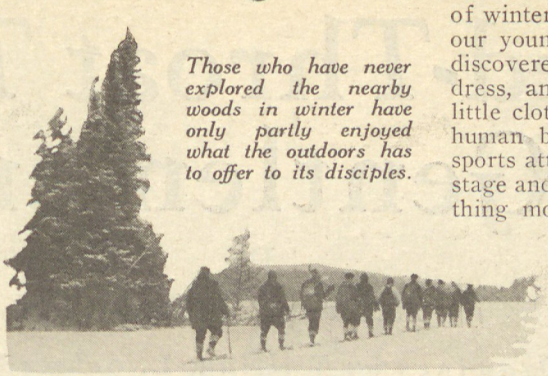
After a while you might make it a week-end, with a tent and an eider-down robe and a pair of skis or snowshoes. Haul the equipment on a small toboggan, or carry it in packs. Play around in the snow. It's surprising how much fun you can have.

Up in Minnesota and Wisconsin and Michigan, the summer resorters and the summer cottage owners are following the lead of those of the New England states and are making trips—the whole family—to the cottage or resort for week-ends and even for vacations of a couple of weeks. Many of the summer resorts in these states have had to arrange accommodations for winter guests, and I know of several such places in Minnesota that have a steady clientele all the year around.

Summer cottages, likewise, are being lined with insulation and decked out with a stove and a fireplace, so that winter visits are made comfortable. These folks have found that skiing, snowshoeing, sliding, are as much fun as boating and bathing, and that the charm of the winter woods equals, or even exceeds, that of the forest in summer.

There are no more enthusiastic outdoor people than those who do break away from the radiators and get out into the woods.

The reason is not only that they have discovered a new outdoors, which many of them had thought never existed, but they have found a means of getting outdoors during that part of the year when it is most needed—when lungs are full of coal soot and the indoors has begun to pall, and when the longing for the outdoors, usually crystallized in visions of next summer's opportunities, is at a height.



Those who have never explored the nearby woods in winter have only partly enjoyed what the outdoors has to offer to its disciples.

Given warm clothing—not bulky or heavy—and good dry snow, a clear day, I challenge anybody to find a finer sport than a hike by snowshoe or ski, a fire at noon in some nook out of the wind, a return home through the dusk: cheeks glowing, blood singing, lungs tingling, legs tired, and the prospect of a cozy room and a steaming dinner just ahead. Try to beat it!

It's there—for everybody to enjoy. It requires not one trace of "hard-boiledness"; you don't have to be an athlete, or one of those inveterate outdoors people who glory in taking a dip in the lake just before, and just after, the normal season. If you don't believe me, try it. Nobody could be less hard-boiled than I am, and I get by like a million dollars.

America is taking more and more notice of competitive winter sports, too. Hockey is just coming into its own, and the increasing interest in ski jumping, curling, skating races, all testifies to the fact that the outdoors in winter is losing a lot of its mythical terrors, and is being wooed by what is termed, during political campaigns, as "the man in the street." People nowadays will go outdoors and stand in really cold weather to watch a good hockey match or ski jumping contest. And participation in these sports is on the increase, too.

The success of the Lake Placid outdoor movement is known to all, and it has done more for promoting outdoor play in winter than any other influence. St. Moritz brought out the possibilities of winter play to a great extent, but until Lake Placid got under steam it was generally considered that you could play with impunity only in Switzerland's snow.

There is no doubt about the wave of popularity enjoyed by the sport of skating during the past dozen years in this country. Our city parks are just as crowded (at least during daylight) in winter as in summer, excepting when the thermometer does some real fancy tricks and everybody has sense enough to stick to the radiators and stoves. As in everything else, you must use your head in taking advantage of outdoor winter sports. There's no use being a darned fool about it.

Of course the popularity of winter is partly due to the new styles in clothing. Not so many years ago, as I recall it from my crib, the proper winter dress in our northern cities during the February sub-zero wave consisted of derby hats, cute round ear pads, kid gloves, pointed shoes, and a coat that permitted a view of what is called the shape. This has changed. Heavy hose, thick shoes, fur lined gloves or ordinary mittens, fur or common sheepskin coats, are in style, while our lady friends are out in coonskin coats and real overshoes. This is just a lesson in sensible adaptation to conditions. When you live in the north, there's no use pretending you never saw a snowflake before.

But just as the use of warm clothing has made it possible for the more inactive and "watcher" type of outdoor enthusiast to get around, so has the realization that little added clothing is needed for participation in active sports been driven home. The skater who dashes hither and yon in heavy coat and pants soon gets all damp, and when he (or she) stops for a moment, the chill of winter becomes a sad reality. Now that our young lady chums, for example, have discovered their knees by way of the short dress, and have come to realize just how little clothing is needed to keep life in the human body, the idea of sensible winter sports attire has come out of the red flannel stage and the possibility of moving at something more than a bear waddle has been disclosed.

And another thing. (Whenever a writer or speaker says that, get ready for a lot more.) And another thing I might as well discuss here as any place else is the kind of clothing to tie to.

First pick out the parts of your body that suffer most from the cold. These are the feet, the ears, the hands, and the nose. The feet are by far the most important in this discussion. Because feet perspire, they are the first to feel the cold. Feet don't get cold because they are next to the snow, as many suppose. If you think your feet get cold when you're hiking through snow, try riding horseback once and see what happens. The feet get cold because they get damp—either by perspiration or from the outside.

You can solve one problem *(Continued on page 47)*

Of course when you get real well acquainted with winter your goal will be the dog team and the pine forests. This is declared by its advocates to be one of the most delightful sports on earth. It somewhat parallels the summer canoe trip, both in the type of camping and in locality. The camping equipment is carried on sled or toboggan.

The Red-Throat Trout—Gentleman

By

HENRY VAN DYKE

Drawings by William L. Schmedtgen

"NOW you are to note," says Izaak Walton, "that there are several kinds of Trouts; but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men, for they go under the general name of Trouts." It is to emphasize this wise saying of the Father of Anglers, and to put in a strong plea for the better protection and conservation of one of the game trouts which adorn the waters of these United States, that I take my pen in hand to start a crusade for the Red-throat.

There are three principal kinds of surface-feeding Trouts which are native to the streams and lakes of North America.

First comes the fish known as the Eastern Brook Trout. He is really not a trout at all, but a char; *salvelinus fontinalis* is his scientific name. But he belongs to the family; and it will be a long time before the scientific purists persuade the plain anglers to call him the Brook Char. Meantime he is known to those who love him as Fontinalis, or the Brooker, or (in the Southern states) the Mountain Trout, or the Speckled Trout, or the "spicklefish," as he is called in Frederic White's delightful book, *The Spicklefisherman and Others*. In beauty he excels, being dressed in iridescent colors. In the quality of gameness he ranks high, being brave, resourceful, persistent, a fine fighter. But one thing he lacks, (at least in my experience of his tactics;) he does not leap from the water of his own free will;—only on the swing of the line.

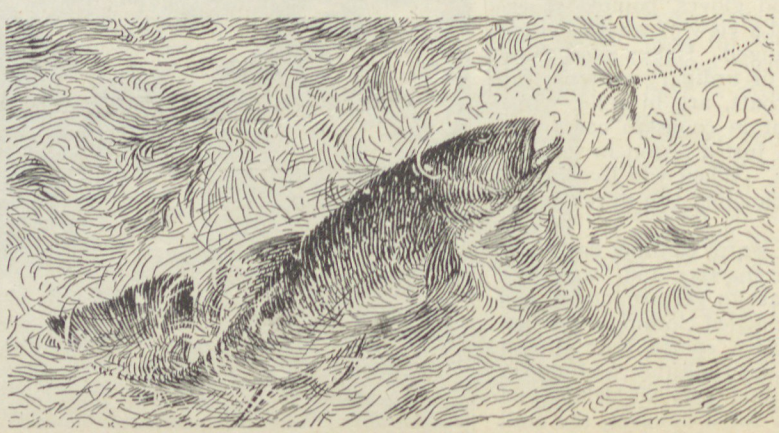
Next comes the pride of the Pacific Coast, the Rainbow Trout, *salmo irideus*. He is a very handsome fish, dark-backed, silver-sided, with a broad roseate band, varying in tint from pink to almost purple, running along his median line from head to tail. He is a fighting fish; and he is also a free-will leaper. I once caught an 18½ pound Rainbow Trout, in New Zealand, that sprang from the water five times before I got him in; and at least two of his jumps were four feet in the air.

The third fish to be mentioned on the roll of honor is the Rocky Mountain or Black Spotted Trout, vulgarly called the Cut-throat. This last is a most unseemly and piratical name, a stupid and insulting name, which should be abandoned. This fish is a gentleman, a sportsman, and a good judge of flies. His color, when he is below three pounds, is silvery, more or less thickly sprinkled with small black spots. Above that weight his back and upper sides become olive-greenish down to the median line, and the lower sides have a faint golden tint. But his distinguishing mark is a band of deep orange, or often bright red, on his throat. For this reason he should be called the Red-throat. I propose a fine of one dollar to be imposed hereafter upon any one who wilfully insults this fine fish by calling him a cut-throat; the fine to be paid to the nearest chapter of the Izaak Walton League.

I have met the Red-throat frequently, and with great pleasure, in the waters of the Snake River, as it rushes or meanders, many channelled, through the sportsman's oasis of Jackson Hole, in Wyoming. The first that I caught there was on August 15th, 1921. He weighed plump 5 pounds. The last was on September 7, 1923. But that, as R. K. says, is another story.

It was my last day at Bar B. C. Ranch. Early in the afternoon the car was to take me forty rough miles out to Victor, Idaho, to meet the east-bound train. My bags were packed;—but the morning must not be wasted. So I set up the fly-rod, and strolled out, without waders, to try a few casts on the river just behind the ranch-house. Half-a-dozen pools yielded four trout, running from half a pound up to three pounds. At noon there was one place left to fish: a swift channel, three or four feet deep, with a small hollow in the middle of it where the Red-throat loved to lie. The willow-bushes on my side of the stream were thick, but I managed to get a dark Montreal fly on the water and work it across and down stream. At the third cast a big Red-throat rose gallantly and was hooked. Up-stream he dashed; then across stream; then down stream like lightning, making for a stump with tangled roots at the foot of the long run. It would never do to let him get there. The four-ounce rod bent double with the strain. The fish yielded and began to work slowly up stream along the opposite bank. Half-an-hour was gone. The position was awkward. So I stepped into the water up to my waist, in order to get a better chance to play him. My landing-net was a very small affair, slung over the shoulder by an elastic cord. Three times I got the trout into that footy contraption, head-first, but his heavy tail always hung over, and so he flopped out. That was too dangerous; the fly might catch in the meshes of the net and the fish would tear loose. So I played him to a finish in the swift current; reeled him up close; slipped my hand over his head, forefinger and thumb under his gills; and tossed him high up on shore. A stout fellow; green and gold with a scarlet band; a Red-throat of four and three-quarter pounds. It's a good plan to top off with a fish like that, if you can, so that you end the morning's sport with a pleasant memory.

After this brief digression, we come to the main object and aim of this paper. It is to wake people up to the urgent need of securing better protection for the noble native Red-throat lest his tribe should be sadly reduced or even exterminated. Already the anglers of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho report a serious diminution in the numbers and the size of these fine fish in the streams and lakes of their States. The reason for this is not to be found only in the great increase in the tribe of fishermen, genuine or imitative. That counts for something, no doubt; but a much more potent and dangerous cause is the failure of most of the States, and even of the National Parks, to give intelligent and effective protection to the Red-throat.



The time when a game-fish needs protection is the spawning season. This is so because the agreeable excitements of that season make the fish unwary and easy to capture. Moreover they are assembled in large numbers and in well-known places; they are intent upon the pleasure and duty of continuing their species; and in the intervals between their exertions they are usually so hungry that they will snap at any bait which is thrown to them. Thus the duffer with a fish-pole, a heavy line, and a baited hook or many-fanged lure, can easily make a record-catch on a spawning-bed and go home to brag about it. But every fish that this miscreant kills under these conditions means the destruction of many thousands of eggs, and the serious depletion of the next generation of fish. Of course artificial hatcheries can make up for this destruction to some extent. *But not completely. In the conservation of the fish-resources of a stream or lake nothing can fully take the place of natural propagation under nature's conditions. Therefore the first duty of real conservationists in regard to fishes is to see that this propagation is protected and that these conditions are preserved as far as possible.*

Now here is the point of this crusade for the salvation of the Red-throat trout from extirpation. Like his distant cousin, the Grayling, the Red-throat *spawns in the spring or early summer.* Whereas the Fontinalis, as well as the imported Brown trout, spawn in the autumn. The Rainbow spawns in California in the early spring, but when transplanted to the Atlantic seaboard, or to New Zealand, his season is changed to the autumn. Yet the amazing, the almost incredible fact is that this seasonal difference is entirely ignored by our official fish protectors.

Marguerite Ives, the able editor of *Outdoor America,* kindly took the trouble to send out some inquiries for me on this subject. In one of the replies which came to her I find this amazing statement: "The National Parks treat Cut-throats like all other trout. There is the same protection, and no distinction."

But my dear inexperienced friend, can't you see that if there is "no distinction," there can not possibly be "the same protection"? The Fontinalis spawns in the autumn; the Red-throat in the spring and early summer. You can't change the fact, and therefore, if you wish to protect, you *must* make a distinction. *Conservation is futile unless it is based on observation and intelligence.*

A very instructive letter from the Game and Fish Warden of New Mexico says: "Our native trout is doomed to extinction. . . . . Their numbers seem to grow less and less." The laws of New Mexico make the open season for *"any species of trout* . . . . between the thirtieth day of May and the twenty-fifth day of November."

In North Dakota the open season (again "for *any* species of trout,") is from May 1st to October 30th. In Wyoming, so far as I can understand the book, all kinds of fish may be taken from April 2nd to December 2nd. From Montana the Fish Warden writes: "The Cut-throat Trout are classed as a game fish, *and do not differ in any way from our other trout."* The close season, so far as I can make out, is from March 15th to May 20th, when it is "unlawful to catch, or attempt to catch, any fish whatsoever." (I like that "attempt to catch.") In Idaho, the Fish Warden says, "Cut-throat trout are protected from January 1st to May 15th, and have the same protection afforded to all species of trout." In South Dakota, the Fish Warden seems to be unusually observing, for he says: "We have no genuine cut-throat trout here. We have the Loch Leven, which is sometimes erroneously referred to as 'cut-throat'." The open season is from April 1st to October 1st. In Utah the Fish Commissioner writes the usual thing about protecting "all species of trout alike." The open season is from June 15th to October 30th.

Now here is what we might call "a pretty kettle of fish," in these sovereign States, as well as in our National Parks. Everybody seems to ignore or to overlook the very important fact that the Red-throat spawns in spring or early summer and needs protection *then,* not in the autumn or winter. I will quote two high authorities on the subject.

American Food and Game Fishes; by Jordan and Evermann. Doubleday, Page and Co., New York, 1903. "The Cut-throat trout, and all of this series, spawns in the spring and early summer." p. 176.

Salmon and Trout; published by the Macmillan Company, New York, 1902: Chapter on "The Trouts of America," by W. C. Harris. "The Cut-throat spawns in

(Continued on page 33)

The Pepal Parri Tiger

By

MAJOR J. E. CORBETT

MAJOR CORBETT writes us that the only merit he claims for this story is that it is true. We are sure that our readers will find not only absolute accuracy in every word but much enjoyment.—Editor.

BEYOND the fact that he was born in a ravine running deep into the foothills, and was one of a family of three, I know nothing of his early history.

He was about seven months old when, attracted by the calling of a cheetulhind early one December morning, I found his pawmarks in the sandy bed of a little stream known locally as Pepal Parri. I thought at first that he had strayed from his mother's care, but as week succeeded week and his single tracks showed on the game paths of the forest, I came to the conclusion that the near approach of the breeding season was an all sufficient reason for his being alone. Jealously guarded one day, and protected at the cost of the parent life if necessary, and set adrift the next, is the lot of all jungle folk—nature's method of preventing in-breeding.

That winter he lived on peafowl, karkee, small pig and an occasional cheetulhind, making his home in a prostrate giant of the forest, felled for no apparent reason and hollowed out by time and porcupines. Here he brought most of his small kills, basking when the days were cold on the smooth bole, where many a leopard had basked before him.

It was not until January was well advanced that I saw him at close quarters. Out one afternoon with no definite object in view, I saw a crow rise from the ground and wipe its beak as it lit on the branch of a tree near by. Crows in the jungle always interest me, and on this occasion the bird led me to the scene of an overnight tragedy. A cheetul had been killed and partly eaten, and attracted to the spot, possibly as I had been, a party of men passing along the road, distant some fifty yards, had cut up and removed the remains. All that was left was the contents of the stomach, a few splinters of bone and a little congealed blood, off which the crow had lately made his meal. There was no cover near by, and as the animal who had done the killing was in all probability unaware of the fate his kill had met with, it was worth a sit up, so selecting the branch of a convenient tree, I made myself as comfortable as circumstances permitted. Half an hour later, two cheetul stags, both with horns in velvet, came down wind and turned to statues when they arrived at the scene of the tragedy. With heads held high, nostrils distended, and ears cupped forward, they stood until satisfied there was no danger nigh, then with lowered heads they examined the ground, and finally retreated the way they had come.

The sun was an hour off setting, when a movement to my right front caught my eye. An animal had crossed an opening between two bushes. The bush behind which the form had vanished was at the far end of a tongue of scrub, which terminated forty yards from my tree. Presently the bushes at my end were agitated, and out into the open stepped the cub, his big ears and baby hair in strange contrast to his air of independence. Straight up to the kill he came, his look of expectancy giving place to one of disappointment as he realized that his cheetul, killed possibly after an all night stalk, was gone. After inspecting all that the men and crow had left, he went up to a tree opposite and some ten yards from me, and for the first time I saw that a convenient knot, projecting from the tree, about four feet above the ground, had been used as a block to divide up the kill. I was not the only one who carried a gun in these forests, and if the cub was to grow into a tiger, it was now time to give him the lesson his mother would more effectively have given him had she seen him incautiously approaching a kill by daylight, within a few yards of a public road. Had I been differently armed,

"Pleasure on viewing the magnificent trophy was not unmixed with regret"

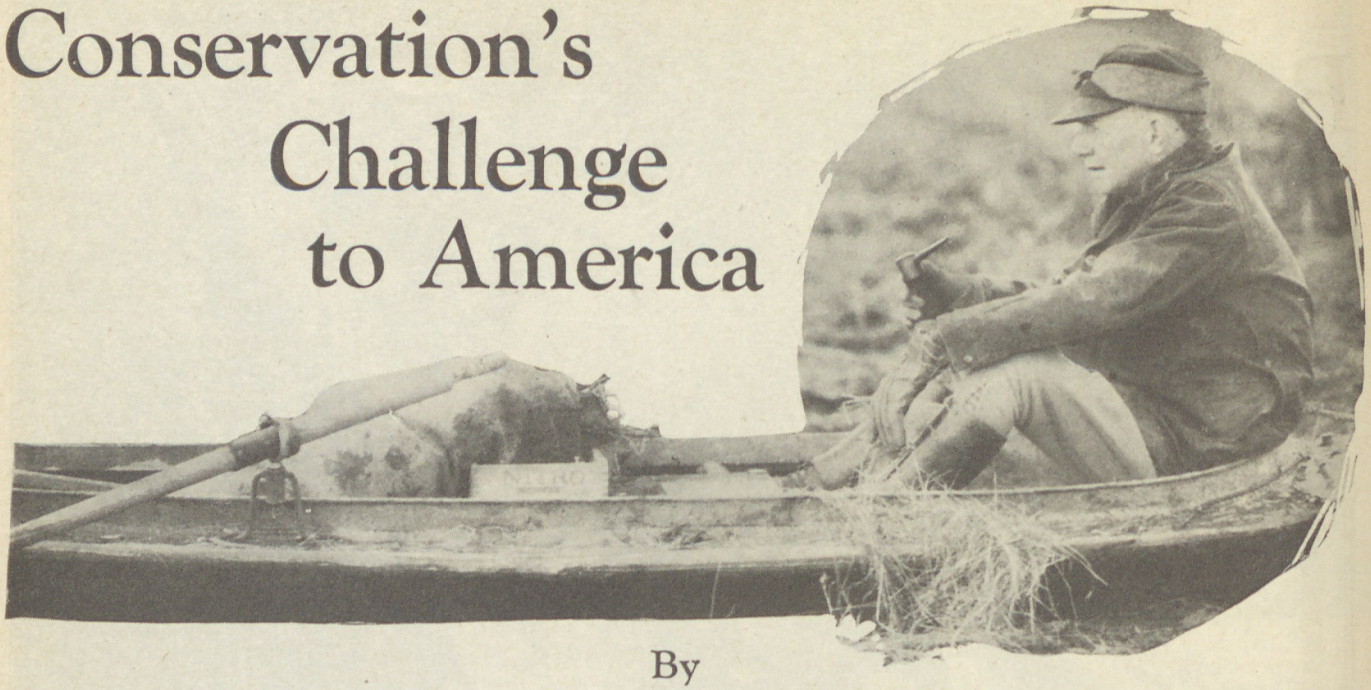
The Bengal tiger is the most dangerous of the species.

the lesson would have been more severe, but the rifle had to do this time, and as he raised his head, my bullet crashed into the dry knot an inch from his nose. It was his first experience of fire arms and he was terrified, as I intended he should be. Springing into the air, he bounded off and remembering that beyond the road was open ground, turned and passed right under me, redoubling his frantic efforts to get away, as I leaned over and shouted at him. He only once in the years that followed, forgot that lesson.

The following winter I saw him several times. His ears did not look so big now and he had changed his baby hair for a coat of rich tawny red with well defined stripes. He had given up his old quarters in the hollow tree, living instead in a patch of thick scrub, some acres in extent, east of Pepal Parri, and had added young sambhar to his menu.

On my annual descent from the hills the next winter, the familiar pawmarks no longer showed on the game paths and drinking places, and for several weeks I thought the cub had abandoned his old haunts and gone further afield, and then one morning his absence was explained, for side by side with his tracks were the smaller and more elongated tracks of the mate he had gone to find. I only once saw the tigers, for the cub was a tiger now, together. I had been out before dawn to try and get a shot at a sarao that lived on the foot-hills, and returning unsuccessful an hour after sunrise, my attention was arrested by a vulture perched on the dead limb of a sal tree not far from the fire track I was on. The bird had his back towards me and was facing a short belt of scrub with dense jungle beyond. Dew was still heavy on the ground, and without a sound I reached the tree and peered round. One antler of a dead sambhar, for no living deer would lie in that position, projected above the low bushes. A convenient moss covered rock afforded my rubber shod feet silent and safe hold, and as I drew myself erect the sambhar came into full view. The hind quarters had been eaten away, and lying, one on either side of the kill, were the tigers, the male being on the far side with only his hind legs showing. Both tigers were asleep. Six feet in front to avoid a dead branch and thirty feet to the left would give me a shot at the tiger's head, but in planning the stalk I had forgotten the silent spectator. Where I stood I was not visible to him, but before the six feet were covered I came into view, and alarmed at my near presence, he flapped off his perch, omitting as he did so to note a thin creeper dependent from the tree, against which he collided, coming ignominiously to ground. The tigress was up and away in an instant, clearing at a bound the kill and her mate, the tiger, not being slow to follow; a possible shot, but too risky with thick jungle ahead, where a wounded animal would have all the advantage on his side. A week later, the tiger resumed his bachelor existence. A change had now come over his nature. Hitherto he had not objected to my visiting his kills, but after his mate left him, the first drag I followed up, I was made aware that no liberties would in future be permitted. The angry growl of a tiger at close quarters, than which there is no more terrifying sound in the jungles, has to be heard to be appreciated. Early in March the tiger killed his first full grown buffalo. I was near the foot-hills one evening, when the agonized bellowing of a buffalo, mingled with the angry roar of a tiger, rang through the forest. I located the sounds, as coming from a small ravine six hundred yards away. The going was bad, mostly over loose rocks and through thorn bushes, and when I crawled up a steep bluff commanding a view of the ravine, the buffalo's struggles were over, and the tiger was nowhere to be seen. For an hour, I lay with finger on trigger, without seeing anything of the tiger. At dawn next morning, I again crawled up the bluff, to find the buffalo lying as I had left it. The struggle had taken place over an area half the size of a tennis court, and it was not until the buffalo had been ham-strung that the tiger had succeeded in pulling her down and dislocating her neck. The tiger's tracks led across the ravine, and on following them up, I found a long smear of blood on a rock, and a hundred yards further on another smear on a fallen tree. The wound was in the head, and sufficiently severe to make the tiger lose all interest in the kill for he never returned to it. Three years later the tiger, disregarding the lesson received when a cub, (his excuse may have been that it was the closed season for tigers) incautiously *(Continued on page 46)*

Conservation's Challenge to America



By

GEN. CHARLES G. DAWES

Vice President of the United States

THE conservation movement in the United States today constitutes this country's finest demonstration of pure idealism—of unselfish patriotism.

Those who adhere to it solely for the love of the out-of-doors, who comprehend their duty only in terms of planting a tree, purifying a stream, protecting a bird's nest, or otherwise making the out-of-doors a little cleaner, a little more beautiful, and a little more alive with the pulse of Nature, have justification enough for their work and reward enough in their accomplishments.

But there is another aspect of conservation that challenges the attention of 125,000,000 Americans, and it is time that the national conscience be awakened to the necessity of preserving what is left of the outdoor heritage of our fathers, and of restoring some of that which has been destroyed and defiled.

This other aspect of conservation is the economic. On economic grounds alone we may call upon the self-interest of our people and justify all the time and the energy that is expended in a conservation movement.

We have depleted our forests without restoration. Millions of acres that ought to be growing timber for our country's needs, while providing sanctuary to wild life and playgrounds for our people, lie bare and useless. Other millions of acres that once grew trees and that ought to be growing them today, have been turned into unfertile and unprofitable farm land to compete with more suitable areas and to add to the agricultural problem. The economic value of these lands in the growing of forest products alone is worth many times the money and the pains we expend on conservation efforts that have heretofore had too little attention from the people and from the makers and administrators of our laws.

We have polluted our streams beyond common belief. The fresh waters of young America are defiled beyond those of any other nation in the world whose civilization and development are comparable to our own. We need not concern ourselves with the motives of those who have contributed to or permitted this contamination. Our problem is to purify our lakes and streams—not only for the contribution that clean streams make to the health and the recreation of our people, but also for the economic value of the aquatic life they ought to support.

The whole of our business life takes root in Nature. All of our progress and prosperity is predicated on the abundance of our natural resources and the manner in which we develop them for man's use. But nature is not inexhaustible. We cannot continue to draw upon the resources of nature without giving something back to nature. The minerals we find in the earth cannot be restored, but the riches we take from the fields and the forests and the streams can be replenished. Some day, and perhaps much too late, we shall learn the lesson of conserving and restoring these assets.

Qualities of mind and body cannot be measured in terms of dollars, and yet we must credit much of the wealth and greatness of our country to the fact that so large a part of our people spring from sources that have been close to nature. All of us who spent our childhood in the fields and the forests have the feeling that we want our children to have some of that contact with the out-of-doors. We cannot help believing that the days we spent following a faithful dog, or sitting on the bank of a stream paying more attention to Nature than to the bobber in front of us, put something into our minds and hearts that we want our children to have.

And yet, how scant are the out-of-doors opportunities of our children as compared with our own, and how much less must be the contact of their children with Nature, unless you make it your business and I make it my business not only to save what is left to us of the

(Continued on page 47)

Between You and Me

Another adventure of Billy and Spider bearing a plea for the cleansing of our waters for the sake of our boys, their fishin' and their loved swimmin' holes.

By

ELMER E. RAWDON

Drawings by Uldene Trippe

FIRES in New Freeport were a rarity, indeed. There had not been a fire of any moment for years. Consequently when the early evening sky became a deep crimson, and the siren on the town hall gave forth its blood-curdling blasts, the whole village turned out.

At first, it was thought that the fire must be just at the edge of town; the feed store, perhaps, or one of the other buildings near the creek. But, like all night fires, it was farther away than it seemed, and finally turned out to be the old tannery up the creek beyond the flour mill.

The road as far as the mill was well worn, but from that point to the tannery, which had stood idle for years, it was a tangle of underbrush, weeds, and tall grass. The volunteer fire department did its futile best but the old tannery was doomed.

To most of the townsfolk the fire meant only an evening of unusual excitement, but to several of them it meant a rather severe loss. Deacon Hunter, with one or two others, had recently purchased the place with the intention of putting it into operation again. It was rather a coincidence that the building which had stood so long unmolested should burn to the ground immediately upon its purchase.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster, like the others, returned home after the last blaze had flared up and died in its own ashes.

"Boy, that was some hot fire," remarked Webster to his wife. "That's the most excitement this place has had in years. Wonder what started it, anyway?"

"Mrs. Taylor told me that they think that it might have been spite work."

"By Gosh, that's right, I did hear someone say that Deacon Hunter had bought it, and was going to start it going again. I guess there are plenty of people who wouldn't be sorry to see him get a trimming. Can't say that I'd feel a lot like crying myself."

"Frank," exclaimed his wife, "I'm surprised at you."

"Well," retorted Mr. Webster, "he's one of those 'eye for an eye, and tooth for a tooth' Christians, and I never liked him."

"Frank, you have a petty dislike for the deacon because he chased you off his farm last hunting season. After all, it is his farm, and you can't blame him a lot, the way some men trample the young wheat, and tear down the fences."

"Listen, Mary, gentlemen and sportsmen don't do those things to anyone's farm. It's no trouble for any man with half an eye to distinguish between a sportsman and a rough neck, and I consider my self one of the former," replied Mr. Webster.

"Well, so long, Spider! See ya tomorrow!" came a voice out of the dark.

The gate clicked, and a second later Billy stood in the door. A mass of tow-colored hair lay in damp, touseled rings close to his head. His face, grimy and scratched, was lit by a pair of blue eyes that shone with excitement. A thick coat of clay mud made it hard to tell where the stockings left off and the shoes began, and a fresh, three-cornered snag in his trouser knee exposed a short, bloody scratch, that might have been made by a barbed wire.

"Now, aren't you a pretty sight—and where is your cap?" asked his mother.

"Er—my cap—I—I, yes—er, I mean no—no, I don't know where it is. I guess I must have lost it at the fire."

"Didn't find out who started the fire, did they?" asked Mr. Webster, but the boy had started upstairs and if he heard he did not answer.

"Seems blamed funny to me that he didn't have much to say about the fire," remarked Mr. Webster.

"I guess he was just too tired to talk, and it's no wonder, for it is after twelve o'clock right now," replied the mother.

The next morning Billy had little to say at breakfast. He barely tasted his food, and seemed in a hurry to leave the table.

"You don't look as though you had slept a wink," exclaimed his mother. "And you haven't eaten a bite. I guess fires aren't good for boys. Too much excitement. Your father was half asleep when he left this morning, too."

"Yessum," replied the boy absently. "I guess I better see if I can't find my cap," and he left the house immediately.

Billy had been gone but a scant half hour when two men stepped on the front porch of the Webster home. They removed their hats respectfully as Mrs. Webster answered the door. She recognized the one. He was constable Ewing, but the other was a stranger.

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Webster," greeted the hawk-nosed, diminutive constable. "Ah, let me introduce—ah, Mr. Kuhn. Mr. Kuhn is, er, is one of our county detectives. Is yer son t' home?"

"Why, no—no, he isn't," replied Mrs. Webster a little surprised.

"Where is he, d'ya know?"

"He lost his cap at the fire last night, and he's gone to hunt it."

"Yes, yes, of course. Went after his cap," smiled the detective knowingly. "Ah, what time, might I ask, did yer son go t' the fire last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was the rather terse reply.

Mrs. Webster was having her first experience with an officer of the law, and she did not like it.

"Did he go with you?" continued the detective, unruffled.

"No, he didn't go with me," answered the woman sharply.

"I thought not," grinned the stranger as he winked at the constable.

"Ah—ah, what time did he leave the house yesterday evening, Mrs. Webster?" asked the constable softly in an attempt to smoothe the woman's feelings, "and what time did he—"

"I don't know what time he left. What difference does it make, anyway? Why are you questioning me this way?" asked Mrs. Webster, irritated.

"Well, Madam, there ain't no use tryin 't' make a mystery outa it. Your son, along with another feller, was seen fishin' up by the tannery yesterday evenin' jest before the fire started, and this here cap was picked up by the fire chief right near the blaze. Is this yer son's cap?"

"Of course it's his cap, but what of it? He lost it at the fire. Everyone was there, and I imagine if you'd take the trouble to look, you'd, no doubt, find other caps as well," replied Mrs. Webster in a heated tone.

"Now, they ain't no use t' get mad, Missus. He was seen hangin' around the place, an' his cap was found right close to the buildin'. This is only the natural course o' law, an' I'll have t' take him to the squire up at the county seat fer a hearin'. Now, 'course if yer goin' t' flare up, an'—"

"Here he comes! Here he comes, now!" interrupted the constable excitedly.

Billy had nearly reached the gate before he saw the two men. Like a flash he wheeled and started down the street as fast as his little legs would carry him.

"Hey, there, young feller! Now, you stop! Stop, I tell ya!" yelled the village exponent of the law as he vaulted the fence with the detective at his heels. Shortly all three had passed from the frightened mother's gaze.

Billy sped directly to Spider's home with the intention of warning him, but he received no answer to his whistle. He quickly left the place, and instinctively made for the creek. He had no plan, nor had he thought of hiding. The creek loomed simply as a place of refuge. It was a place where he could unburden his troubles, a place of truth and justice, and he turned to it as naturally as a squirrel flees to a hollow tree at the least sign of danger.

He did not reach his destination, however; for just as he crossed the bridge at the edge of the village and was about to turn up the path that followed the creek, the stranger he had seen on the porch grasped him roughly by the arm.

"Well, I gotcha, ain't I?" snarled the detective. "Thought ya'd get away, didn't ya? Guess ya didn't know who ya was monkeyin' with. I got yer buddie, too, I did."

"You, you, let me go, you—you big coward!" cried the struggling boy.

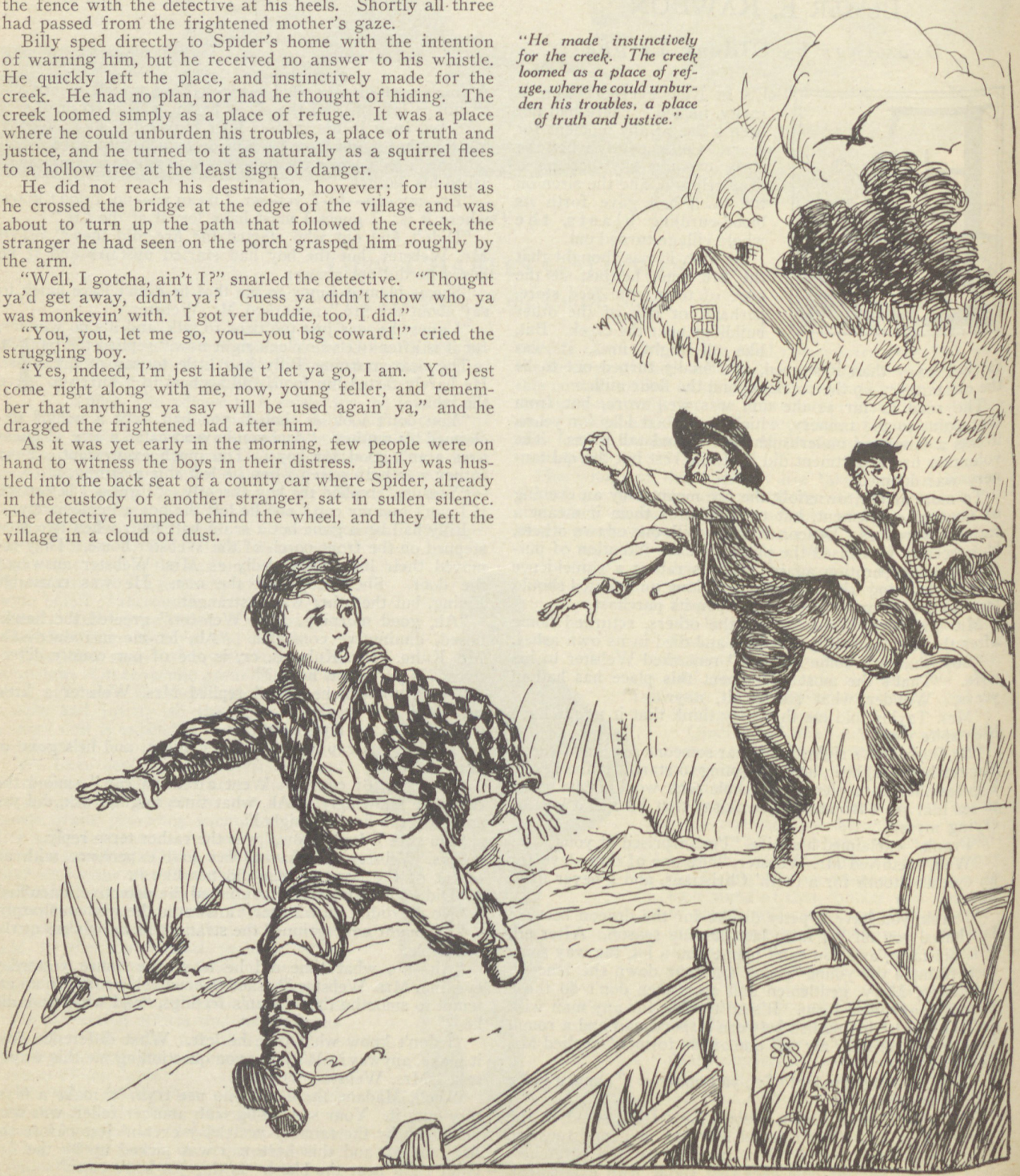
"Yes, indeed, I'm jest liable t' let ya go, I am. You jest come right along with me, now, young feller, and remember that anything ya say will be used again' ya," and he dragged the frightened lad after him.

As it was yet early in the morning, few people were on hand to witness the boys in their distress. Billy was hustled into the back seat of a county car where Spider, already in the custody of another stranger, sat in sullen silence. The detective jumped behind the wheel, and they left the village in a cloud of dust.

MR. WEBSTER in his office in town had just received a phone call from his wife informing him of the catastrophe. A temporary feeling of fear was quickly superseded by a gust of parental anger. He grabbed his hat, raced for his car, and sped directly toward the county seat. He jammed the accelerator to the floor, and, as each succeeding mile flew by, his anger increased.

"By the Gods," he growled to himself, "if it isn't one mess, it's another. Never saw the like in my life. I don't know what in the devil possesses those kids. By Heavens, this is the last. Yes, sir, the *last*. I'm done talking. I'll put a stop to this monkey business, or I'll know the reason why. Just wait!" and he ground his teeth savagely.

By the time he had reached his destination, he had worked himself into a white heat. He was just about to rush into the squire's office when the county car pulled up



"He made instinctively for the creek. The creek loomed as a place of refuge, where he could unburden his troubles, a place of truth and justice."

"Me and Spider was fishin' up by the tannery."

to the curb. Like a madman he turned and flew at the boys in the back seat.

"Now, what in the devil have you kids been into?" he yelled. "I just feel like breaking you in two! What have you done? Tell me! By Heavens, this is the end. I'm going—"

"Steve," said the detective who by this time was at the door, "go an' get this boat filled with gas while I'm in here." And then, grabbing the boys by the arms in no gentle manner, he said, "Come on, you kids."

Billy winced ever so little, and looked up at his father appealingly. "Daddy, Daddy!" he half sobbed.

Webster's emotions underwent a swift change at his son's cry. He felt perfectly justified, under the circumstances, to punish Billy to the limit, but to see him harmed in the least by another was quite a different matter, and he immediately turned on the detective.

"Say, you big stiff," he growled, "what d'ya mean by hurting these boys? Take your hands off 'em. These boys are not criminals or cripples either, an' they can walk without any help from you. We'll take these boys in like gentlemen."

The detective said nothing further, and a more subdued attitude toward the boys showed that he respected Mr. Webster's anger.

Presently the little party found themselves in a small room. They faced a time-worn desk behind which sat a man of perhaps fifty years. His head was sparsely covered with iron-gray hair. His eyes were kind, and the fan-like wrinkles that terminated in their corners told of an even disposition. As he arose from his chair, he towered above the rest authoritatively.

"Well?" was all he said.

"Squire, I've brought these two boys to answer to a charge of arson."

A look of surprise came over the squire's face. "Arson!" he repeated.

"Yes, sir, the tannery, Squire," reminded the detective.

"Oh, yes, over at New Freeport. Yes, I heard about it. Well?"

"Well, sir, this boy here has confessed," and he indicated Spider. "He says he done it alone, but the both of 'em was seen together near the tannery before the thing started, an' we found this boy's cap right near where the blaze was, which is proof that they were both into it."

"And who is this gentleman?" asked the Squire nodding toward Webster who was standing between the two boys.

"I am this boy's father," said Mr. Webster. "These boys are all right, Squire, and if they set the old shack on fire, I'm sure that it wasn't intentional."

"Ah, yes, yes, of course. How about it, boys? Did you set the place on fire? You know that that is a rather grave offense," remarked the squire.

Billy looked at Spider. Spider looked at Billy, and they both looked at Mr. Webster.

"Go ahead and tell the man, Billy. Tell him exactly what happened," said the father confidently.

"Well, you see, sir," began Billy, his honest, blue eyes fixed squarely on the squire's face. "Ah—ah—yes, sir, we did set it on fire. Yes, sir—on purpose."

Mr. Webster sucked in a deep breath of astonishment. The squire's eyebrows raised slightly, and the detective assumed a look of complete satisfaction.

"Yes, yes, go on, son," prompted the squire. "Why did you do it?"

Again the boy looked at his father, this time rather doubtfully. Mr. Webster simply nodded.

"Well, sir, you see—you see, me an' Spider was fishin' up by the tannery. There's a nice hole there, an' we often get a strike or two in the evening, don't we, Spider?"

"Uh huh," said Spider in confirmation.

"Course," continued Billy, "there's lots of other places, too, but they're hard t' get at unless ya have boots. Well, we was just settin' there waitin' fer one of them small mouths to grab our minnows when we heard some fellers in the tannery talkin'." Here he hesitated and looked at Spider for his approval.

Spider nodded his head vigorously, and Billy continued.

"One of the fellers was Deacon Hunter. We knew his voice, 'cause he's chased us away from his farm so many times. They was talkin' about what a good bargain they made when they bought the tannery, an' they was figurin' out how long it would take to start it workin' again. They argued fer a long time. One of the fellers said it would take a month, but the deacon said he'd get her goin' in a week. Well, sir, Spider says t' me, 'Billy, they'll kill every fish in this here creek with their danged old tannery,' an' Spider knows all about them things, don't you, Spider?"

"Well, I know that they allus dump their acid in the creek, 'cause I've seen 'em. Yes, sir, they just naturally kill everything that swims," said Spider wisely "an' when I lived up in the mountains the tannery there dumped acid in the creek an 'spoiled our swimmin' hole and 'Red' Dugan got so sick from the water he liked to die!"

"Yes, son, go on," said the squire to Billy.

"Well, me an' Spider, we talked about it fer a long time. We thought about my dad, too, 'cause he often goes up there with us. He likes t' fish better'n anything, an' we have lots of good times, don't we, Dad?"

Webster swallowed hard, and *(Continued on page 46)*

What? White Whiskers!

By

WILLIAM L. FINLEY

of the American Nature Association

Photographs by the Author and Arthur N. Pack

William L. Finley shooting goat with a camera.

"WELL, sir," said Jim Whilt, ex-lion hunter, trapper, poet, and guide extraordinary, "we will sure get some pictures," and he hefted the cameras, stored them away in the wide box panniers on Honest John, the quietest horse in the outfit, braced his foot against John's ample rear quarters, and pulled tight the diamond-hitch. Then, picking up the lead rope, he swung into his saddle, zigzagging up the slope and over the shoulder of the mountain, followed by the long line of pack-animals.

When I joined the Packs and Horsfalls on the expedition sent out by the American Nature Association, to follow up along the roof of the Rockies in the northern part of Glacier National Park and Alberta, I had one idea in mind and that was to take a movie of an old Rocky Mountain billy. We had filmed elk, moose, deer, beaver, bighorns and antelope, but it is slightly different getting a movie of a goat, the most daring steeplejack in the country, and a fellow most eccentric in character. No use saying he is the most difficult American mammal to photograph because someone else will rise up and exhibit a remarkable picture taken on the trail the first week out. This, however, only goes to show that Lady Luck was walking right by his side.

"Jim, do you think we'll see any mountain goats?" I asked.

"Now, leave it to me. I'll put you within fifty feet of goats."

"You heard what the guide said," I whispered to Art Pack when we struck camp that night. "Let's hold him right up to his promise."

Day after day we were out climbing the ranges of tumbled rocks, skirting the snouts of glaciers, and edging along the knife-like ridges of the Continental Divide that dropped off thousands of feet to shale slides and blue lakes. Jim had shown us deer, beaver, mountain sheep, marmots, and even goats which were not close up. Yesterday and on many yesterdays we scrambled up heights, sneaked along precipices, always turning down with disappointment as the watchful goats saw us approaching and shifted on in slow but tantalizing gait to vanish from sight.

"How about the goats?" I would say to Jim at the end of each day.

"Just wait," he would reply, "we'll get our other pictures first. We strike the best goat country toward the end."

I was used to waiting; I had waited for eight years. I had hunted here, there and everywhere, and had come away with some good pictures, but not of mountain goats.

"Perhaps the whole trouble in the past was in not going at it in the right way. Instead of hunting your goat, why not let the goat hunt you? It is largely a game of luck. I'll get on a goat trail and wait till he comes to me," I thought.

So in the chilly mists of the early morning, on the day after our long trek over Boulder Pass, Jim, Art, and I shouldered our camera-packs to climb into a country that looked as chaotic as on the day of creation. Some time in the far off past—according to the best-known theory—the earth had been squeezed as if in the hand of a giant, till it bulged high and the crust cracked. The broken edge on the west was pressed upward, and lapped over the other in a great overthrust. The face of this fault was above us, looking like a wide stairway of the giants. On nearer approach we saw the steps were filled with shale-rock, giving it more the appearance of a huge washboard, except where sliding snow and slipping ice had washed steep chimneys from top to bottom.

A mountain Billy at home. Luck plays an important part in getting his picture.

So we climbed where no trail was ever conceived, steeper and steeper, where our toes did their best to dig through the soles of our shoes for a better hold on the slanted ledges. Halting, panting, we stopped times without number, on toward the very roof of creation, till at last the ragged top broke off in front of us. We knelt, grasping the blessed earth with both hands, as we looked down the precipice that broke sharp and shadowy to the bottom of an ice-scooped cirque, a bejewelled basin set with blue lakes and slides beaded with hanging glaciers. The thrill of thin air was in our lungs, the feel of the whole world swinging below, and our finger-tips tingled as we hung on in utter space. We seemed to have passed from the things we had known, the time of earth and men, into a period primordial and elemental. Not miles but ages we had climbed, to the very "evening and the morning of the Third Day."

"Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind," and man was given dominion over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. But only by a wide stretch of imagination could he feel his dominion here where the mountains had played leap-frog, nor could he feel dominion over the shaggy-haired goat at home on pinnacles washed in the clouds, where water shimmered over jagged edges as lightning forks in the sky.

Then I slipped off down a point of rock to a high cleaver that had the aspect of a goat trail. Below it at the edge of a lake were tiny white dots that marked the tops of our teepees. I could almost have pitched a rock into camp. Crouching in a cramped position among the boulders, I waited for two hours; then laid my camera down to stretch out for a rest. Happening to look up, I was dumbfounded to see a nanny fifty feet away on a narrow ledge that curved around the corner of a great rock chimney. She might have walked right over me if her keen senses had not detected my presence. Trembling in excitement, I reached for my camera; but she was gone. Nor did curiosity bring her back. Perhaps it was just as well, for at this season she was shedding, and her last season's wool, hanging in shreds about her shoulders, made her look as if she had just come out of a rag-bag.

Two goats surprised by the cameraman.

Satisfied now that my best chance was to lie as still as the stones, I waited for another two hours. Then I crept on my hands and knees along the edge of the precipice to look around the rock chimney and on the face of the cliff, so as not to be surprised by another goat from that direction. Not a goat in sight! Before turning to make the backward crawl, my eyes roamed aloft, and there was an old billy a hundred feet straight above, with his head cocked over the brink and an expression that plainly said: "I've caught you in the act." I flinched with a guilty feeling of being caught napping on guard. He smiled at my snail-like method of travelling the knife-edge of the rock; but the instant my camera swung upward, like the Nanny, he was gone for good. An uncanny sensation crept over me. Here I had been waiting half a day for goats, and the white forms without sound came from whence I knew not, and disappeared I knew not where. The mountain was haunted.

I turned my field glasses and picked up an old billy travelling the top of the rock-slide at the bottom of the big cliff guarding the north approach of the mountain. He stopped with his bewhiskered face turned up to the sheer wall, and squinted as he said to himself: "I bet I can climb it on high." Straightway he angled up the rock, halting to nibble a bit here and there, some snow-line, stunted plants, where seeds had been far-flung by the winds. Then I saw that he had struck a ledge and was following along to a place where it played out. He was now high up and would have to go back. There were no rungs of the ladder, I thought, he could reach. Sitting on his haunches like a dog, he cast an eye up the impossible cliff, then leisurely lay down to take a chew, for he is of the cud-chewing type, a ruminant. As his beard swayed to and fro, I was reminded of the firm-mouthed, square-set face of a country justice of the peace, one element lacking; he didn't spit.

After his meal the old goat rose, humped himself, reared against the face of the rock, hooked his stubby hoofs on something in the air above, as one might hook a fire-ladder over the eaves of a roof, and up he scrambled to a higher ledge. He could have found better footing and food by going around another way; crazy from climbing, stark mad for hazards, a solitary old mountain lunatic that barely escaped death six times in an hour. No one would want to write him an accident policy; yet, on second thought, the risk might be as safe as on a slow person walking the motor-lined city streets.

I climbed back to join Art and Jim, and quickly we worked out a plan. By this time the old Billy had gone around the peak to the side up which we had climbed. There he lay on the outer point, between two chimneys, commanding all approaches. Being above, we had the advantage; so Jim and I played Santa Claus and slid down the flue, keeping under cover of projecting rocks. A signal from Art told us when we were two ledges above the goat. After a whispered consultation Jim dropped lower down. Poking some wisps of grass and twigs in the crown of my hat, a sort of olive branch of peace, I crawled over to where I could peek out from behind a big rock. The goat was still lying down. Waiting a few minutes, I saw the old Billy turn and look off where Jim was kicking his feet in the air like a crazy man. Billy's curiosity was aroused. Twisting my handkerchief and holding it in my mouth so that it

A goat shot with 6" lens before she discovered the cameraman.

(Continued on page 47)

John Kabel

The Battle on the Beach

HERE is a graphic portrayal of the incessant warfare between the shifting sand dune of the beach and the vegetation which seeks to make it a part of the land world by covering it with a network of roots and tendrils, holding it fast. . . . . The effort of the grasses to hold the dune is evident in this striking picture. . . . .

John Kabel

Southern Snows

IN the glare of the tropics or under the cold sun of the far north? It might be either, but this time it's the warm sands of a southern beach. . . . . This beautiful photograph and the one opposite were taken in Florida by John Kabel, unquestionably one of America's leading pictorial photographers, especially for OUTDOOR AMERICA.

"Man's Size Shoes"

The story of Murdo Gibson

By
LOUIS MCKOWN

WHEN I was asked by the editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA to tell all about Murdo Gibson in a couple of thousand words I was faced by much the same problem as was the artist who was asked to paint a picture of Mount Rainier on a lady's locket.

A couple of thousand words is enough for an ordinary man, but Murdo is no ordinary man, has led no ordinary life. Any one of his experiences as dog musher, Klondike prospector, lumberjack, cruiser, forester, philosopher, cowboy, and writer would use up the space. So the best I can do is to give an outline of Murdo's history.

It is the devil's own job to be the selective artist and choose the details that tell the story succinctly. Murdo's life is epic.

But it was suggested that the proper method of approach would be to seize upon some important distinguishing characteristic or attribute, and to emphasize that as the central and unifying theme of this sketch. "Murdo's knowledge, or his skill or his understanding," for instance.

Well, having known Murdo since babyhood (mine), and having had opportunity to dispute his knowledge and confound his skill on many wilderness jaunts, I clutched desperately at that word "understanding," and, musing reminiscently on the oft-repeated tales of Murdo's past, I decided to take it literally. There is too much of the man for me to discuss him in toto; in consequence, I shall begin with his feet. Certainly they are a distinguishing and characteristic attribute.

Murdo was nine in 1884 when his family moved from Scotland to Duluth, Minnesota, then a lumbering town of 17,000 people. A week later, by the time he had thrashed all the boys under sixteen who had thought a Scotch accent funny, his copper-toed boots became too tight. Father Gibson probably regarded this as regrettable, but Murdo was highly pleased, for as the boots were still nearly new, it meant that he was growing rapidly.

Now George, the clerk at the local emporium, had hitherto aspired to be a shoe salesman, but at the end of an hour's session with Murdo, the poor fellow was heard to cry plaintively that this was a surgeon's job; nobody else could be expected to fit such feet to boys' shoes!

"What? Have ye no got bigger boots?" asked his young customer, mystified.

"No," said the feverish clerk; "nothing larger is made for boys."

"Then ye'll fit me wi' a man's size," was the triumphant response. And in no time at all the boy arose, shoed, to clump stiffly and pridefully about the floor with about the same grace as a young colt.

"Gosh!" breathed Georgie, awed by what he saw. "They're ee-mense!"

"Yes," Murdo agreed, "they're fine and big—man's size!"

And man's size they have been, from that day forward, and the story of Murdo is largely the story of man's size shoes, and a man that filled them "to the brim." Even at his early age he seemed to sense the significance of the occasion, and to seriously regard his entrance into the field of men.

All that day he galumphed hither and yon, beaming naïvely at his strong black brogans; inviting, and promptly receiving, the approval of youngsters less well heeled. Even grown up strangers chuckled at his obvious complacence, and spontaneously rendered their praise.

Daylight waned far sooner than did the thrill of ownership. Suddenly it was bedtime for young Murdo. Already? Oh . . . . Would it be all right if he wore his boots to bed? . . . . Well, couldn't he please run one more errand before taking them off.

His father frowned. His mother smiled—and remembered that she needed a pound of tea.

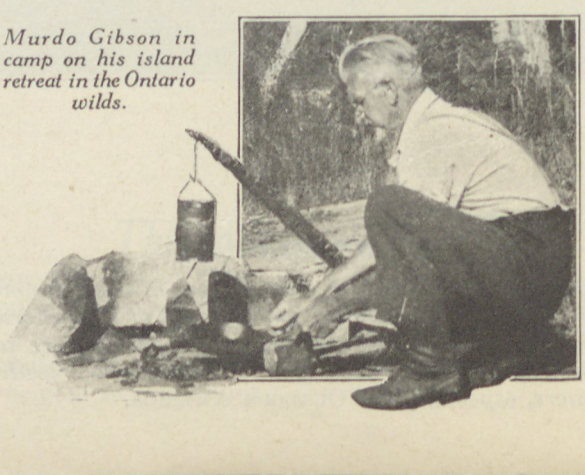
The emporium again. A popular place of an evening, where sociable folk were wont to gather. Did this fact abate any whit of Murdo's satisfaction now? On the contrary. He did not merely *enter* the store. *He made an entrance!* Everybody chuckled to see the seven-league strides of the sturdy golden-haired urchin, so radiantly conscious of man's estate. He suffered their felicitations graciously, and decided to linger a little. Georgie, the clerk who had wanted to be a shoe salesman, wrapped up the tea.

As Murdo took his package, a hand rumpled his curls, while a strange, stern voice said: "Georgie, did you think it right to take advantage of a boy who has just come here? *You sold him man's size shoes!* I've heard all about it."

Murdo jerked away his affronted ringlets and confronted the speaker. He saw a slim, rather young man, well dressed in black—a man whose eyes twinkled and whose smiling lips seemed almost to belie his disturbing words. But when the clerk meekly answered, "I'm sorry, sir—should I take 'em back?" Murdo knew the situation to be grave.

The boy understood that he was in imminent risk of losing his new shoes. Hurling his package of tea toward the door, he stooped just enough to lock his arms about the newcomer's knees, and lifted mightily. Then he took two or three short straining steps to the right, relinquished his hold suddenly—and the slender black-clad form of his burden jack-knifed neatly into an open barrel of flour.

Gasps, horrified and admiring,



Murdo Gibson in camp on his island retreat in the Ontario wilds.

My Year In The Wilderness

And The Year Ahead

By Murdo Gibson

THIS is the title of the story next month by Murdo Gibson. A year ago Mr. Gibson, long familiar with wilderness haunts in various capacities, quitted the city in which he had lived for several years and returned, alone, to the life he knows and loves best. In this article he compares the two methods of living, gives the reasons for his choice, writes from his viewpoint and from yours.

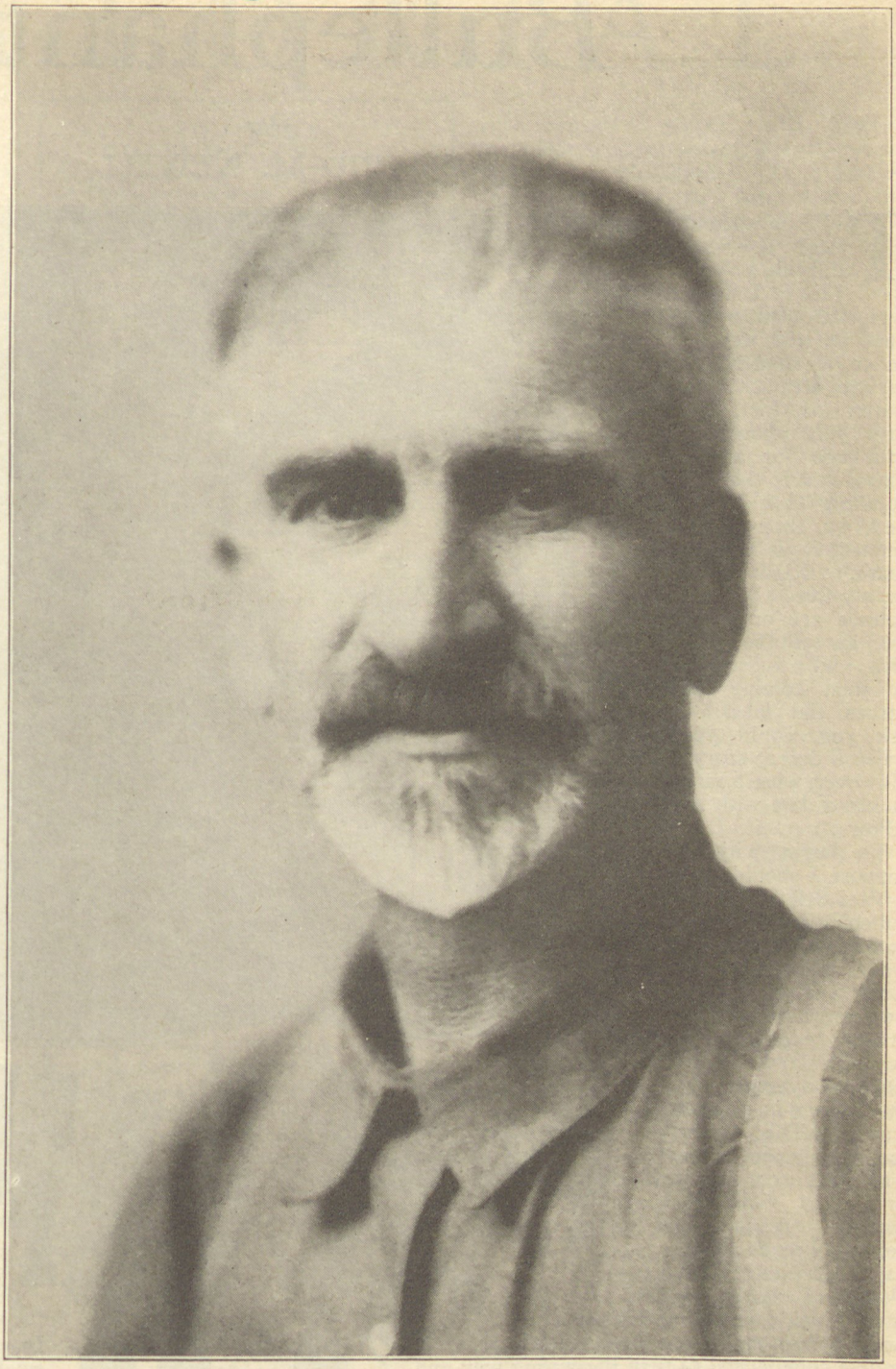
In the February Number

MURDO GIBSON is one of America's best authorities, if not the best one, on northwoods camping and woodcraft. Certainly he leads the field in knowledge combined with the ability to write. Although his gift of writing is extraordinary, he is not a writer who seeks local color in the wilderness, but a man of the forests who seeks expression in writing.

He has been timber cruiser, cowboy, lumberjack, Klondike prospector, dog musher, and guide. He is also a philosopher and a student.

At present he is in a lonely camp on an island in the wilds of Ontario, where he has been for one year, and where he intends to remain another, for the purpose of giving to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA *the results of his observations. He is your ambassador to the wilderness.*

His articles will appear every month in this magazine, under a new heading. He has been camping editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA *for two years past, and has delighted our readers with the keenness and humanness of his observations. All of his material is written in camp, sent to the postoffice by canoe in summer and by dog team in winter.*



This photo taken at Kenora, Ont., Nov. 9, 1928, for Outdoor America

Murdo Gibson

burst from the bystanders as the lad grabbed up his package and galloped out.

"Catch him!" "Did you see what that scalawag did to the minister?"

Catch him? Hardly. Indeed, he was hiding his shoes in the woodpile at home about the time the parson was freed from the barrel.

* * *

DULUTH will always have a wealth of charms to attract the nature lover, but never again can it be the veritable paradise it was in Murdo's school days. Then, moose and deer trails were adequate for most suburban traffic; virgin timber stood dense behind the hillside which is now the residential district; four swift brooks, teeming with trout, crossed the town site; and all through the season of open water tens of thousands of ducks and geese held animated conventions on the river, where the ore docks loom today.

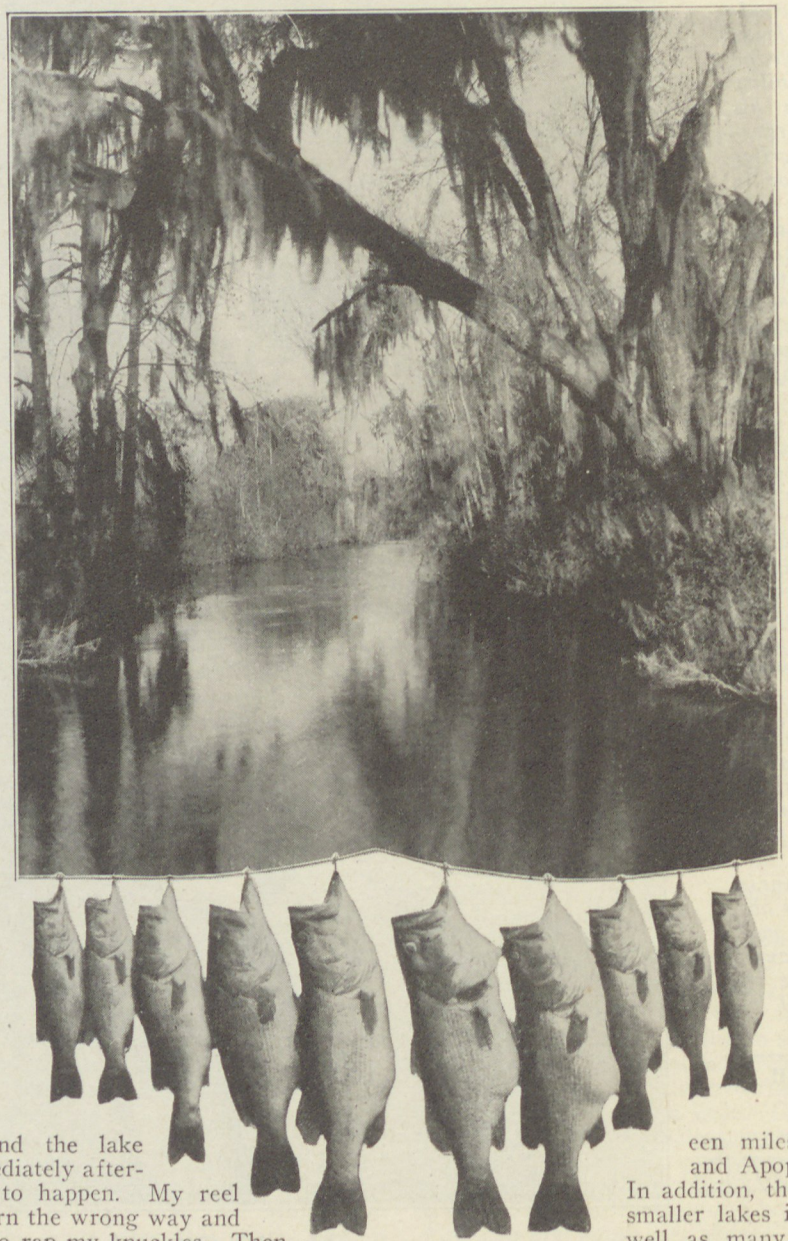
A glorious place for an outdoorsman born, like Murdo. Friendly Ojibways, numbers of whom still lived nearby, taught him many things. He learned how they procured the materials for birch canoes, and how the beautiful craft were fashioned. He watched the squaws making shirts and moccasins, which they sewed with sinew rather than with the cotton of commerce. He learned to build tiny fires.

His domain increased in direct proportion to the measure of independence granted him. Among his fellows he was noted for strength and endurance, and for the fact that he never got lost. They wondered that he enjoyed long, solitary rambles, and that he found pleasure in so many uninteresting things. Angleworms for instance. Why should anyone care how they crawled, so long as fish liked 'em.

One fall evening in Murdo's twelfth year, he purloined his father's great musket and *(Continued on page 48)*

Bullephants!

By
DAVID M. NEWELL



THIS is without doubt the most difficult story that I have ever attempted to tell. Further, it is written under a tremendous nervous strain. As a matter of fact, the boys left about an hour ago for a fox chase, and if there is anything that I like better than bullephants, it is a fox chase. Right now twenty-five blooded hounds are crying a fox across the pine hills, and a full moon is just coming up across the lake. I ask you, could you write a decent story? However, when a man makes a date with an editor . . . . !

To begin with, I suppose I should give a brief definition of a bullephant. One day not very long ago I was casting a juicy looking chunk of red cedar along the grassy edge of a swampy lake. The sky was overcast and the evening was warm. The water looked oily and there was just enough breeze to riffle the surface. A perfect set-up. I made a long cast to the edge of a clump of sawgrass, and the lake turned inside out. Immediately afterward something began to happen. My reel handle commenced to turn the wrong way and my rod tip kept trying to rap my knuckles. Then I had a glimpse of a huge mouth, gills that looked as red as a flannel undershirt and a body that created a young geyser when it fell back into the water.

"Wow!" squalled Ralph. "You've got a bullephant!" And there was indeed no doubt about it—I had a bullephant. In other words I was hooked to an old bass that had seen many moons and had waxed fat and huge of girth. The fact that this bass wound up at a taxidermist's is unimportant. The point is that a new and expressive word was added to the English language. Henceforth, big bass and bullephants are the same.

I have lived in Lake County, Florida, for nearly twenty years and there are more bullephants to the gallon in the lakes of this section than I have found anywhere else. The fishermen around here admit it!

To give some idea of what has been done in the line of records, let me say that several years ago two of my friends caught in one day sixty-two bass, fishing in Lake Griffin just north of Leesburg. The boat in which they were fishing was equipped with a well, and at the end of the day they returned fifty-five bass to the water, uninjured. The six big bass brought in weighed just eighty-four pounds! Knowing full well that you will not believe this, I inclose herewith a picture of the said six big bass plus four four-pounders. Take a good look at it, for I have asked the editor to return it to me. I have to look at this picture myself once in awhile in order to believe the story, so if *you* are doubtful there won't be any hard feelings!

In my opinion there is no finer bass water in the United States than the north end of Lake Griffin. Here are thousands of acres of lily pads, floating islands, and shallow, mossy lagoons. The Ocklawaha River flows out from the north end of the lake and several miles to the southeast is the mouth of the Little Ocklawaha, known locally as Haines Creek. This stream connects Lake Griffin with Lakes Eustis, Harris, Dora, Beauclaire, and Apopka. And all of these lakes are large enough to take a bath in! Harris is eighteen miles in length, Griffin ten, and Apopka is larger than either. In addition, there are fourteen hundred smaller lakes in Lake County alone, as well as many creeks and rivers that wind through the hills and swamps with an irresistible appeal to the bass fisherman.

Now I may be accused of attempting to spread propaganda. I hope I am! If a man knows where bullephants can be caught he should tell about it. Also, it so happens that every now and then I am forced to put a clean shirt in my carpet bag and go north—personal contact with editors, cool air, apple cider, and all that sort of thing. When I have absorbed enough soot and second-hand air to kill four ordinary Florida crackers, I go to the country and do some fishing with friends and relatives. We dig worms and sit patiently around waiting for a blue gill to "strike." At such times I like to think about some of the big old mossy bullephants of my acquaintance, and being of a voluble disposition anyway, I am inclined to talk more or less about these monster bass. Then I get the razzberry or some other good northern fruit. I am tired of being called a liar. In self-defense I offer for your consideration the above picture of a haunt and habitat of bullephants, as well as a photograph of bullephants themselves. I am not an accomplice in any way. *(Continued on page 47)*

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MARGUERITE IVES
Editor

Winter

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS once said that there are two ways to meet an unfavorable situation: duck under the covers and try to forget about it or get up, put on your pants, and go out to meet it.

There's no use trying to avoid the fact that a majority of the people have looked upon winter as an unfavorable season. In spite of the many thousands who always look forward to the coming of the snow because of the wonderful opportunities it presents for outdoor sport, the general impression has been that Winter is something that is best met by ducking under the covers.

THIS feeling is fast dissipating. Each year more people decide that the best course is to follow the second half of Mr. Chambers' epigram—sometimes they do it in sheer self defense, as a counter-offensive against blustery old Borealis.

But those who go out in that spirit usually find that they have been fighting windmills, that he is a jolly chap, well worth cultivating. This is evidenced by the increasing number of outdoor people who go north in Winter instead of south—who actually seek the deepest snows and the chilliest blasts because they have found an outdoors that holds even more for them than does the Summer one.

It has been said that almost all fear is based on ignorance. Folks fear that which they can not understand. This is true of the old feeling toward Winter. The new feeling is based on knowledge. The growl has been found worse than the bite. In fact, Winter's growl is music to the ears of the really initiated.

THERE are just three things for outdoor people to do about Winter. One is to go South. That takes time and money. The second is to draw the easy chair next to the radiator and follow the example of the bear—hole up. The third is to accept Winter as a new outdoor season, ushered in by Fall just as Summer is ushered in by Spring, and to get out into it with all four feet.

Of these courses, it is felt that the last holds the most for those of us who take our outdoors seriously. It is the natural way. This is proved by the way children regard Winter. To them, there is no time of year that holds more. We all can recall those glorious days with sled or skates. We didn't duck Winter in those days! We put on our pants then, and went out and not only met Winter, but conquered it!

Man is not by nature a hibernating creature. We are not bears. We are fitted for living outdoors at all seasons, and civilization did not move North only when radiators or stoves were invented. Men have lived in snow and ice since time immemorial.

So don't be a bear. Don't hibernate. Take a hint from the outdoor people who have discovered Winter, and from the memories of your own early youth, and get out and play in the snow.

Public Sentiment

PUBLIC sentiment is having its effect. The public utilities companies for years were accused of maintaining a "public be damned" attitude until they found that it paid to recognize the public and to protect its interest.

The latest group, a comparative baby in the field of big business, to be eyed with more or less distrust by the public, is the water power crowd. Sundry investigations have been inaugurated to head off power monopolies, and there has been a mad scramble by a few large groups to establish priority rights on certain choice power sites.

The investigations have given rise to such terms as power trusts, power monopolies, super-power, giant power, and other combinations. The scramble for possession of sites has resulted in applications for permits to establish dams which would destroy the only scenic assets of various regions.

Competition has been too keen for the good of the companies themselves. The public has often got the impression that the power companies are still working on the same old "public be damned" theory.

Water power development is here to stay. The only question is, Will it be done under wise leadership which fully recognizes the rights of the public?

THE attitude of a Colorado corporation recently proves that the day when this can be answered affirmatively is on its way.

Recently the Public Utilities Commission of Colorado rendered an exhaustive opinion in which an application for using the waters of the internationally famous Royal Gorge for hydro-electric purposes by the Public Service Co., of Colorado, was rejected.

A $4,500,000 project was involved.

The Izaak Walton League was one of three major groups opposing the development.

Sentiment generally was against the project. The applicant stated that it would not want to proceed in the face of an avalanche of protests unless public opinion could first be satisfied that there would be no substantial interference with the scenic features.

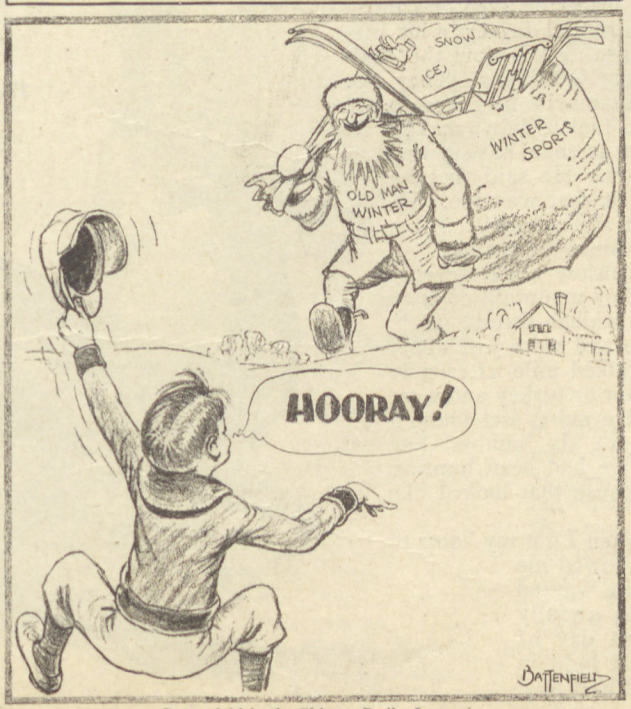
THE Company said: "The good-will of the public with respect to this matter means more to it than any economic advantage it might gain by the possible construction of the project."

The Public Utilities Commission took the Company at its word. In its opinion it said: "It goes without saying that Colorado's climate and scenery are its greatest and most invaluable assets. It is impossible to place a money value on them. All reasonable care and caution should be exercised to avoid the impairment of the scenic beauty of this state, particularly such an outstanding feature as the famous Royal Gorge. . . . . The public as a whole is interested in retaining as much as possible Nature's scenic attractions. The public looks upon such unmarred, natural scenic attractions as belonging to it, to be retained as a heritage to future generations."

So the application was denied.

At last the public values of our outstanding scenic assets are being recognized by judicial bodies and by developers.

He's Santa Claus to Outdoor People!



Battenfield in the Chicago Daily Journal

"MA" Goes Deer Hunting

By

ANONA ADAMS

Drawings by Ferd Himme

IT'S quite a story, that deer hunt of mine and Pa's. You know last year the De Voes went to the Great Lakes so Pa and I went to the Yellowstone Park. This year they went to Europe so Pa and I decided we would go deer hunting in the Kaibab forest. Pa had read lots about camping out so he felt like an experienced hunter. It was all new to me but I never let on but what I knew it all. I never did believe in telling folks about your ignorance, if they can't find it out themselves. Pa didn't decide till Friday that he wanted to go. He wanted to be there by Monday when the season opened. We live in western Oklahoma and our happy hunting grounds were in northern Arizona, so we were going to have to hurry. I calmed him as best I could and started packing. Everything went in fine but Pa's gun cleaning rods and I couldn't find a sign of a place for them, so I just had to bend them double and put them under the back seat of the car. I told both our daily papers and the weekly all about our trip and if they don't give us a pretty good write up I'll stop the papers as soon as we get home.

We had planned on leaving home about daylight, but by the time we got everything around and told the neighbors goodby it was noon. We crossed the line into Texas about one o'clock, cooked all our meals on campfires, slept in the open and arrived in Winslow, Arizona, just two and one-half days after we left home.

We had to stop for inspection as we went into Arizona. The fellow looked all through our grub box and said he guessed apples were the only fresh things we had. I soon gave him to understand that the butter was fresh, I churned it myself just the day before we left home, and I wasn't going to have any hired man tell me it wasn't fresh. I was just getting ready to tell him how rich old Red's milk was, when Pa looked at me with that look in his eye. So I didn't say anything more. I wanted Pa to have a good time, but I always will figure that inspector lived on canned milk and probably never saw a churn and dasher in his life.

When we went to get our license at Winslow the clerk couldn't find the book of licenses for Oklahoma. They cost twenty dollars apiece so I thought maybe he hated to see us have to spend so much. I told him it didn't make a bit of difference to me, I would just as soon have a resident license and save thirty-five dollars. He said that he had noticed that lots of people felt that way too. Pa said I could go and sit in the car if I wanted to. He is so thoughtful of me when he thinks I am tired.

Pa wanted to go south of Winslow about seventy miles to the Blue Ridge and Turkey mountain country for a few days and then on to the Kaibab forest. Well, we hunted around Gobler's Knob and were just about ready to give it up. We had walked mile after mile and hadn't seen a sign of either deer or turkey and were just coming into camp on our last evening and found a bunch of ten or more turkeys not six hundred feet from camp. After all the time we had been hunting about three miles from camp because that looked like the best turkey country.

Before we left home Pa said, when I got my boots to be sure they were light. They showed me some black ones but I told them Pa wanted me to get light ones so I got an awfully pretty gray pair. After my first day of walking I soon saw that Pa meant light in weight and not in color. The last half mile into camp I could have sworn that each boot weighed a ton, and I could have used two sizes more on the width quite comfortably.

After we got our turkeys we broke camp and went to Flagstaff intending to go north from there to Lee's Ferry and on to the Kaibab. Imagine our feelings when they told us that the Ferry had washed out two months before and the new bridge would not be completed till spring. There we were a thousand miles from home, two hundred miles from the promised land and no way of getting there. Moses certainly had my sympathy. I know just how he must have felt.

There was an aeroplane taking passengers across the Grand Canyon, guaranteeing them there deer within six hours and back again. But I just set my foot down. I had agreed to go deer hunting cheerfully enough but there hadn't been any aeroplane in the bargain. I wasn't going to get in one of the things and Pa wasn't either not if I knew it. There were a couple of kids from Iowa there getting ready to go over. They had been hunting down on the Tonto Rim, paying fifteen dollars a day for a guide and hadn't found a thing. I didn't much blame them for being desperate. They said there was a vacant space above their mantle place that they had been trying for over three years to fill with some kind of a hide larger then a squirrel's, and they were going to take a hide of some kind home if they had to shoot a guide. I have often wondered if their guide who was listening always had that kind of a complexion or if he was temporarily bilious.

We spent two days at the Grand Canyon, or rather we spent one day going up, one day coming back and ten minutes at the Canyon. Pa took one look at it and said he didn't see what good it was to anyone, there couldn't be a spear of wheat raised on it.

We went back down to our first camping place with the faint hopes of getting our bucks. While there we met Jim, cook of the sheep camp who insisted that we take dinner

"The first deer I saw was just a glimpse of his rear end—"

with him. We went and had a mighty fine meal. While we were helping him clear up afterwards he told me about his younger days and how fast he was then. I was never so mortified in my life. I had always figured I was a respectable looking woman and here a perfectly strange man was telling me how fast he used to be. Well, I didn't know what to do about it, but I finally told Pa. I never did believe in duels or that sort of thing but you can't blame any woman for letting her husband know that other men notice her even if he is a Mexican cook. After I told Pa I waited for his wrathful outburst. Then he said, "Sure, Jim used to be the fastest man on the draw in this country."

I asked one of the cowboys how to tell a deer from an antelope. He said, "Lady, you may see lots of things and think they are deers, but you will never mistake a deer for anything else, and anyway antelopes all have a square white pillow tied on behind them." The next afternoon we saw a herd of perhaps fifty. When they turned to run I saw clearly what "Monty" meant by the pillows. There they were as plain as anything bobbing up and down.

As I said before we hunted without a sign. I'll tell you a person can hunt so long and get so discouraged he will welcome a lion, bear or anything to shoot at. We had a calendar at home a long time ago showing a deer with his head thrown back against a background of pine, and the whole thing frosted with shiny stuff to look like snow. Of course, I didn't expect the snow, it being October, but I sure had the rest of it planned, and I was sure mistaken. When I did see him it was just a glimpse of his rear end going out under the oaks, and he was gone so quickly that I never thought of shooting till Pa asked me what I was staring at. He made just one rustle and was gone, the buck, I mean, not Pa. I was sure he was big as a two-year-old steer. Pa looked funny and a ranger said I might have been mistaken but that's my story and I am going to stick to it.

I had always supposed you could smile at a ranger and get by with anything, but not by a whole lot. They ask to see your license, how much you paid for it, take your car number, give you a copy of the Arizona game laws and the boundaries of the game preserves. But as a whole they are a mighty nice class of men. Treat them square and they will be square too.

We met a ranger taking some powder to "Monty." I couldn't help but think what a spirit of friendliness that was, when they would go fifteen miles on horseback just so their friend could have the things he needed to shave with. I told him I had nearly a whole can I could give him. Then the ranger said "that is dynamite." It was to blow post holes, and there they had stopped that pack horse loaded with high explosives not ten feet from an innocent woman!

"I never thought of shooting till Pa asked me what I was staring at."

Well, I might as well break the news now. We went home without our deer, but with a love of nature that can only be had by camping in the open, and a love and knowledge of the west that will last lots longer than the venison would have. But words can't describe it. Try it.

"ALL over the United States a word of praise is due the big army of quail hunters and field trial enthusiasts. I take off my hat to them on every possible occasion. They were true to the traditions of sportsmen. They stocked birds with money out of their own pockets and worked assiduously for a betterment of conditions."

Memories of a Quail Hunter

By

Last Installment OZARK RIPLEY

IN reviewing the harassments which Bob Whites have to suffer one must remember man's natural desire to reap all feasible harvests from the soil; weather, favorable or otherwise, and the inhibitions on their increase which poor sportsmanship too frequently levies.

Not long ago, I was talking with a very old Ojibway Indian, and took occasion to remark that I could not understand why, at his age, nearly every year he took the long trip from his North Shore home on Nipigon Bay to different parts of Hudson's Bay. For his immediate reply, Michel smiled, as only a full-blooded Indian can, who feels you are sentimentally one of his kind, revealing two rows of immaculate white teeth that many a young man would be proud to possess. Such an answer was temporarily enigmatic and I was piqued to have him disclose more, for no longer was he serving as a guide to sportsmen, or acting as a packer for trading concerns; and I knew, from what I had seen of him before, that he had no desire to prospect for the precious metals for which the Christian white man will barter his soul or sacrifice all the beauties of the outdoors to gain.

"Neetawh (Brother-in-law)," he finally addressed me, with the appellation his tribe has for me, "a man who always lives within himself, he get very narrow."

Today, I realize the wisdom of the red man, its application to myself and my self-imposed recitals of my memoirs of quails. What I had witnessed at my home place were only the happenings of one locality. What I had experienced were solely the adventures of my personal notice. And, after all, the experiences of one man, and the happenings of a given area are not convincing examples all over. There are other parts to be considered, the play of their particular agriculture, the inevitable exactions on quails of the rigors of hunting—legal and illegal. Unfortunately, in the latter no distinction is made by certain authorities.

I see before me a grouping of vastly separated parts, the effects of the sportsmen and so-called sportsmen; what true, unselfish conservation has accomplished and how it applies to the welfare of our native Bob Whites, which, we are told by savants, we erroneously have named quails!

The affecting transition was quick and devastatingly sweeping. Following dogs at the different regions where field trials were held for numbers of years was, in itself, a generous education on our famous little brown birds. I can see, in my mental play, where quails existed for a while in abundance; then close my eyes for a brief second and lo! they have disappeared as if they had never existed. It was not difficult to forecast what would happen in the typical prairie countries. All at once the woven wire fences supplanted the one of commonly called osage orange or bois d'arc, which also was converted, through misappellation, into the very unsuggestive burdock—ideal nesting areas for birds in the prairie regions, surpassing protection against hawks and similarly disposed predatory creatures, and, what is not to be overlooked, these formidable hedges invariably had a growth of weeds nearby which helped a lot in supplying food.

Ozark Ripley returning from a long trip in the northern Canadian wilderness with his old friend, Paul Cameron, Chief of the Nipigon Ojibway Indians.

Not so many years ago, I was in the State of Kansas when severe snow storms visited the region. Before the bad weather, quails were numerous. After the snow period had passed away, many thousands of birds were found frozen to death. But where some had withstood the wintry elements, some hedge fences or natural cover, the farmer had failed to destroy, remained.

There is nothing, when we look at everything in the aggregate, which has militated against quails like farming and its consequent and subsequent innovations. For an instance, the corn crop of the present day brings this into the foreground. Formerly, the corn had a common cultivation or two after its planting and then was "laid by" early, as they say, and immediately after the last cultivation weeds and wild grasses bearing abundance of valuable seeds for quails came into strenuous growth and matured. At present, this no longer happens. The farmer fights all the growths with his modern cultivators and keeps them down, and, furthermore, he cultivates right up to the wire fences or the roads where there are no fences.

In some regions we find, from a sportsman's view, an alarming number of hay crops, and their effects on bird life are atrocious. Lots of farmers nowadays feature hay crops because they entail less daily work than others. There the rule pursued is to maintain them as long as possible. Their influence on bird life is nothing less than the ultimate route to extirpation. Just as soon as the crop grows to a good height, quails instantly nest in such fields. When they have about deposited their season's complement of eggs and are busy tending them, along comes the mowing machine and not only destroys these efforts but also, often, cuts in twain the hapless guardian of the eggs, though some farmers try their best to guard against this.

In old days, the hay crop alone was what was desired. The contrary exists now. As quickly as the hay crop is taken off, the aftermath is pastured heavily with livestock, so that between cutting time and the period in spring when livestock is taken off to allow the new growth to come, there is not enough concealment in the way of grass left on these grounds to hide a quail.

Another equally disastrous system of farming prevails. We see this followed considerably in the South-Central States where it means complete destruction of the quails, were it not for the occasional abundance of barren lands supporting lespedeza, sedge and lots of similarly considered pests. The land is planted extensively with wheat or oats in which clover seed has been liberally mixed. As quickly as quails begin to nest, the crop is harvested, and the crop of clover for which the wheat and oats acted as a "nurse crop" is heavily pastured. The following year, when the clover is at a stage of growth to shelter quails for their nesting days, it is turned under to enrich the soil.

Let us, for a moment, review the former great quail areas of Oklahoma and kindred parts where quail were abundant and have, in certain localities, to an extent, passed away. Without much jockeying of the mind, immediately the one with the least knowledge of bird life of this kind can place his hands where lots

of quail still remain at present and where none are, or at least if any, they are few. The reasons are obvious: they would not escape the cynosure of a child raised in the region, though they have escaped that of certain conservationists, but not the valuable sort who look for information through actual evidence before their own eyes.

Oklahoma is practically a new state. Laws were originally hard to enforce—which is not the case at present. Quail were commercialized for a while, just as they were at intervals in so many parts of the United States. They were shipped all over the country, first openly, then in egg crates and worlds of other concealments. Hunters, who did not sell them, killed far too many. Laws came stopping all this to a great extent, and, ultimately arrived field trials on quails which created a higher type of sportsmanship. Even with the most adverse thing still against them, wheat, two things saved the quails in these states and kindred localities, and they were neither that type of conservationists who earn their salaries by denouncing sportsmen, nor game hog hunters.

Blackjack and the high type of sportsman in these parts were the most outstanding factors. Blackjack growth saved many a bird from poor marksmen. The high type of sportsmen, such as promoted field trials and belonged to such an organization as the Izaak Walton League without debate among themselves or others, fought to prevent the sale of game, its surreptitious shipping and willingly submitted to a reduction in the daily bag limit and many other real conservation clauses, of which public denouncers of sportsmen never appear to be aware.

All over the United States, say what you will, in their conforming, without quibbling, to bag limits, even to the meagerest sort, a word of praise is due the big army of quail hunters and field trial enthusiasts. I take off my hat to them on every possible occasion. They were true to the traditions of sportsmen. They assumed the responsibilities of ethical sportsmen, stocking with birds bought with money out of their own pockets and working assiduously for a betterment while all around they were being denounced by those who were obdurately refusing to understand the exigencies of the time. And so their efforts have made these places where quails have been placed on the song bird list as travesties of conservation, for interest in these fine birds has waned and their increase has by no means been as great as in those places where they have been hunted with sensible, well-enforced laws directing the shooting.

It would enlighten many game reformers if they investigated first hand the causes of the decrease in quails and chickens in places of the strictly called prairies of the West and Southwest. By this I mean, not that irresponsible sort of investigation which is disclosed in the reports of those who spend a week here and there asking questions of non-sportsmen and sportsmen, but personal thoroughness devoted into going in the field and staying there alone in the haunts of game and studying conditions just as they are, not as their sentimental or personal reasons direct. The first thing which would be uncovered would be that the cover necessarily destroyed in this vast acreage has disappeared so that many formidable hatchings have been repeatedly destroyed by hail storms. How many reformers have mentioned hail storms as having killed, in a year, more quails than the legitimate sportsmen and the game hog, who respects no limits, combined?

In all I have read or heard from the pen and mouths of scientists I have never distinguished utterances blaming the wheat area, or that they had the least intimation of its destructiveness. Forty days is about all the days annually the modern wheat baron has to work. Machinery plows, discs, harrows and plants almost in one maneuver. The modern combine completes the harvest. Again, look over the tremendous acreage, and see how much is left for the possible existence of quails. In the entire big wheat belt of the prairies, the imagination is simply stupefied when it endeavors to find out how many swales of sheltering grass have been destroyed and how many spots that would harbor quails have been cultivated and planted to grain by the insatiable motor-driven implements, that never produce enough grain to repay the expenditure. But these unfertile spots are in the path of the greedy monsters and can not be neglected at any cost. When we realize this and co-operate with the farmer to donate them as refuges, then a quail harvest will be the result.

As proof of the inevitable contrasts in terrain in these regions, I cite specific instances. I anticipate someone asking me why, and I say, in reply to them, look at the country close to the Cimmarron. Where the wheat has everything, quails are extremely scarce. A step farther, towards the river, the hollows and uncultivated brush-covered undulations of ground or soil and once more you see quails. And still, as it is irrefutably convincing before the observer's eyes, he sees thousands of acres of sand sown to wheat, that never produce other than a condition of the sand blowing away during the windy days of the dry seasons because there is no natural sod to hold it. There is something here which sportsmen are sure to remedy if they are given time and no group of reformers to step in and meddle.

Reverting to my own country, it was in parts suddenly affected by farming to which it had not been generally accustomed. The price of wheat and cotton brought about by the War caused many an acre of ideal quail territory to be planted to these staples and consequently havoc was wrought on the habitat of the birds.

I must repeat, as a summary, what I said in last month's installment of these Memories, "what the quails of America really need is not more trespass signs to keep out hunters, more closed seasons, or more states putting them on the 'song bird' list, but better natural conditions under which to live and produce their kind. They must have cover, winter feeding and protection against a host of natural enemies."

The End

All who have read this series of articles analyzing the past and present condition of our quail will have learned much on the subject and be better able to plan constructive restoration of this game bird.

My Boy and I

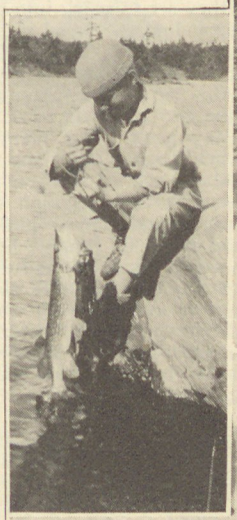
In the July issue we announced prizes for the best photographs and one hundred word stories under the title, "My Boy and I."

Each photo must show the father and son on an out-of-door trip fishing, hunting, canoeing, hiking or camping. The accompanying article of one hundred words must give the ages of father and son, and how many trips they have made together.

Age is no barrier. You may be seventy and your son forty or forty-five. You may be on the right side of thirty and your son turning five.

The first prize will be $15.00, second $6.00, third prize $4.00. Contest closes March 1st, 1929.

TWELVE years ago when I was just one year more than twice that age Jack appeared. The gloriousness of being presented with a normal healthy son can only be exceeded by making of that son a real companion.



Jack Thompson of Kalamazoo, Michigan, with his first pickerel and paddling down the French River in Ontario, Canada.

Jack and his father at their camp on Lake Nipissing.

Our vacation specialty has been "canoe trips"; camping, fishing and studying as we go. We adhere to a well worked out schedule as we "canoe." Last year we made the Au Sable, Michigan's most beautiful trout stream, from source to mouth. This year from Lake Nipissing to Georgian Bay—down the French River (Ontario). Plenty thrills.

Right now Jack is trying to qualify for the first football team in his class at Howe Military School, Howe, Indiana, and I believe that his being an outdoor boy will greatly help him.

Any readers desiring information on long river canoe trips are privileged to write me.

G. THOMPSON,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

MY boy, Donald, fourteen years of age, has been my partner on fishing and camping trips since he was seven. This fall we took along our young friend, Kermit Solberg, fifteen years old. Kermit no longer has a Dad to take him camping and fishing. Donald and I are glad that in this way we are able, in some measure, to take the place of Kermit's Dad.

Our camp was located on the banks of the Yellow Medicine river. We spent the days hunting river teal and exploring. In the early evenings, after supper, we took long hikes. Not at all certain what it was that we felt, nevertheless, we experienced once more the *change* that creeps into the out-of-doors with the coming of twilight. Back at camp, we sat and watched the river with its steady flow, black and silent—yet in every little ripple, a lining of silver.

In the evening of out-of-doors, there is always to me a peculiar calling—a beckoning! And this calling is much more pronounced when Dad is walking with his Boy—Dad is 48.

N. A. SIMONSON,
Hanley Falls, Minn.

Donald's Dad, Donald and their young friend Kermit.

Send in photographs and short descriptions of you and your boy for this contest.

Stanford Davis on his first "packing" trip.

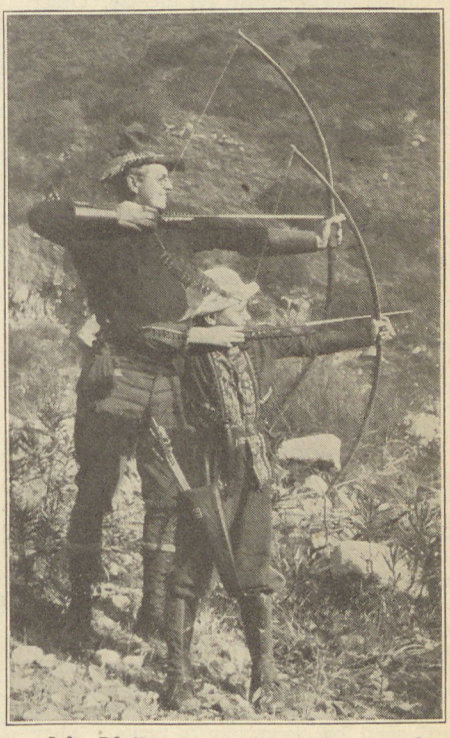
MY boy and I, respectively six and forty-two, commenced our jaunts afield when he was six weeks old and rode in a pack on my back.

On his fourth birthday he chose a fishing trip rather than a present, so away we went in the rain. We camped that night in the rain but Stanford refused to go to bed until *his* fish had been fried and eaten.

My younger boy has also caught fish and is a good little camper.

I believe the out-of-doors will form an everlasting bond between my boys and me.

JOHN A. DAVIS,
Eagle Rock, Cal.



John Phillips is an adept with bow and arrow.

I BELIEVE in constant companionship with one's boy on countless trips to mountain, desert and sea, increasing the lad's keenness for study and arousing interest in all natural phenomena. I am forty-three. My boy is nine. John loves animals, rods, model yachts, bows and arrows and guns. He swims, rows, rides, shoots, casts a fly and is eager and alert on the trail. His pet rod was made by his great grandfather and was handed down along with many interesting stories. There are no happier companions afield or afloat than John and I.

ORMSBY PHILLIPS,
Pasadena, California.

Home Builders of the Forest

By DAVID WHITTAKER

Author of "Days of the Wild Pigeon"

A TREE stood straight and high in the forest. When the spring came and the sun gave life to the tree and the roots began to suck in the moisture and sweeten it and turn it into sap, then the settlers and the Indians wanted to make sugar and molasses and they tapped the tree invariably on the south side where the sun shone on it and warmed it up. The porcupine wanted his share of the sweet sap, so he peeled the bark and licked the trunk of the tree dry. He confined himself to the south side of the tree, low down to the ground where the sap came out. When the sun gets stronger and the days longer and the buds begin to swell and burst, the tree has had its fill and simply takes up enough to keep its foliage and no more. The porcupine has gone elsewhere in search of the tender herbs that have begun to shoot up through the virgin soil. No sap flowed over the trunk of the tree where the porcupine had been. That part soon became hard and dead. Then came a moth or beetle out of the forest, as the sun sank down through the tall timber and she buzzed and fluttered over the spot the porcupine had peeled to get the sap. Other moths and beetles came and when the darkness of night spread through the forest they settled on the dead spot and each one began to bore tiny holes. When the morning broke and the sun began to peek through the trees, the moths and beetles flew away and hid in the forest. The next night they came back and brought more with them. For many days they came and went. Many nights they came and each morning showed more holes till the spot the porcupine had made looked like a sieve. Thus a home for something that lived in the forest was started. When the moths had finished their holes for their home, each laid an egg therein. The warm sun hatched and transformed the eggs into grub worms with large heads and pincers for teeth which were used to cut with like scissors.

The grub worms grew strong and restless to get out, but their heads being too large to admit their going through and getting out, they went to work with their pincers to widen the hallway to their freedom. As they pinched off the twin chips, they pushed them under and out behind them, so as not to block their way.

Regardless of what the porcupine and the beetles had done to her, the tree still grew, and raised her head in triumph over her forest kin. Then with the warm spring came little black and gray beetles with a hard shell on them like a turtle. They soon found the holes the moths had made and took possession of them at once. Not satisfied with their new home, they started to bore in all directions, and as they had saw-like teeth, they cut much faster than the moths. They were incessant workers. Night and day they toiled and ground the wood into dust and carried it out. They enlarged the chambers the moths had made and laid their eggs therein. Not one egg like the moth, but many. In time these eggs hatched and hundreds of little yellow worms were set free. They did not want their freedom, they wanted work, so to work they went with a will. They exhumed from their mouths a fluid that softened the wood, so they worked rapidly.

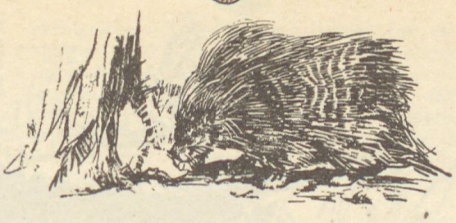
All summer these wood worms bored and honeycombed into the heart of the tree and even up into it, and when the winter came, they huddled together and went to sleep. When spring came again they emerged from their cells, little black shiny beetles endowed with wings. They seemed quite happy and went in and out in a business-like fashion, till one day the Queen of the ants came flying by, looking as it were for a home. She saw the many holes in the trunk of the tree, and saw the beetles flying in and out, which excited her curiosity, so she lit down and began to peep into the holes. She decided she would creep in and see what was inside, but as the hole was not any too large, she had to squeeze to get in. The beetles found the queen wedged in the doorway. They became angry and pinched her nose and feet, and pushed her out and threw her down. She was sore and angry, but she flew away. So the beetles were the conquerors and lived in peace and plenty till one nice morning the Queen of ants led her army on to punish the beetles for the injuries they had done her. When the ants came to the home of the beetles, they halted, the Queen crept up into the middle of the holes on the tree. Three or four ants got around each hole, then the Queen started to buzz her wings. The beetles stuck their heads out, the ants seized them and hurled them out, and the others held them down and pinched off their heads and legs. Thus the battle raged till the beetles were all driven out. The Queen had her revenge. The conquerors took possession of the home the porcupine had started. These ants were not the little sand ants that one commonly sees. These fighters that followed their Queen to victory, were the large black wood ants, strong and cruel, that live in the depth of the forest, like most things of that wild nature. They disappear before civilization. These great ants could not bear much light. They never made their homes out in the open, but clung to the shady wood. These large black ants of the forest were workers as well as fighters, and as they had often eaten holes through solid logs to make homes for themselves, it was not new for them to do it again, so they set to work into the heart of the tree grinding the wood into dust, and throwing it out. Day and night the grinding went on, day and night the dust came out, and this led to the supposition that there must be two gangs at work, a night gang and a day gang. For many summers the ants held possession of the tree. Night and day the work of excavation went on. They had it large enough for a man to stand up in and turn around. One day a Queen of the wild bumble bees that lived in the woods came by, and seeing the ants go in and out of the holes, she thought she would go in and see what was inside. She crept into one of the holes. When inside she admired the fine large chamber and thought how beautiful the walls would look decorated with combs of honey, and thinking how nicely she would fix it if it were her home. While she was planning what she would do to the ants, they sprang upon her, beat her and chased her out. Smarting with pain and burning with anger, she resolved to come back and punish the ants severely for the injury and insults she had received from them. When she got home, the bees gathered round her, and when they saw what a plight she was in, they boiled over with anger. She marshalled them together, and set off for the home of the ants. On their way she told them of the beautiful chamber and how nice the walls would look decorated with honeycombs, and reminded them how the ants had abused their Queen. Thus she inspired them and encouraged them on.

When they came to the home of the ants, they buzzed around fiercely. The ants held a council of war and agreed to drive the bees away from their home. "We'll fix the bees as we did the beetles," so they prepared for a great battle and slaughter of the bees. They all rushed out, assured of victory by the process of pulling off the heads and legs of the bees as they had done the beetles, but the bees flew up into the air from the ants and lighting down on their backs, stung them to death. It was an easy victory for the bees. The bees marched their Queen into the chambers in the heart of the tree. Then off to the fields of the forests in search of flowers. Home came the bees laden with sweet nectars. Soon the walls were ornamented with the sweets from field and forest. Honey combs covered the walls from top to bottom. As the summer advanced, the flowers began to die and the bees became less active. They had an over abundance for the winter, and prepared for their winter sleep. Safe and happy were they, when they went to sleep. Little did they dream of the night prowlers that roamed the forest. They knew not of the sad fate that was to befall them in their house of plenty. One frosty morning, a mother coon that

had been out all night in search of food with her five kittens passed by the tree. Her nose caught the sweet scent of honey. With her nose to the hole she started to tear away the rotten wood that the porcupine had killed in his home-making. It was soft and crumbled down with every bite she took. She squeezed herself in through the hole she made. On her heels were the kittens, and they feasted as they had never feasted before. Every night the coons came back, they brought more coons with them and in a short time the honey was all eaten. Cold and hunger made short work of the bees, and in a short time they were all dead. When the honey was gone, most of the coons went different ways in

search of further food. Not so with the dame and her five offspring. She was loath to leave the tree where she had found an abundance of food and shelter for herself and family. When the cold north wind came down, and the sun began to fall and shrink to the southward, the mother coon gathered her babies into the heart of the tree. The combs the bees had made, she covered with grass and leaves, making a warm and comfortable bed for the winter's sleep. Forgetful of all else, in peace they slept like the bees, happy with their winter supplies. What happened to the moths, the grub worms, the beetles, the ants, the bees? What happened to the coons? Out of the dark forest came a figure walking on the glistening snow, noiselessly as a feather floating on the air, his eyes, ears and nose helping him to detect some living thing that he might kill and devour to stop the gnawing hunger within him. Out of the shade into the moonlight moved this ghostlike figure of the woods, and stood before the tree where the coons were sleeping. That never failing nose had caught the warm scent. The starving lynx did not hesitate to poke his nose into the hollow of the tree. He uncovered the coons. He seized a kitten and ran out into the snow with it. The mother coon was on his heels, and a fierce battle ensued, but lynx cat was the strongest and quickest of the two, and he fixed his fangs on the throat of the coon and strangled her. Then he dragged her down into the woods, ate what he wanted of her and buried the rest in the snow. Then he rolled himself into a ball and went to sleep. When he woke up he thought of the other kittens down in the tree. Down he went, seized one and ran off with it. The others were frightened and they ran off into the woods. That was the end of the coon family's residence in the tree.

The lynx continued to hunt through the nights for his food, but came back every morning to sleep in the nice warm nest the coons had made. One night a bob-cat strayed into that part of the forest, and came across the tree, and looking in saw the nice bed within. So in he went, rolled himself in the leaves and grass and soon was sound asleep. Near morning the lynx cat came home for the day's sleep, and when he found the bob-cat in his bed, he gave a long angry growl at him. The bob-cat being disturbed in his morning sleep



sent back a short wicked growl, and finished it by spitting in the face of the lynx, as cats do at a dog. Desperately and fiercely they fought, each one determined on the death of the other. Into the snow they rolled, tufts of hair flying, then their life blood sprinkling the snow and dyeing it red. When they could no longer spring at each other, they lay and glared at each other until that green monster, death, that cools the rage in man or beast, crept over them. So they met the same fate as all the others that had lived in the tree.

A pair of badgers had their home on the edge of the lowlands and were drowned out of their hole when the spring came, and the snow melted, and the rain fell, so they were homeless. They had often seen the hole in the tree the porcupine had started, so they went and looked it over, and as they liked it, they took possession of it. One day, Rhinard, the fox, was hunting through that part of the forest, and he saw the badgers sleeping in the sun near their home. He cautiously crept up without waking them, and slipped in. When he saw it, he was so pleased with it that he made up his mind to live there. He knew he could not drive the badgers out by fight, so he spoiled their home. When the badgers woke up, and saw his work, they left and never came back. So Rhinard, the

fox moved his family into the hole in the tree the porcupine had started.

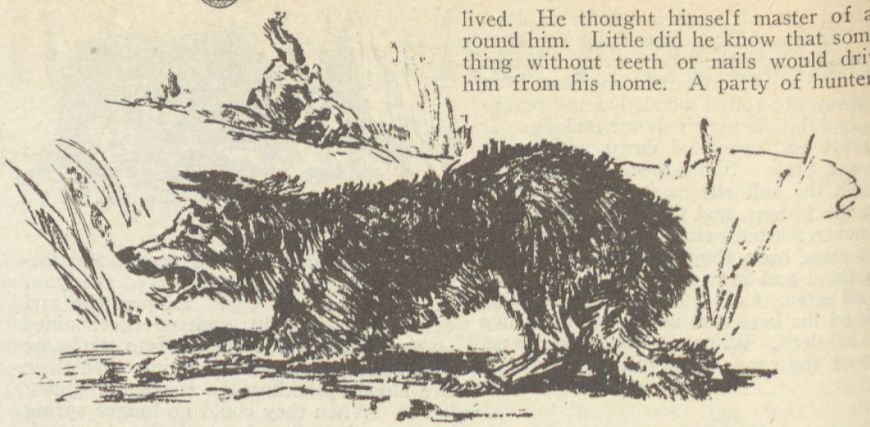
For many years the fox and his family enjoyed the hospitality of the tree. In spite of the moths, the beetles, the ants, the bob-cat, the lynx, all these things trying to take her life, the tree grew and flourished. Then there came a hard winter. With the snow and arctic blasts, down from the north came a pack of hungry wolves straggling through the forest against the wind and through the drifting snow to see what their noses could pick up for them. To the windward of the tree some of them passed, and their noses caught the scent of the foxes. Straight to the tree they went. When the foxes saw the wolves coming, they decided not to give up their home, without a struggle. But the wolves surrounded them, and when the foxes came out they jumped on them and tore them to pieces, and ate them. Thus another change of tenantry and the wolves took possession of the tree. Glad they were to get shelter from the cold and storm. For years and years the wolves kept possession. No quadruped seemed to want to dispute the possession of the tree with the wolves. So they remained monarchs of the tree till one day in early spring a pair of woodpeckers flew north from the south where they had spent the winter. They were tired after their long flight and rested on the tree. They, like the porcupine, knew it was a maple and sap-giving tree, so they peeled off the bark, and like the porcupine quenched their thirst. When they took the bark off they found that it was hollow, so they went to work to make an entrance through the trunk of the tree to the hollow inside. After days of toil they dug out a hole in the wall for their nest. They built the nest and laid eggs in it, and were rejoiced at their happy home, safe from their enemies and the weather. With their nest made, and their eggs in it ready to hatch,

their joy was unbounded. High up from the ground their fate would not be like that of the others that wanted to live in the hollow of the stump at the bottom of the tree. With these thoughts in their heads, and hearts full of joy, they thought they would take a day of pleasure before they hatched their eggs. So they flew off to spend the day as they pleased in the forest. A couple of fox squirrels living in a broken limb above them, had been watching them toil and slave to make their home. When they saw them go away, and not come back, their curiosity got the best of them so they flew down, and went into the home of the woodpeckers. They were delighted with the place. What a fine place to spend the winter, so much better than our broken limb, where the snow and rain beat in on us. So the squirrels destroyed the woodpeckers' nest. When the birds returned they hung their heads in sorrow, then flew away to seek another home.

The squirrels rejoiced at their victory, and made themselves at home. Over in the top of a tall stump, with a hole in the top, lived a family of red squirrels. They had a large family, growing larger every day, were crowded for room and they were looking around for better quarters. They had seen the woodpeckers make the home they had gone in and out of. Later they had seen the fox squirrels take possession, so they wondered if they could not find a home in the tree, as so many creatures lived in it. So one morning they started out to explore the tree. They soon found the broken limb the fox squirrels had left. They were delighted with it, as it was high up, roomy and gave them a beautiful view of the surrounding country. They fixed themselves in a snug nest, and were happy and contented till the season began to change and the cool nights began to chill them. The sun was leaving them every day to the south, and had ceased to warm up their home, so they could not winter there. They wondered what kind of a place the fox squirrels below them had, so one evening when the squirrels went

out to play and gather nuts for supper, the red squirrels slipped down into the home of the fox squirrels. They were surprised to see the cosy place they had, and they began to tell one another how nice they would fix it up if they had it. So they took possession of the home of the fox squirrels, and as the little red squirrels can fight and whip the gray or fox squirrels, and drive them out of their part of the forest, the others gave up their home without a fight.

A pair of crows flying over the forest wondered what sort of a tree that was that towered high above its forest neighbors, so lit on it. "What a beautiful view," they said, "north and south, east and west, we can see everything for miles and miles, nothing can approach us. If we had a nest here, we would be safe from everything." So they built a nest in the crutch of a limb that was high above the rest. With sticks they framed their nest, and lined it with moss and the mother crow laid four eggs. The eggs were hatched and under the good care of their parents, they throve and grew and were almost ready to leave the nest. With joy and pride, the old birds looked at their nestlings. They felt safe and contented and happy, until one night the nest



of a large horned owl high up on the mountain side in the hollow of an old dead tree was blown down in a storm and broken to pieces by the fall, so that the owl and his mate were homeless. "I'll never build so high up on the mountain again," said the owl, "I'll go down in the lowlands and find a place for a nest." When the sun had sunk behind the mountains, and the stars had begun to blink down from the skies above, this ghost of the night spread his wings and sailed away over the forest below in search of a new home. He searched every dead tree, far and near, but found no place to suit him. On his way back to the mountain he passed by the tall tree where the crows were. He noticed how grand it looked as it towered above the rest of the forest, so he flew over to rest on it. His eyes caught the crows' nest and when he saw the plump young crows, he pounced on them and carried them off to his mountain home. When the old crows returned to feed their young, they found the nest vacant and departed with sorrow and sadness. So the owls took possession of the nest the crows had built and left. They enlarged it, they fixed the boughs to keep the sun off, as owls do not like the sun. Five eggs were laid in the nest and in due time, five little downy balls came forth from the eggs. The mother owl nursed and cared for her brood, the father owl brought rabbits, squirrels and all sorts of game which he caught in the forest. One day when he was flying home over the tops of the trees with a hare he had caught, an eagle soaring high up amongst the clouds saw him coming with the hare and wondered where he was going. He watched him till he lit down beside his nest. "There is a chance to get a hare without much trouble," thought the eagle. So down he dropped from the clouds and picked up the hare. The owls were frightened and glad to give up the hare, as the eagle did not touch or take their young ones. Up to

his nest on the mountains amongst the rocks, the eagle brought the hare, and when he told his mate he had gotten the hare on the top of a tall tree, she became curious and wanted to know where that tall tree was and how a hare could get on the top of it. To satisfy her curiosity he took her to the tree. Immediately she fell in love with the place and its picturesque surroundings. "I don't want to go back to our nest in the mountains," said she. She threw the young owls out of the nest and made herself at home. When the old owls returned to feed their young and found the eagles in their nest, they were frightened. They found their young and carried them off to a place of safety. So the eagles, those proud birds of the skies did not hesitate to do what all the others had done, rob. And as they were the kings of the air, no other robber seemed to want to attack them and take their home. The eagles ruled supreme there for many years. They raised their broods, and terrorized the country round about.

Bruin, the great black bear, had lived in a canyon high up in the mountains where berries and mountain trout were plenty. He feared none of his kind, even the mountain lions kept out of his way. His great strength and courage made him ruler of the mountainside and the canyon where he lived. He thought himself master of all round him. Little did he know that something without teeth or nails would drive him from his home. A party of hunters, camping along the foot of the mountains, came to the mouth of the canyon and camped for the night. They neglected to put the fire out, and the wind coming up blew it into a blaze and the dry grass and leaves in the canyon took fire and swept up and destroyed the bear's den. His strength and courage availed him nothing in a battle with the flames. Thus he lost his home.

He wandered down through the forest looking for a place where he could make another home. When night came, it found him asleep on a bed of moss. He heard wolves fighting during the night, and being hungry and thinking they had killed a deer, he went in the direction he had heard them and soon came to where there were bones scattered over the ground, and looking up, he saw the largest tree he had ever seen. What surprised him, was the hollow in it. He walked in with ease, he found the floor was covered with skins a foot deep; skins of all kinds of animals, making nice warm beds for whatever lived there. He lay down on the soft warm skins and went to sleep. He was awakened with growls from the outside. Half way in the door were half a dozen lank, hungry wolves, their eyes fixed on him. Their opened jaws showed their sharp, cruel fangs. These wicked eyes and open jaws did not frighten Bruin, he had battled with them often before in the forest. When the wolves could not frighten him by growling and showing their teeth, they withdrew and held a council as to the best way of attack. They all agreed to rush in and surround him, take a bite out of him, hamstring him, get away and leave him to die. So they rushed in on him, but Bruin stood up on his hind legs with his back against the tree. They could not get around him to bite him. They had to come in front of him, so he hit them on the head with his paw, then broke their legs and threw them out. They took fright and ran away, so Bruin, the bear, wrestled from the wolves the home they had occupied so long. "I have whipped the wolves of the forest," boasted Bruin. "They will never bother me any more. All other living things I am master of, and I fear nothing. Nothing can do me any harm. I am ruler of all." "Yes, Bruin," said the eagle from the top of the tree, "you rule the forest and I rule the air. I fear not even the storms that uproot the trees, and leave death and destruction in their path." Thus they bragged, swelling themselves with their strength and their greatness. "Ha," said the tree, "I have stood here for a hundred years or more. I have been a home for everything that came to me. They have peeled my bark, they have taken my life sap. The beetles and moths bored holes into my very heart, the ants tore out my insides, the bees patched up my wounds with honey, the coons carried it away, the

lynx cat destroyed the coons, the lynx and the bob-cat destroyed themselves fighting for something that did not belong to them. I have sheltered them all, and given them homes for more than a hundred years. They have tortured me, they have bored me full of holes, scratched my bark off. Those I have sheltered have consumed themselves with greed and hatred for one another, and still I tower my head above the forest." While the three were still bragging, the sky had grown dark and murky. Peals of thunder could be heard, and flashes of lightning could be seen in the distance. When the storm hit the forest the tree bowed and groaned under the pressure of the wind. When the storm was at the height of its fury, a bolt of lightning descended from the clouds, struck the tree, splintering it into a hundred pieces, killing the eagles in their nest and Bruin in his den. So lay the tree, splintered and torn. The pride of the forest was lost in the storm.

David Whittaker, known to readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA as the author of "Days of the Wild Pigeon," has spent two-thirds of his eighty odd years in the wilderness. He possesses an intimate knowledge of woodland secrets, as is proven by his writings. EDITOR.

The Red-Throat Trout—Gentleman

(Continued from page 9)

the spring, sometimes as early as March, but usually in May or *June*. The nest is guarded by the male until the eggs are all deposited."

Of course the precise time of the spawning depends upon the temperature of the water and its freedom from ice. And that again depends somewhat upon the latitude of the region and its elevation above the sea-level. In districts like Jackson Hole and the Yellowstone Park, 7,000 feet or more above the sea, the spawning season would naturally be late in June and might run over into July.

I will tell of an experience of mine which confirms this fact. The Park opens to tourists about June 20th, and the fishing for all kinds of trout begins then. One summer I went down from Camp Roosevelt to the famous "Yancey's Hole" in the Yellowstone River, some time in July. It was a gorgeous pool, with crystal-clear, pale green water and a bottom of fine gravel and white sand,—evidently and unmistakably a spawning-bed. There were still a few trout lingering around it. But we were told that thousands of Red-throats (variety *salmo lewisi*) had already been taken out of it in the present season. These were undoubtedly caught at a time when, and in a place where, they should have been protected by law.

This is a condition of things which should not be allowed to continue. What is the remedy for it? *More intelligence in the making of our game and fish laws. A recognition of the different habits of our different kinds of game fish. An aroused public opinion in behalf of their protection from spoilers and exterminators.*

Let the Izaak Walton League in its various chapters, the fish and game commissions in our different States, and the National Parks Association take up this matter and study it carefully,—first-hand study, I mean. Let the laws be suited to the different regions and the habits of the fish.

I am convinced that in elevated mountainous States fishing for the Red-throat ought not to be allowed before July 1st, or better still July 15th. Up to that time he is still busy with his natural duty of propagating his noble race. Let him alone. He is not fit to eat till he is well through with that business and has had time to regain a little flesh. As things are now he is in danger of practical extinction, unless something is done to protect him. That would be a sad loss, for he is a doughty and delicious fish.

I call for a crusade to save that handsome creature, that good sport, the Red-throat Trout.

How Long? (Forest Fires and Pollution)

By

RALPH CHEYNEY

Associate Editor Contemporary Verse

WAN skeletons now frozen in a dance of death
And ghastly still as leper vessel long marooned,
They crooked their fingers at me till I held my breath
As one afraid, those trees that once so gently crooned!
No small bird's throat
Let fall one note.
No flowers dyed the air. No draping vines festooned.

SLUGGISH as a foul snake having gorged its fill,
Foul as the sluggish Styx, the dead's own river,
That brook—which once like spring's first daffodil
Had lit my heart—now crawled until it made me shiver.
No rippled, cool,
Leaf-stippled pool
Where jeweled flies hover low and fishes quiver!

What's Happening

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Better Laws

LOUISIANA is one of four states which hold their biennial sessions of the Legislature on even numbered years. The 1928 session this past summer in Louisiana was one of the most progressive from the standpoint of conservation. The fish and game laws of that state were rewritten, and some new features which will radically change and improve conditions of the past were incorporated. President John Dymond, Jr., of the Louisiana Division of the Walton League, spent two full months in the Capital City with the Legislature, but his efforts have been well rewarded.

Just as Louisiana has tightened up her laws and plugged many loopholes of the past, so the other three states, Kentucky, Virginia and Mississippi, improved their laws this year.

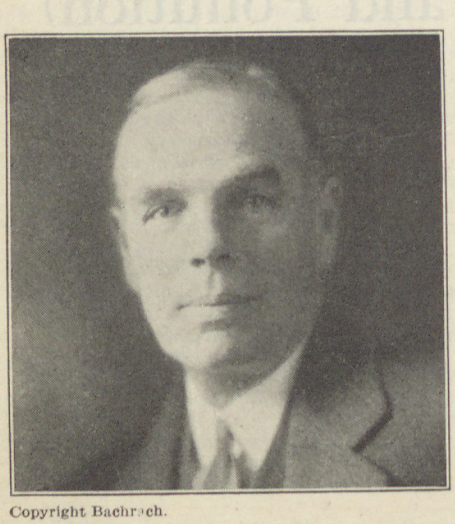
Bass Get Better Protection

KENTUCKY added many improvements to her conservation laws, and among other things stopped the sale of the black bass. Virginia materially improved her laws, but failed to stop the sale of bass. Mississippi failed to make much progress except in forest matters.

North Carolina's Commission by regulation has stopped the sale of bass, except fish over twenty inches in length taken in Currituck Sound, thereby reducing the sale considerably.

Many states will consider up-to-date legislative programs this winter, the details of which will be announced later. It is hoped that among other things every state will *stop the sale of black bass* and help make the federal law fully effective throughout the United States.

Charles Sheldon, who devoted many years to conservation activities.



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Royal Gorge Saved

THE life-blood of the Royal Gorge has been saved! The Public Utilities Commission of Colorado has denied the application of the Colorado Public Service Company for a permit to use the Arkansas River for power purposes. In effect the plans of the company would have dried up the river entirely during a considerable period each year for a distance of about twenty-six miles.

Many protests were filed with the Commission; the people of Colorado were generally opposed to the plan; but the burden of the opposition was borne by the Izaak Walton League, the Arkansas Valley Ditch Association and the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad.

The applicant expressed hesitancy to push the project in the face of the avalanche of protests based on the impairment of one of Colorado's outstanding scenic attractions. The Public Service Company was somewhat in doubt about the economics involved, because at the present time electrical energy could be produced and marketed at less cost by steam than by the proposed hydro-electric project.

Coordinated effort to save the nation's outstanding scenic wonders has won again! Individual effort alone won't win real battles.

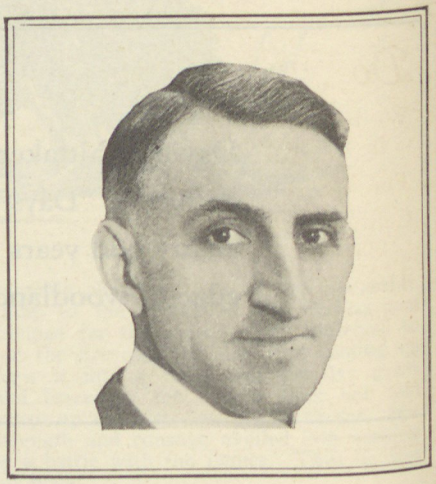
Charles Sheldon

CHARLES SHELDON passed over the Great Divide on September 21, 1928, at his summer camp in Nova Scotia. His premature death removes from the ranks of conservation leaders one of the most forceful and aggressive men who ever participated in this field of endeavor.

Mr. Sheldon for a number of years was a resident of the city of Washington, where he kept in close touch with conservation developments and legislation. He was a close friend of former President Roosevelt and enjoyed a wide acquaintance with the leaders in conservation affairs.

Among the outstanding accomplishments in conservation, due largely to Mr. Sheldon's efforts, are the establishment of Mt. McKinley National Park, the creation of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation and the organization of the American Wild Fowlers. He was connected with many conservation organizations and always participated in their deliberations, especially in guiding national legislative affairs.

Mr. Sheldon was a hunter-naturalist of the finest type. Like Roosevelt, he made real natural history excursions of his trips into far places. In his passing conservation has suffered an irreparable loss.



Outdoor Bonds

THE voters of three thickly populated states considered conservation bond issues at the November general election. In all three *a lasting moral victory was won* even though only one state actually approved the plan.

The bond issue method of financing public and private enterprises has long been generally accepted as sensible and business-like, but for some unaccountable reason bonds for conservation purposes are often looked upon as expenditures, when in reality they are the best kind of permanent investments.

Pennsylvania defeated a bond issue of $25,000,000 for the purchase of more public forests; Illinois negatived a bond issue of $20,000,000 for the purchase of game and fish refuges and public recreational lands, and California approved a $6,000,000 bond issue for parks to be matched by private contributions. Even though the bond issues were defeated in Pennsylvania and Illinois, the enormous affirmative vote polled in both states shows that there is a strong demand for such public-owned lands and forests.

New York Leads

NEW YORK leads all states in the amount expended for public parks and forests. New York City alone has expended more than $80,000,000 for this purpose, and three state park bond issues, totaling $27,500,000, have been adopted by the State Legislature and ratified by the voters with increasing majorities each time. Westchester County, adjoining New York City, has authorized the expenditure of $40,000,000 for park purposes.

Chicago and its suburbs, through the Cook County Commissioners, has spent over $17,000,000 to acquire the famous Cook County Forest Preserves, totaling 35,000 acres, and about $20,000,000 additional have been expended for park purposes in the metropolitan area of Chicago. Many other examples of large expenditures for public forests and playgrounds could be cited, but these examples show the trend.

in Conservation

Do You Know—

We had a $33,000,000 bonfire in 1927?

The Royal Gorge was saved?

California will spend $12,000,000 for parks?

The Walton League has five important measures before Congress?

See stories below.

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Why Plans Were Defeated

THE Pennsylvania bond issue was defeated not because the people of that state do not desire a rapid extension of their public-owned forests (already totaling over 1,250,000 acres) to four and a half or five million acres, but because since the bond issue plan was started the public treasury is in such a healthy condition that the voters believe these lands can be purchased by direct biennial appropriations. Due to Pennsylvania's dense industrial population, the demand for public lands is much more acute than in many other states. Unfortunately a session of the Legislature cannot commit subsequent sessions to liberal appropriations.

Congress, for example, has frequently "authorized" appropriations for very desirable objects, which in effect is approval of the plan, but when it came to appropriating the money it required about twice as much effort to get it as it did to secure the authorization.

The sponsors of the bond issue plan are naturally disappointed with the effort which was made by certain interests to defeat this "banking plan" of handling these purchases. It is now up to the people of Pennsylvania to see to it that ample appropriations are made each session.

The Illinois Plan

The $20,000,000 bond issue in Illinois was defeated largely because of its early sponsorship and a general abhorrence for bond issues because of past experiences. This is especially true of Chicago, where this plan was given its worst body blow.

The people of Illinois feared to entrust this amount to the sponsors of the plan for developing a system of public-owned hunting and fishing reserves. The intention was to retire the Illinois bond issue from revenues collected from hunting and fishing licenses. Indications are that a revised plan will be submitted to the Illinois Legislature.

Everywhere there is a strong demand for more public-owned forests, public parks, refuges for wild life, and public hunting and fishing areas. The people in every thickly populated state realize that this is the one sure way to guarantee a proper place for outdoor recreation for coming generations. Even though these bond issues were defeated the campaign to secure their approval has been very much worth while educationally.

$33,000,000 Bonfire

ACCORDING to a recent report from Major R. Y. Stuart, Chief of the U. S. Forest Service, the 1927 forest fire loss amounted to thirty-three million dollars, 90 per cent of which was the result of carelessness. One hundred and fifty-eight thousand separate forest fires broke out during the year. Nearly 90 per cent of these fires were caused by careless smokers, campers, incendiaries or other human agencies.

This thirty-three million dollar loss does not take into account the damage to watersheds, increased erosion and washing away of soil, the destruction of game and other wild life, the set-back in growing timber, nor the destruction of millions of young trees that would have been the basis of future timber crops. Approximately 32 per cent of the forest area of the United States which needs protection from forest fires is still without organized fire protection.

This annual fire devastation is largely preventable, and members of the Izaak Walton League and all other outdoor enthusiasts should join in a nationwide crusade to stop this forest fire menace.

The United States now uses more saw timber than all the rest of the world combined. Only about 125,000,000 acres of virgin timber, about 15 per cent of our original supply, remains. We are using our timber five times as fast as we are growing it. Continuance at the present pace means a timber famine.

Stop Killers

FAR too few people take an interest in protecting our many species of valuable song and insectivorous birds. The loss to agriculture from ravages by insects amounts to about $1,000,000,000 a year—no, there are just enough ciphers; it's not a mistake! Birds help keep the losses down to even this staggering figure.

Federal and state laws prohibit the killing of these industrious little workers.

Every once in a while someone is arrested for killing song birds. Usually the offenders are of foreign birth. One of these cases which recently came to our notice was that of Peter Contete, arrested by Waltonians at South Holland, a suburb of Chicago, *with nine song birds in his possession.* The fine was ninety dollars, but it should have been twice as much and a jail sentence.

How long are the American people going to stand for this bird killing?

Referendum Fails

AT the recent election the people of Oregon voted upon four measures seeking to save for all the people of that state for recreational and for food and game fishing purposes the unappropriated waters of the Rogue, the McKenzie, the Deschutes and the Umpqua Rivers.

Among the issues involved were the use of waters from these rivers for hydro-electric purposes, irrigation, and other uses. The bills were quite well aired, but apparently the people of Oregon thought that these measures were too drastic and defeated them by an overwhelming majority.

The question is an important one and will be brought up in the coming session of the Legislature for sensible treatment.

Mt. Hood Tramway

SEVERAL years ago application was made for a permit to build a tramway to the top of Mt. Hood. An advisory committee was appointed to assist in determining a permanent policy governing the area.

The Secretary decided favorably upon the committee's recommendations for setting aside wilderness areas but felt the broader aspects of the Mt. Hood problem should be given further investigation. He said: "We are dealing with one of the great landmarks of the continent, and development of its full public values would be jeopardized unless accomplished under a harmonious plan and with a long look ahead." Sound advice!

Legislative Program

THE following bills constitute the League's pending national legislative calendar. Please get busy!

SUPERIOR FOREST BILL (S. 3913—H. R. 12780)

The Shipstead-Newton bill will save the Superior National Forest and inaugurate a plan which will ultimately create an international recreational area.

BIRD REFUGE BILL (S. 1271)

The Norbeck bill will appropriate $1,000,000 annually for refuges.

CHEYENNE BOTTOMS BILL (H. R. 7361—S. 4153)

The Hope-Curtis bill authorizes $350,000 to create a permanent waterfowl refuge in Kansas.

FISHERIES PROGRAM

The White five-year federal fisheries construction and development program had to be reintroduced.

BASS LAW ENFORCEMENT

Senator Hawes secured the enactment of a federal law to stop the sale of black bass. This bill appropriates $25,000 for proper enforcement.

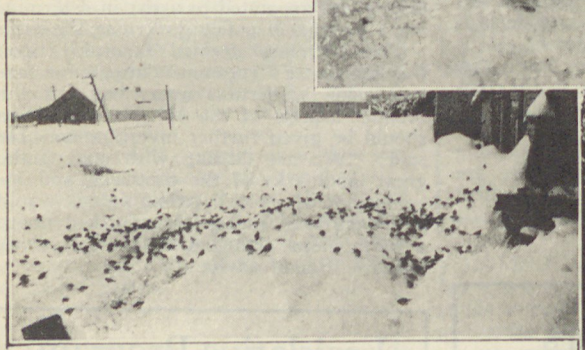
Chapter Activities in Pictures

THESE pictures of the activities of League chapters should remind all who see it that if their chapters are doing real work like this, the pictures are more than welcome.

ABOVE is evidence of real work on the rearing pond sponsored by the chapter at Coldwater, Mich. Among plans for the pond is the rearing of 1,500,000 bluegills next year.

BELOW is shown one of the ponds of the new state fish hatchery at Kalamazoo, Mich., toward the construction of which the chapter there raised $5,000. The chapter was the prime mover in obtaining the hatchery. Inset is one of the concrete spillways.

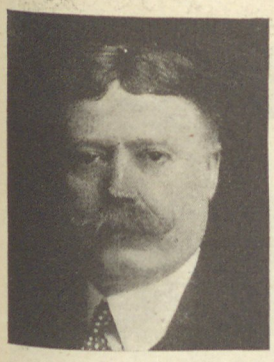
WHEN the Bloomington, Ill., chapter found need for an outdoor meeting and picnic spot, Dana Rollins, chapter director, offered the use of a timber plot of 160 acres. The chapter members got busy and the result was a Waltonian park of which this photo of the entrance gives only a faint conception. Trap shooting, range practice, archery, horseshoes, and a children's playground are features. Those in the picture are, left to right, Herman Gantzkow, Ray W. Hurst, Ben Harper, William Hensel, and Lloyd Howell, chapter president.



NOW is the time of year for feeding the birds. The above picture shows some juncos hard at work on a banquet which is a daily donation of the Rapid City, S. D., chapter of the League. This is something that all chapters can do, and hundreds of them are doing it today.

AT the left is shown a glimpse of the trout rearing pool of the Shelburne Falls, Mass., chapter. This splendid pool is 125 feet long and five feet deep, and is located right in the town. It is not only a producer of trout, but a beauty spot as well.

Milwaukee Chapter in Action



By SHERMAN BROWN

President

The Izaak Walton League
MILWAUKEE CHAPTER
Wild Life Refuge
This area is set apart and dedicated to wilderness life including trees, animals, fish, birds and flowers. They are protected in this reserve. All hunting and fishing or entry except by permission is prohibited.
"We pledge to posterity the outdoors of our ancestors"

WITHIN a few weeks after Milwaukee established a chapter of the Izaak Walton League, small as its membership was, there came a realization that if the Walton Movement was to go forward to greatness and permanency it was necessary to determine that it was more than a hunting and fishing organization.

As the months passed this thought became a composite conviction, not alone with this chapter, but with the larger ones of the League, that it was the Walton destiny and its guarantee of permanence, to become an intelligent and militant defender of America's forests, waters and wild life. Today, this is the acknowledged ideal of the League and it controls the intelligent action of its membership and is the inspiration of its passion and its enthusiasm.

Perhaps its initial important achievement was to make under chapter auspices the first Walton moving picture, called "Fishing Days on the Nipigon." It was remarkably successful and still remains "The Sportsman's Classic" so far as fishing is concerned.

Its next and most notable effort was to purchase Moon Lake and its environing hills and swamps in the picturesque Morain district near Kewaskum.

This interesting refuge is dedicated exclusively to the propagation of fish, quail, pheasants, wild turkeys and ducks. The refuge is in charge of an efficient breeder of pheasants and wild life and many of its thousand acres are planted to grain and corn and left to ripen for winter feed. There has never been a gun fired or a hook put into the waters of this preserve.

Once a year, usually in the fall, thousands of adult game fishes are netted and planted in the waters of adjacent lakes, and thousands of pheasants and pheasant eggs are sent to various chapters at a very nominal cost for propagation throughout Wisconsin.

There is abundant evidence that the Milwaukee chapter's Moon Lake Refuge, costing over $45,000, is rendering a very great service in the breeding of wild life, but more important than this is the inspiration it has been to many other chapters.

Is on Its Toes

The Milwaukee chapter has given successfully for three consecutive years a large theatre testimonial and by this means has secured many thousands of dollars, most of which have been used to keep the State Division functioning. If anyone thinks the Milwaukee chapter isn't alive and on its toes, be informed that last spring, at an expense of over $20,000 it purchased the entire week's performances of Winthrop Ames productions of Gilbert & Sullivan's Opera's, and it cleaned up several thousand dollars. If any chapter thinks this does not require courage and enthusiasm, let them try. We voluntarily give fifty cents per capita annually to the State Division and provide more than $2,000 per year for the state organization.

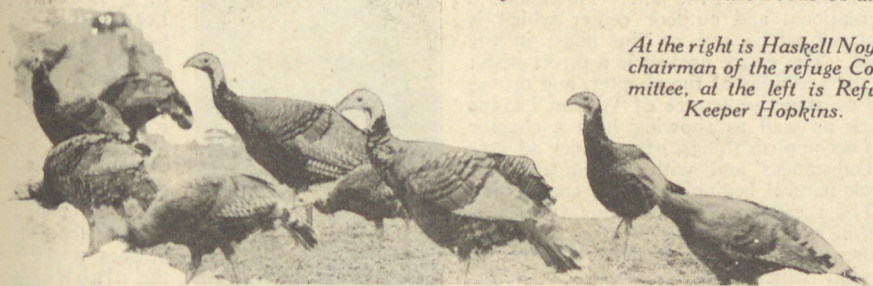
The Milwaukee chapter, in association with more active ones in the State, finally succeeded in placing the best conservation bill yet written on the statute books of any State, and out of it has come a most sincere and intensely active Conservation Commission. For the first time in fifteen years politics have been taken entirely out from this important department of the State and intelligent conservation work is progressing rapidly.

The Milwaukee chapter, in association with certain other live chapters, have at last succeeded in reclaiming the great swamp area known as Horicon Marsh, a paradise without comparison for the propagation of wild ducks and aquatic life. Today, this wonderful area, once the mecca of sportsmen and botanists, has been posted by the conservation commission and has in very truth become a great sanctuary, a vital artery in the migratory flight of wild life.

The Milwaukee chapter is nearly as old as the mother chapter in Chicago and enthusiasm manifests itself more deeply with each passing year. This chapter has given many other meritorious forms of service; in taking leadership in the celebration of American Forestry Week; in the planting of trees. It has financed young men who wish to devote their lives professionally to the breeding of wild life. It has established an "ENTANTE CORDIALE" with the Boy Scouts and groups from the Normal and High schools, spreading the gospel of the out-of-doors; its ecomonic and spiritual values to the people at large.

It has been active in all of the national activities. The saving of the great Winneshiek area is probably the greatest Walton service that has ever been rendered in America, and in this it claims but partial credit, as the chapters of Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois responded nobly in the achievement of this great result.

The Walton League feels that its service has just begun; that within a few years the State of Wisconsin will again take an unchallenged place as "The Sportsman's Paradise of the Middle West."



Above: Wild turkeys on the Moon Lake Refuge.

At the right is Haskell Noyes, chairman of the refuge Committee, at the left is Refuge Keeper Hopkins.

Right: Wild ducks and geese are being raised.

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Illinois Chapters Have Fair Exhibit

Above: The Exhibit tent at the Cook County Fair before the opening.

Left: A section of the exhibit, showing models of houses, rivers, and pollution plant.

THE associated Izaak Walton League chapters of Cook County, Illinois, including the Chicago Chapter and several others in the suburban districts, staged an exhibit at the recent Cook County Fair which demonstrated by a working model, the way in which rivers are polluted, the disastrous effects of pollution, and indicated the way in which this practice can be stopped.

Inside a large tent was represented a stream, flowing down through a natural forest, pine-clad and rocky, with game birds, fish and beautiful aquatic plants.

Then half way down stream was the model of a human settlement with a factory discharging foul chemical wastes into the stream, rubbish, waste, lumber, and sewage. Even the trees and shrubs along the stream were dying. The prevalent greed, stupidity and wantonness on a gigantic scale which the exhibit showed in contrast with the beauty, economic value and health giving qualities to body and mind demonstrated in the first half of the exhibit were strikingly shown.

Moving pictures of wild life and vacation joys were shown at one end of the tent on a daylight screen.

The fair exhibit was part of a comprehensive campaign staged by the Cook County chapters during the past several months, to eliminate pollution from the smaller rivers in the neighborhood of Chicago. The Cook County Clean Streams Committee is one of the most effective in the League. The association of Cook County Chapters has proved a successful method of combining effort toward a common end.

The fair exhibit was staged by three of the chapters, in the neighborhood of the affair, as part of their work in the association. The chapters were the Northwest Chapter, the Des Plaines Chapter and the Palatine chapters. Albert B. Mueller of Norwood Park was in charge of the exhibit.

A forty-piece band from the Englewood Chapter provided music.

The exhibit was visited by thousands of persons daily. It was considered one of the most attractive and interesting displays at the fair. Members of the chapters worked day and night in preparation for it and to make the working model "work."

Winston-Salem Active

A FISHING lake covering twenty acres, created by the construction of a concrete dam thirty-two feet high, at a cost of approximately four thousand dollars, has just been completed by the Winston-Salem, North Carolina, chapter of the League. The dam is across a gorge between two hills. The area covered by the lake and an additional thirty acres surrounding it were donated for the purpose by Mr. Paul Taylor.

The establishment of this lake, according to chapter officers, has created the utmost interest in Stokes County and indications point to the creation of a number of lakes similar to the present one.

The lake will be stocked with game fish, under the direction of experts of the State Game and Fish Department.

Through the efforts of the Winston-Salem Chapter, the Game Committee of the Conservation Department has approved the establishment of a game preserve in the Sauratown Mountains in Stokes County.

Leases have been signed covering about forty thousand acres. Turkeys, pheasants and deer will be propagated on this preserve, and the section is well suited to this game.

The cost of establishing and maintaining the preserve will be paid out of the State game fund. The money is now in the treasury, the receipts from hunting licenses for the past season having reached approximately two hundred thousand dollars.

The new game preserve is directly across the highway from the lake. This makes a recreational and outdoor center which is declared to be one of the finest in the state. The entire project is a direct result of the activities of the chapter, and proves the constructive nature of Walton League work as well as showing how a chapter can accomplish things, often under adverse circumstances and with a comparatively weak natural beginning, in its community.

The recreational center thus formed is within reach of a large population of outdoor people, and it is expected that the reception which this has received so far proves the possibilities for even more accomplishments in the future.

First Women's Unit

THE first woman's auxiliary of the Izaak Walton League was formed at Waterloo, Iowa, early last summer and now, according to Mrs. Verne Johnson, secretary, membership is in excess of two hundred members.

The auxiliary was organized with a membership of fourteen, but before the charter was closed more than one hundred and fifty members had been obtained.

Mrs. J. M. Searles.

This unit of the Izaak Walton League is known all over Iowa, not only because of the unique distinction it holds of being the first woman's auxiliary to a Walton League chapter, but because of the conservation work upon which it has engaged on its own behalf.

It has undertaken a program of planting shrubs and flowers along the highways, to replace the fast disappearing wild flowers and help to keep the Iowa roadsides beautiful. This idea is spreading rapidly as a result of the efforts of the chapter, and is resulting in a great deal of this work being done.

Regular business meetings are held once a month and a social meeting in conjunction with the Walton League chapters is held once a month.

Says the secretary: "Our membership is

Hoover Gets Kansas Ducks

WHEN Herbert Hoover, on a special train, stopped 10 minutes at Hoisington, Kansas, while on his way to Palo Alto, California, to vote, the Hoisington Chapter of the Izaak Walton League presented him with a string of 42 wild ducks, killed on the Cheyenne Bottoms, the place that is now being considered by Congress as a National Game Refuge.

The inset shows Mr. Hoover expressing his appreciation of the string of ducks, over the loud speaker that was attached to the rear end of the observation car.

The string of ducks was composed of 25 mallards, 2 canvasbacks and the others were pintail, gadwall, bluebills, blackjacks (or scaup ducks) and teal.

The picture shows part of the crowd around the rear end of the train as the ducks were being presented to Mr. Hoover, honorary president of the I. W. L. A.

C. L. Carroll, president of the Hoisington Chapter, received a telegram from Mr. Hoover Monday, which was sent from Reno, Nevada, which read: "Please tell my colleagues in the Izaak Walton League at Hoisington that the ducks were fine. Many thanks. Herbert Hoover."

Hoisington is located on the edge of the Cheyenne Bottoms and the chapter hit on the fine idea of presenting the honorary president of the I. W. L. A. with some ducks killed there, especially as he was a presidential candidate at that time and might have the opportunity of considering the Game Refuge Bill.

Mr. Hoover and party obtained a splendid view of the 25,000 acre lake on the Bottoms as the special train came into Hoisington from the east.

composed of women from all walks of life. We have teachers, business and professional women, society and club women, and the busy housewives and mothers. They all come for the love of nature and the realization that there needs must be some radical measures taken if our children enjoy the same blessings from the great outdoors that we have experienced."

Mrs. J. M. Searles is president; Mrs. Dwight Bower, vice-president; Mrs. Verne Johnson, secretary; Mrs. Dudley Russell, treasurer. These four officers, with our three directors, Mrs. Arthur Muncey, Mrs. M. C. Troutner, and Mrs. Seymour Botkin, form our executive committee. The chairman of the standing committees are: Mrs. Clarence L. Thompson, social; Mrs. M. C. Troutner, ways and means, and Mrs. Arthur Muncey, roadside planting.

"Perhaps this last named committee," says Mrs. Johnson, "may need a little extra explanation. This is the one big thing that our auxiliary has undertaken so far and we feel more than a little proud of this.

"Mrs. Arthur Muncey came into our organization as a charter member and brought with her the suggestion that we plant flowers and shrubs along the highways in an effort to replace the fast disappearing wild flowers and help to keep Iowa beautiful. As this was Mrs. Muncey's idea, Mrs. Searles put her in charge of this work and she has supervised the planting very capably and efficiently."

While women have always been included among chapter members in all parts of the United States, the Waterloo auxiliary is the first that has been formed so far as it is known. If there are others, National Headquarters wants to know about it.

Accomplishments

Terre Haute, Indiana: Has raised four hundred dollars for the purchase of quail for local stocking. Created lake one hundred acres in extent, north of town, after having acquired leases from three railroads. This has been pronounced the best breeding place for bass in the state, by the State Superintendent of Hatcheries. It is called "Walton Lake."

This chapter is raising funds for the purchase of a large barge, on which to build a permanent home. A swimming beach, twenty acres in extent, is to be built on the shore of the lake.

It has doubled its membership within the past few months.

* * *

Winter Haven, Florida: Dredged a lake, providing a bass hatchery, two hundred and fifty acres in extent; has provided for an inlet and outlet of fresh water. This is claimed to be the largest body of water to be devoted to this purpose in the country.

This chapter has succeeded in having set aside in Polk County, as official game and bird preserves, three plots totaling two hundred and ninety-nine square miles. There are hundreds of thousands of quail in these breeding grounds, also doves, rabbits, wild turkey and other game.

The chapter is busily engaged on plans to raise pheasants and other game birds with which to stock the shooting covers in adjoining districts.

* * *

Pottsville, Pennsylvania: In addition to an imposing list of accomplishments for the past year, the Pottsville Chapter is at present working on the following:

Posting "Forest Fire Prevention," "League Fair Play," and "Game and Fish Commission" signs.

Getting the school children, and through them, their parents interested

(Continued on page 45)

Radio Column

TUNE in, hear your fellow Waltonians on the air, then write to the stations and tell them how you liked it.

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 8:00 P. M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash., Spokane chapter. Tuesday, 8:30 P. M., Pacific time. Courtesy Louis Wasmer, station owner. 370.2 meters.

KNRC Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P. M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

WABC Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 7:45 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC. 349 meters.

WASH Grand Rapids, Mich. Grand Rapids chapter. Every Saturday, 7 P.M.

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WFBG Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P.M. 267.7 meters.

WFBR Baltimore, Md. Baltimore chapter. Broadcast every other Tuesday, 7:15 P.M.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. Re-broadcast of WABC programs on different wave length.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Thursday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Station WIBX.

WJBO New Orleans, La. New Orleans chapter. Broadcast once a week. Schedule undetermined as yet.

WJBZ Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P.M.

WJJD Chicago. First and third Thursdays of each month, 12:30 P.M. Courtesy of WJJD radio station. Illinois division.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Saturday 9 P. M. Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WSM Nashville, Tenn., schedule undetermined.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to 1 P.M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis. Every Wednesday, 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co.

WTAX Streator, Ill., schedule undetermined.

WJR-WCX Courtesy Richards Oakland Co., and Detroit Free Press. Detroit chapter. Detroit, Michigan.

WKBZ Ludington, Mich. 1st Monday of each month, 8 P.M. Courtesy of Karl Ashbacker & Sons. 1500 K. C. Ludington chapter.

WIBW Topeka, Kansas. Topeka chapter. Every Thursday 8:30 to 9 P.M. 230.6 meters.

STATE DIVISION NOTES

PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION

THE Pennsylvania Division Convention was held at Harrisburg, Pa., October 8 and 9. Chapters were represented from all over the state, the attendance numbering approximately 150.

Officers Elected

President—Dr. W. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.

Vice-Presidents—E. G. Madden, Millvale, Pa.; Thomas Liggett, Pittsburgh, Pa.; E. E. Harwood, Hazleton, Pa.

Secretary-Treasurer — J. M. McKinley, Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

Re-elected directors for three years: Thomas C. Mirkil, Harrisburg, Pa.; Ralph L. Smith, Pittsburgh.

H. H. Russell, Williamsport; E. G. Phillips, Belleville, Pa., and W. E. Wolfe, Williamsport, Pa., elected to fill vacancies on the board.

Resolutions Adopted

A bounty of $5.00 on goshawks was advocated.

Recommending that ample notice of proposed game law changes be given the sportsmen.

Providing for legislation by which the Fish Commission will be able to declare streams or parts of streams to be fish nurseries if the owner of the lands through which the stream flows prohibits public fishing.

Endorsing the Shipstead-Newton bill, opposing the use of Cumberland Falls for power purposes, and other National Izaak Walton League measures.

A joint Pennsylvania-New Jersey-New York regulation of fishing in the Delaware river above Trenton Falls was advocated.

The game commission was requested to provide a system of issuing licenses through its own officers, instead of by county treasurers.

The publication of the names of violators of the fish and game laws was urged. Changes in the trout season so as to make it begin May 1st and run to July 31, with a minimum size limit of seven inches and prohibition of night fishing between 10 and 4 o'clock, are sought.

More detailed publication of game commission business, at regular periods, was suggested.

A resolution in favor of Sunday fishing, now prohibited in this State, rejected on a referendum last year, was again presented and again referred to the Chapters.

Efforts of a committee to establish more friendly relations between sportsmen and farmers were ordered to be continued.

Speakers

Grover C. Ladner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Governor John S. Fisher; Hon. Emerson Collins; Seth E. Gordon, Chicago, Conservation Director of the League; Charles E. Dorworth, Secretary of Forests and Waters; E. A. Sherman, Associate Forester, United States Forest Service; Talbot Denmead, Biological Survey; John J. Slautterback, Chief of Bureau of Vermin Control of the Game Commission; George Miksch Sutton, Ornithologist; Dr. Theodore B. Appel, Secretary of Health, and W. L. Stevenson, Chief Engineer of Sanitary Water Board.

The 1929 convention is to be held at Waynesburg, Greene county, on the West Virginia border, by invitation of the Waynesburg Chamber of Commerce, whose secretary, C. Yount, was a delegate.

INDIANA CONVENTION

THE Indiana Division Fifth Annual Convention was held at Ft. Wayne, Indiana, October 18 and 19. Chapters were represented from all over the state, the attendance numbering 250. Eight hundred people attended the banquet. Mr. Harry Hilgemann of Ft. Wayne states that this was one of the greatest conventions that the Division has ever had.

Officers Elected

President—Ed. F. Leever, Terre Haute, Ind.

Vice President—Grover Page, New Albany, Ind.

Secretary—Fred Dobelbower, Lafayette, Ind.

Treasurer—Ivar Hennings, South Bend, Ind.

DIRECTORS

Harry H. Hilgemann, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Dr. Karl T. Brown, Muncie, Ind.
Senator L. G. Bradford, South Bend, Ind.
Charles L. Biederwolf, Indianapolis, Ind.
Everett Gardner, Monticello, Ind.

Resolutions Adopted

Some of the important resolutions adopted are as follows:

1. The Limberlost Park.
2. The restoring of the Kankakee River by re-diverting the water now used by the Marble Powers Ditch Company in Jasper and Porter Counties, back into its old channel.
3. The teaching of conservation in our public schools.
4. Game Wardens' Pension Fund.
5. Nursery Pond Project for all chapters.
6. The Tippecanoe River Park Project.
7. The Forest Fire Law pertaining to erection of fire towers and the appointing of fire wardens, this to be under the jurisdiction of the Department of Conservation.
8. The strengthening of our existing pollution laws.
9. The establishing of Sanitary Districts by cities of 75,000 population and over.
10. The diverting of water at St. Marys, Ohio, which belongs to the St. Marys River, into the Wabash; that a committee be appointed to investigate this claim, and report to the Indiana Division.
11. Regarding the Cumberland Falls in Kentucky.
12. (a) Bass Hatchery and Nursery Pond Project by all chapters. (b) Regarding motor boats during the spawning season of bass. (c) Staking off of spawning beds in the lakes until July 1st of each year.
13. The re-districting of the state to conform with the state Congressional Districts.

Speakers

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis.

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, National President of the Izaak Walton League.

Richard Lieber, Director of Conservation of Indiana.

Mayor William C. Geake of Ft. Wayne, made address of welcome.

W. D. Cross, Jr., of Geneva, address on the water supply of the St. Marys and Wabash rivers.

Joseph Pflueger of Ohio Division.

H. A. Savage of Michigan Division.

Charles Biederwolf of Indiana Division.

Fred H. Doellner, General Manager of the Izaak Walton League.

Ralph Wilcox, State Forester.

French Quinn of Decatur, Ind.

Presidents of various chapters throughout the state of Indiana.

OHIO CONVENTION

THE Ohio Division Sixth Annual Convention was held at the Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo, October 25 and 26. There was a wonderful representation of delegates from chapters all over the state, and approximately 500 people attended the banquet.

Fred C. Fletcher of Toledo, very active in the interest of that chapter during the past few years, and its president during 1928, was elected to the presidency of the Division.

A special souvenir edition of OUTDOOR AMERICA was distributed at the Convention, and one of the features of the gathering was the printed matter of various kinds put out under the direction of Mr. Fletcher.

Jack Miner, famous bird man of Ontario, was the guest of honor at the Convention banquet. Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, President of the Izaak Walton League, was among the speakers.

The banquet was held on the evening of October 25. Dr. Ward and Mr. Miner were the speakers.

Friday afternoon, following a busy morning session devoted entirely to business, further entertainment features were presented. These included talks by Mr. Walter Hastings of the Conservation Department of Michigan; the Honorable J. F. Atwood of Columbus, representing the League of Ohio Sportsmen, and Captain Frank C. Badgley of Ottawa, Canada.

Officers Elected

F. C. Fletcher, Toledo, President.

J. E. Pflueger, Akron, First Vice President.

M. W. Johnson, Kenton, Second Vice President.

Dave Harker, Dayton, Third Vice President.

K. H. Trustdorf, New Philadelphia, Treasurer.

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OLD DIRECTORS TO SERVE THROUGHOUT 1929

Judge E. F. Short, Sidney.
Prof. H. McClure, Athens.
Don Sherman, Toledo.
Forest Richmond, Toronto.
Dr. H. S. Davidson, Akron.

Speakers

Jack Miner, Kingsville, Ontario, Canada.

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, President Izaak Walton League.

Mayor W. T. Jackson of Toledo, gave welcoming address.

Rev. Perry C. Hopper.

Walter Hastings, Conservation Department of Michigan.

Hon. J. F. Atwood, Columbus, representing Ike Meyes, President League of Ohio Sportsmen.

Captain Frank C. Badgley of Ottawa, Canada.

Seth E. Gordon, Director of Conservation, Izaak Walton League.

Fred H. Doellner, General Manager of League, Chicago.

What's What and How

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

DOES FEEDING BIRDS PAY?
This question is of such vital importance that it was decided to devote this whole page to it this month instead of the usual short squibs. Other questions will be answered in later issues.

Does Feeding Birds Pay?

Do you believe it will pay us to spend our good time and money feeding birds? Our chapter is thinking of making this a real program this winter. We have a fair supply of partridges (ruffed grouse), quite a lot of ringneck pheasants, some bobwhite quail, a few Hungarian partridges, but no wild turkeys in this section. Many insectivorous birds also winter here. How should we go about it? R. W. L., New York.

WHAT a live question you have put to me. Will it pay? Well, Brother R. L., I could write a book on this subject, and what's more, I am going to do it as soon as I can find time for the job.

Bobwhites feeding at a corn shock shelter photographed by W. L. Wright, a Pennsylvania Game Protector.

When to Start

Every honest-to-goodness outdoor enthusiast is interested in alleviating the hardships suffered by our wild creatures during severe winter weather, especially when the ground is covered with ice and snow, or, worse still, a sleet storm has encased in ice every bush, twig and trunk. But how many think about these things and take action far in advance of the actual need? January, February and the first half of March are the "zero hour" for our birds. That's the time they suffer most.

The best time to plan such a program is weeks ahead of winter weather, but having failed to do so is no excuse for failure to act now. Many thousands of ground feeding birds have been saved by concerted feeding campaigns even during the fag end of winter—late February and March.

Organizing the Campaign

"Feed the Starving Birds" is a slogan with a heart appeal. You can enlist the aid of every Waltonian, every Boy and Girl Scout, the schools, both urban and rural, the farmers, the rural mail carriers; in fact practically everybody will help. But the campaign must be organized!

The chairman of your Conservation Committee, or a special committee of live-wires, should head the program. First map out your plan of procedure to fit your local needs, then subdivide the territory to be covered, put a live-wire in charge of each unit, and have him select as many lieutenants as he needs. Then if possible stage a big "Feed the Birds Meeting" at which the whole plan is outlined. This is the kind of a job that requires leadership and the help of plenty of willing workers.

The next step is to get your local papers to feature the plan, use cartoons and photos, and keep pounding away at it consistently.

How to Get Feed

If considerable grain is to be bought, your state Game Department will no doubt help you out if you can show that the local people are doing their share. Many state departments spend from $5,000 to $20,000 a year to buy or plant feed for wild life.

You can raise funds locally to buy feed. You will find it easy to raise funds for this purpose; everybody will be willing to help. You will find hundreds of farmers willing to furnish corn, wheat, wheat-screenings, buckwheat, kaffir corn, sorghum, millet, and other grain and seeds at a moderate price, often without charge. All it requires is an organization to head up the movement, and it will go over big.

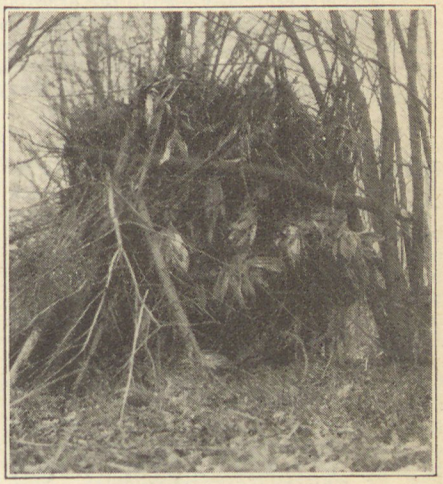
It is a sure bet that by feeding you can save many birds from starving; and you can bring through in better condition those which would not starve, enabling them to produce big clutches of eggs the following spring which will hatch strong healthy chicks instead of weaklings. You will also keep your stock of birds from straying far and wide in search of food and cover.

What Birds to Feed

Among the game birds the ground feeders need help, especially the bobwhite quail, the ringneck pheasant, the prairie chicken, the Hungarian partridge and the wild turkey.

Ruffed grouse are "budders" and will live through without man's help except when an ice storm of long duration covers the buds of the birch, the apple, etc., but even grouse have been fed successfully in their natural haunts and have shown better results because of such help.

Ringnecks, Huns, and wild turkeys all have proved their sagacity to adopt themselves to most difficult situations, and show remarkable ability to pull through except when the snow becomes crusted solidly and there are no bare windswept spots or open spring runs along which to feed. The safest plan is to feed them!



A lean-to shelter along a spring run built in ten minutes. Other side may be closed if desired, leaving both ends open.

Don't forget the industrious little song and insectivorous birds. There is no effort which will do so much to do a real service and create good will as feeding these little helpers. Encouraging the children to aid in this work will not only help save the birds but it will make for much better future men and women of them. Creating in the young minds and hearts of America's boys and girls a love for God's helpless little creatures will make better citizens of them.

Feeding Stations

Where there are ample natural shelters

(Continued on page 44)

A splendid broom-corn feeding shelter maintained annually by Graybill Long, Lancaster, Pa. On one visit he saw 29 pheasants and 14 quail which had just fed there.

The Fish Refuge Plan

By

ARTHUR C. BAUMGARTEL

We all agree that refuges for wild creatures are an essential part of every state's conservation program.

Here's a comparatively new phase of the whole refuge idea which the Izaak Walton League strongly endorses, especially for lake and pond fishes.

Refuges are not a cure-all, and are not intended to take the place of close seasons, especially during the breeding or spawning seasons, but refuges for fish are just as essential as refuges for game and wild birds.

A number of State Legislatures convene in January, and every state which does not have laws making it possible to establish real refuge systems for game and fish should act without delay.

—Editor.

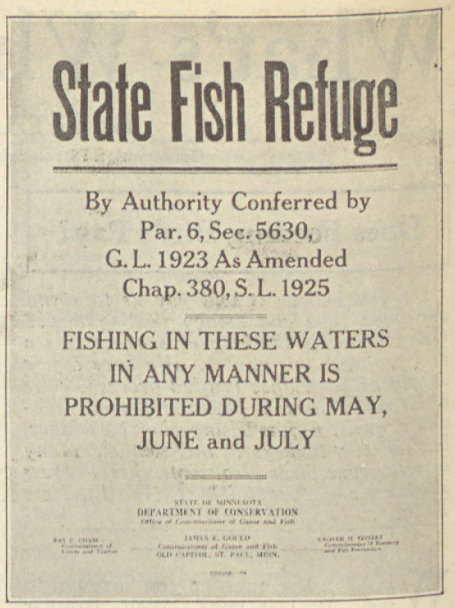
DURING the past few years Michigan has experienced cold springs, delaying the spawning of black bass, bluegills and similar fishes. In some quarters agitation looking to a further shortening of the open season has commenced, proponents of the idea waxing quite vociferous in their assertion that taking fish from the spawning beds is "murder."

We are agreed that fish should not be taken while spawning, but our experience and judgment lead us to refuse to concede that shortening the season is wise in view of conflicting interests and conditions to be stated, or that that in itself will result in appreciable benefit. Rather we suggest as a relief measure the "fish refuge" plan, which consists of closing the natural spawning beds to all fishing, either permanently or during, say, the months of May, June and July, covering the period prior to, during and subsequent to our spawning season and while the males are guarding the young fish. Thus without hardship to anyone we not only protect the spawning adults and the fry, but permit the taking of fish from other portions of the same waters.

Habits Vary

Those who argue that no fishing should be permitted at any time while the females contain eggs apparently lose sight of the fact that fish of even the same species are quite variable in their spawning habits, not all individuals depositing their eggs at the same time. The black bass as a rule deposits its spawn in the spring when the water temperature reaches about 60° or higher, yet many are taken during the summer containing eggs. Because one takes a bass July 15th containing spawn, he should not jump to the conclusion that the closed season should be extended to that date. Spawn filled bass are sometimes taken in August, or even later, but this is rare. The time of spawning depends not only on the temperature of the water (and this does not reach the same degree at the same time in all lakes, or in all portions of a certain lake, depending on depth, location, whether spring fed, protection of trees, latitude, etc.) but also on the age, condition, etc., of the individual fish; therefore the folly of attempting to fix an arbitrary late opening date for all lakes in a state or zone is apparent.

But spawning fish all resort to the shallower portions of lakes where they "fan" clear their beds, and by closing such portions of lakes to fishing while still permitting it in other parts, we stop the "murdering" of the spawning fish and at the same time allow the taking of non-spawning, spent and fall-spawning fish during a longer open season, which it must be conceded is desirable if the fishing public is to be satisfied. True conservation does not consist in the *disuse* of any natural resource, but rather in its development and the greatest possible use consistent with the preservation of that resource. We have in the refuge plan a means of preservation, as experience has demonstrated.



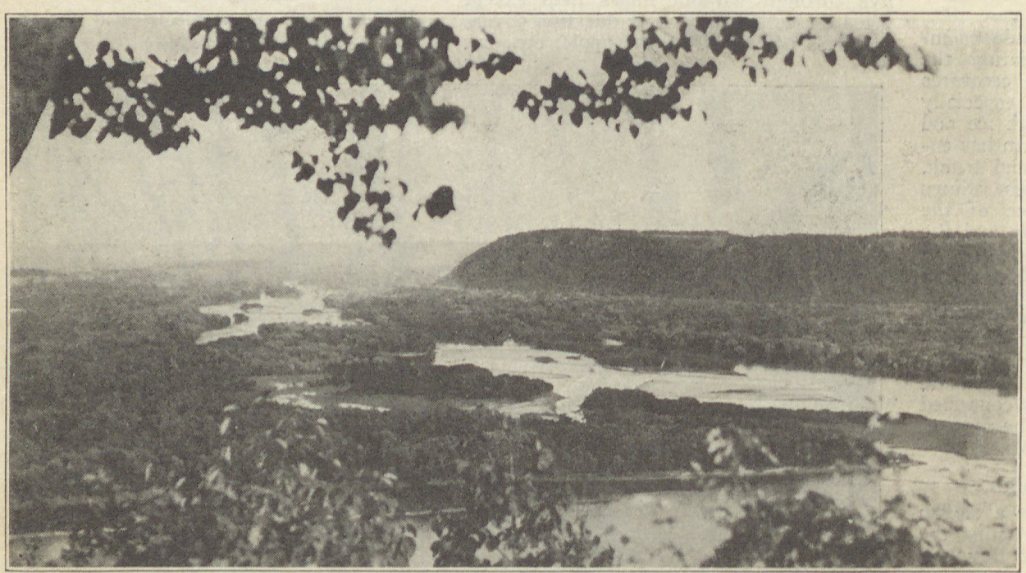
The fish refuge plan has been operated successfully in other states. So far as I have been able to ascertain, Indiana enacted the first law establishing what are termed "State breeding grounds," in lakes having shallows and bays, from March 20th to July 1st. Mr. Mannfeld, Superintendent of Fisheries and Game, advises me that when first enacted the law "was a great benefit as we had no fish hatcheries and no closed seasons." To be entirely fair, it should be stated that the Indiana law is somewhat inoperative in that it calls for staking the closed areas by March 20th, at which time it is difficult to set the stakes on account of ice and rough weather.

Natural Beds Used

The plan is in effect in Minnesota and Mr. Surber, Superintendent of Fish Propagation, wrote me recently:

"Our refuge plan consists primarily in setting aside, as far as possible, the natural spawning beds of fishes in such lakes as can be selected for that purpose, because we have found it impractical to enforce any regulations of this kind unless we have the consent and co-operation of the abutting land owners on the bay or bays selected for that purpose. We instituted this method in May, 1921, with a good deal of doubt at the time as to its success, but within a period of two years found that the results were remarkably favorable and since that time numerous bays, wherever the consent of the riparian owners could be secured, have been set aside either perpetually or during the months of May, June and July. We have included the month of July because it has been ascertained that the male fish guards the school of young for a considerable period after they rise from the nest and if this guardian is caught during that period it is as destructive as it would be if he were guarding the nest of eggs.

"In many of the lakes in which such spawning beds have been set aside we have no further requests for fry or fingerlings for restocking, which is ample proof that the method is effective."



A glimpse of part of the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge, the largest natural spawning area for black bass in the world. The many side channels and bayous provide perfect cover. This is an example of breeding fish by setting aside natural spawning grounds.

The American angler has not only recognized the necessity of fish refuges, and is willing to forego sport in what were perhaps his favorite waters, but militantly promotes for more of them.

There is little expense to the State attached to setting aside the areas. Notices are posted by the local wardens and when it is necessary to place buoys to mark boundaries, the local sportsmen's organizations, realizing the benefit to be derived, and knowing the moral effect of individual interest, have been ready and willing to defray the expense.

The Massachusetts law provides for the closing of not to exceed 25% of the area of any lake as breeding grounds for fish. Mr. W. C. Adams, Director of the Department of Game and Fish, in reply to inquiry advised me:

"I am strongly in favor of the sanctuary principle as applied to waters as well as to land. However, to inspire confidence and get results the closing a given area to be a fish sanctuary should be on the basis of a biological survey which should show the territory to be highly desirable as such a sanctuary.

"Whether the sanctuary should be kept closed to all fishing throughout the entire year depends entirely on the objects to be realized. For example, a certain shore of a lake that might be an excellent spawning ground for bass, could, without any danger, be thrown open to public fishing after the bass have spawned and their young have worked into the actual rearing or growing area of the lake.

"However, if the purpose is to put some further restrictions on the annual catch to that usually provided by catch limits, minimum lengths, closed breeding seasons, etc., then the sanctuary or breeding grounds should be kept closed at all periods of the year; and this is particularly true of large, shallow, weedy areas that are the natural growing ground for fish."

Would Insure Supply

While it may be considered an extreme measure, the permanent closing of suitable areas in bass lakes would insure a continuous supply of brood stock and absolutely protect breeding fish during the spawning season whenever it may be.

Connecticut has a law under which the State may post spawning areas against all fishing prior to, during and after the spawning season, and Mr. John T. Titcomb, Superintendent of the State Board of Fisheries and Game, writes me:

"This last season, it being difficult to define the spawning area of the bass so as to post each bed, we closed one-half of a lake several miles long and posted that half against all fishing from the 1st of May until the 1st of July. Had the bass not left the beds by the 1st of July we should have continued that posting until the nests were deserted. We use that plan to post spawning areas."

In our own state of Michigan, members of the Conservation Department have done some experimental "fish refuge" work, areas in Camp, Pickerel and Spring lakes having been posted in May of this year. Although the plan had not the authority of law and was not covered by formal order of the Conservation Department, the signs were generally respected, thus demonstrating that the public is in hearty sympathy with any real plan having for its object increasing the supply of fish. *The "fish refuge" plan is out of the experimental stage and should be rapidly extended.*

Much has been said and written relating to the rearing pond method of fish propagation, but dependence for fish supply cannot be placed on that scheme alone. It must be supplemented by the fish refuge plan if a constant supply for the increasing number of anglers is to be furnished and maintained.

At its Fifty-first Annual Meeting held in September, 1921, the American Fisheries Society adopted the following resolution:

> Whereas, It is well recognized by fish-culturists that the artificial propagation of both large and small bass is impractical upon the large scale practiced in the propagation of other food and game fishes, and that it is well recognized that increase of these species by reproduction under natural conditions is ordinarily more than sufficient to maintain nature's balance in waters inhabited by these species and that the removal of parent fish from their nests results in the loss of from 500 to 25,000 helpless fry.
>
> Resolved, that under the intensive angling of the present day, supplemented by the many new and alluring devices cast at the quarry, the conservation of these two important game fishes is necessarily dependent upon the proper protection of the parent fish during the entire period that they are spawning and caring for their young, supplemented by due precaution to maintain in all bass waters an abundance of bass food.

Except under favorable conditions, construction of necessary ponds to rear bass for stocking purposes requires the expenditure of considerable labor or money. The young fish are protected from their enemies for three or four months, then turned out to shift for themselves, of course far more able to survive than if planted as fry.

Natural Increase Serves

The average breeding bass produces 4,000 to 5,000 eggs, 90% of which normally hatch. Suppose we place men in charge of a few posted lakes during May, June and July. Hundreds, yes thousands, of fish would spawn and at 4,000 to 5,000 eggs per fish you can do your own figuring as to results. As previously stated, in Minnesota where the fish refuge plan has been fairly tried the demand for fry or fingerlings for restocking certain lakes has subsided, the natural increase being sufficient to furnish excellent fishing.

Do not understand me as advocating abandonment of the pond rearing plan. Results have been too successful even though the cost may have been great. Rather my plea is that we supplement activity along that line by the refuge plan.

There is a limit to the number that can be successfully reared in a pond.

Periodically someone suggests the zone system of open or closed seasons, but that system is impractical. Quoting Mr. Surber further:

Seining small fish, which will be transferred to other lakes and streams.

"Here in Minnesota we have two zones, the southern zone opening May 29 and the northern June 21. So far as my observation goes it is a difficult matter to enforce the regulations unless the warden can be on the ground when fishing is done because it is an easy matter for those who are inclined to do so to slip over into the northern zone long before the season opens and once they have obtained their fish and return to the southern zone it is impossible to apprehend them. The fixing of these dates means little to the perpetuation of the fish because weather conditions are such that it is often the case with the opening of the season in the southern zone that bass are only just beginning to spawn and that crappies and sunfish have not even begun that function, which is a further argument for the fish refuge plan."

Zone Plan Argued

It would require an army of wardens to really enforce the zone plan. In these days of the automobile, fishing would be concentrated in the open zone with the attendant danger of causing depletion by overfishing. There is also the argument that the zone plan favors those who have time for extended trips at their pleasure, while the poor man must be satisfied with local fishing on his holidays or Saturday afternoons off or go without. Why discriminate?

"Scientific facts, unlike facts of mere contingency or incident, are truths of nature which, once discovered, admit of repeated verification." It is true, a scientific fact repeatedly verified, that the time of spawning of bass and bluegills in southern Michigan extends from early May to late July, depending upon the season. It is proposed to close the season to July 1st or 8th, which will not protect the late spawners, consequently the remedy proposed is not scientific. The refuge plan covers the entire spawning and protecting period, therefore its application is scientific.

General License Needed

Many favor leaving the matter of open or closed seasons to the Conservation Department to be handled under the "discretionary powers" law. Our Department as at present constituted has wisely declined to avail itself of the powers apparently conferred upon it by the act. Action taken under it so far as closing fishing seasons is concerned would be considered as arbitrary by a host of anglers. It we are ever to have a much-needed general fishing license in Michigan and a number of other states, *seasons must not be closed on short notice or without due hearing.* The more restrictions imposed and the more arbitrary action taken, the longer it will be before the Legislature can be convinced a general fishing license is desired by the majority of the fishing public.

It is absurd to state that an order effective on five days' notice would come to the attention of all anglers. How about nonresident anglers who must make their plans in advance? Our 21-day limit after publication seems wise and should not be changed.

There is another angle to the matter of shortening open seasons and that angle concerns what we may term "outside interests"—resort owners, owners of boats to let, bait dealers, transportation companies, etc., all necessary adjuncts to recreation and sport. They have money invested and secure adequate returns only when there is an active demand for their "goods." They are vitally interested in having an abundance of fish and will do everything possible to secure it, but they see no hope of such result being obtained by merely cutting down the season.

What are the logical remedies? More hatcheries; more rearing ponds; more planting of fish food and cover; less stream pollution; more earnest efforts at eradication of fish enemies—turtles, water snakes, predacious fishes, coarse fish that consume or destroy cover needed by young fish of the better species; and especially protection of spawning beds—*a real application of the refuge plan.* Under this plan longer open seasons are possible because it is not necessary to close entire lakes to all fishing in order to protect the bass and bluegills.

Car Hauled Free

The official records of one Michigan railroad show that during the years 1925, 1926 and 1927 it hauled *free* the Michigan Conservation Department car "Wolverine" 8,768 miles, an average of 2,922 per year, and in addition furnished free transportation for six messengers of the Department and as many as 30 cans of fish in one shipment in baggage cars. The writer personally arranged this season for the handling of 65 cans in three shipments from the Northville Federal Hatchery and for planting by railroad employes experienced in the work without charge to the Government. Why do the transportation companies do this? Certainly it is not a case of pure philanthropy.

Michigan is known as a tourists' Mecca. The railroads have only transportation to sell. The better and more plentiful the attractions the more people are carried by them; the more people carried the better the earnings. Isn't it clear? Residents profit, and being on the ground and knowing the source of their profit interest themselves in protecting and extending the attractions—and good fishing is a great attraction.

Property of State

Sportsmen in their discussions are constantly reiterating that the game and fish are the property of the State, the people, but inconsistently arrogate to themselves alone the fixing of seasons, the manner of taking, etc.; the æsthetic but selfish demanding that flies only be used in the taking of fish as more skill is required and the action is more artistic; his un-American brother that license fees should be so high as to cause a noticeable decrease in the number pursuing the gentle art. Sometimes we wonder if someone will propose birth control as a means of keeping down the number of potential anglers of the future.

Of course, we all know that certain fishing restrictions are necessary, but do let us learn from past experience that constantly shortening seasons causes discontent and in itself achieves no great result. Let me entreat you to do something with the fish refuge plan; take action at your meetings looking toward the passage of a law in every state at the next session of the Legislature legalizing the plan, then if you live in a locality where rearing ponds are impractical, or are hampered by lack of funds, or feel that you can extend the scope of your operations, get permission from adjoining property owners and under authority of the law post the spawning beds in your lake or lakes, secure permission from the Conservation Department to seine out noxious fish, and you will get results.

To sum up, fish should not be taken while on the spawning beds, therefore close the beds. In that you have a scientific, an intelligent, application of common sense recommended by its simplicity. Don't depend upon restrictive legislation; get busy and help produce more fish.

What's What and How

(Continued from page 41)

special feeding stations are not needed, but with the present tendency to cut and burn out all the old fence rows and thickets of grapevines and briar and sumac patches, man-made shelters will help decidedly. Building these shelters is good for the birds as well as one's soul. Show me a man or a woman, a boy or a girl who spends time building bird feeding shelters and feeding the birds and I will show you a person worth knowing.

A quickly constructed half-moon feeding shelter facing south. May be closed with little additional effort.

Shelters should be placed where the kind of birds you want to feed are known to congregate in the wintertime. With the game birds this is usually a sheltered thicket along an open spring run. Don't waste time building shelters where birds would be exposed to raw cutting winter winds when you can find many sheltered places nearby.

The only time feeding should be done in a windswept place is where heavy snows occur frequently, and time does not permit building plenty of good feeding shelters.

How to Build

Shelters may be constructed in many shapes and with a large variety of materials, such as evergreen boughs, brush, corn fodder, broomcorn, sorghum, millet, weeds, and hay or straw fastened down on a framework of poles or old rails. Tie, wire or nail your shelter material securely so it will stay in place. Make your shelters just as natural as possible. Place them in the midst of good surrounding winter cover.

The principal purpose of the shelter is to make sure that the birds can find feed regularly. On this page are given a few all-purpose types. A good wigwam shelter can be made by merely spreading a good big corn shock at the bottom. The open front or lean-to type should always face south or southeast, so built that the shelter shields the birds against the prevailing storms. Where still greater coverage is desirable, the shelter shown built around a tree can be closed in on the opposite side, leaving two good exits for the birds to escape.

Watch Destroyers

This brings up another important point. *Never build an enclosed shelter with but one exit!* Predatory species will follow up your feeding places and kill your birds faster than Old Man Starvation himself. *Don't attempt to feed one bunch of birds at a single place.* Better put in two or three feeding places, and give the birds a chance. The more feeding places the better.

The tepee shelter and the natural briar or grapevine-covered feeding place will prevent hawks from getting in their deadly work while the birds are feeding.

What to Feed

Such a large variety of foods are available that anyone desiring to feed birds can easily find something suitable.

For wild turkeys, squirrels and ringneck pheasants, ear corn stuck on sprouts cut off above the snow is very good, although ringnecks prefer smaller grains. Mice and squirrels will chew up the kernels and small particles falling to the snow will supply feed for smaller birds. Spikes driven into a board or pole and the corn ears stuck on the protruding spikes will hold it firmly and make it available at all times. A wire basket made of poultry netting and suspended about the right height above the ground is also excellent.

For ringneck pheasants, ruffed grouse, prairie chickens, Hungarian partridges, bobwhite quail, and the small seed-eating birds use wheat, buckwheat, wheat screenings, millet, cracked corn, mixed poultry feed, sorghum, broomcorn, kaffir corn, milo maize, or even fine hay seed such as can be obtained from almost any barn.

Scatter grain about the shelter, then make leads in several directions from the shelter by scattering thin trails of grain.

Don't Forget Grit

In your feeding operations *don't overlook grit.* Supply the proper size of gravel, prepared chick grit or even coarse sand. Grit takes the place of teeth and is absolutely essential when the ground is covered with snow and ice.

Simple feeding shelters built about the home will attract the small winter bird visitants. For the seed-eating birds use sunflower seed (preferably in the head), cage bird seed, bread crumbs, etc. For birds such as the woodpeckers, chickadees, nuthatches, titmice, and winter birds of that type use nutmeats (left in the cracked nuts), unroasted peanuts, suet, meat, etc. Guard your shelters against intrusion from house cats, the worst bird killers in America today.

Consistent Follow Up Necessary

Hopper feeders have proved successful in many instances and require less regular attention, but generally speaking it is better to start feeding in advance of heavy winter snows, then follow up all feeding stations consistently. This should be done weekly if possible, as it will give you more knowledge about the effectiveness of your methods; also give you a chance to check up on the depredations of foxes, weasels, hawks, owls, crows, etc.

The Belleville (Pennsylvania) chapter of the League put on a real feeding campaign last winter, much of the actual follow up work being done by busy men who worked during the daytime and took out feed at night. Many such trips were made through deep snow between seven o'clock and midnight but it brought results. Buffalo (New York) and many other chapters did equally as well.

Saturday afternoons and Sundays can well be devoted all or in part to such a feeding program. Will it pay? Yes, it's worth many many times the effort and money expended. The moral effect alone will pay handsome dividends. America's sportsmen are spending upwards of two million dollars annually to raise, import and protect game birds, and the amount so expended is increasing rapidly. The United States Government and many states are spending thousands upon thousands of dollars to protect our wild birds. Get busy and put on a concerted winter feeding campaign. It will pay!

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 39)

in the League by means of essay contests, and also bird house building contests, the winning houses to be shown on exhibition at our County Fair.

Restocking the streams and lakes with bass, catfish, brook trout, pike, perch, yellow perch, blue gills, minnows and frogs, obtained from the State, and rainbow trout from the Federal Government.

Working on the formation of a rifle and pistol club, and the building of an outdoor rifle range of from one hundred to a thousand feet.

Working on the building of trout hatchery and rearing ponds.

Patrolling streams and lakes to put down all violations of fish laws, by special fish wardens appointed from the Chapter.

Working on stream pollution and strongly supporting all legislation for better outdoor conditions, and for the Forest Bond Issue which is to be voted on this year.

Encouraging the use of barbless hooks, and furnishing articles on "Conservation" and the League, to the local papers.

Have already formed two new Chapters in the County, and are working on the formation of more.

Have increased the membership of the local Chapter during the "Do and Grow Era" 200 per cent, and this was done in the face of extremely adverse conditions.

* * *

Sutton, Nebraska: The Chapter is the proud owner of a beautiful lake recently completed, five miles northeast of Sutton. All work was donated by the members. This lake is complete with a dam and spillway. They also have built an engine house, and an engine and centrifugal pump have been installed. The pump has a capacity of 200 gallons per minute, and is to be used in case of emergency or during dry periods. The lake will be filled by springs and rainfall. To make this a most convenient place for fishing and picnicking a pump for drinking purposes has been installed and other improvements made. The Ikes have a lease on this property for ten years. Beautiful trees surround the pond, which will give plenty of shade to the fishermen.

* * *

Grand Island, Nebraska: This recently organized Chapter received six thousand fingerling rainbow trout, which were planted in Clear Lake. A carload of bullheads will be planted at Schimmers Lake.

* * *

Talmage, Nebraska: The local Waltonians recently enjoyed a fish banquet at the Clifton Hotel. The purpose of the affair was to get together and work toward the establishment of a recreational park at Talmage. The park site is due east of Talmage, having considerable timber acreage, and has the formation of two natural lakes in its boundaries.

* * *

Pierce, Nebraska: Has leased 1,240 acres, known as the Baker Ranch, as a game refuge. There are two or three coveys of chickens and a good number of pheasants on the land now. Is working on a nursery four miles from Pierce.

* * *

The chapters of **Litchfield, Mason City and Hazard** are leasing an acreage southeast of Litchfield that has a nice body of water on it, and are converting the same into a park and playground. The water will be stocked with suitable fish as soon as the same is in readiness to receive them.

* * *

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONVENTION

The New Hampshire Convention was held September 21 and 22 at the Forest Hills Hotel, Franconia, in the White Mountains.

Officers Elected

President—Ralph L. Morgan, Richmond, N. H.

1st Vice-Pres.—Vaughn D. Griffin, Manchester, N. H.

2nd Vice-Pres.—H. Styles Bridges, Concord, N. H.

3rd Vice-Pres.—Dr. William H. Leith, Lancaster.

Secretary-Treasurer — Wakefield Dort, Keene, N. H.

Speakers

Ira T. Yarnell, Supt., White Mt. National Forest; James D. Kennedy, Forester, N. Y. State; Warren F. Hale, Assistant N. H. State Forester; Mott L. Bartlett, N. H. Fish and Game Commissioner; Wm. C. Adams, Director Fisheries and Game, Mass.; Horton D. Walker of Vt. Fish and Game Commission; Dr. Emmeline Moore, Fish Culturist, N. Y. Conservation Dept.; W. C. Henderson, U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey; Fred H. Doellner, General Manager, Izaak Walton League, Chicago; George K. Cherrie, Explorer and Leader of the Field Museum (Roosevelt) Expedition.

Florida Division
Annual Convention
Orlando, Feb. 14, 15 and 16

Arkansas Division
Annual Convention
Little Rock, January 7th

We regret to announce the sudden death on September 13th of James C. Murtagh of Waterloo, Iowa. He was the first Treasurer of the Iowa Division of the Izaak Walton League, and has been a leading worker in Waltonism since the organization of the League.

Phil Mitchell, Rock Island, Ill., who worked hard on the side of the League in establishing the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge, a pillar of strength to the League in that section, died November 6th at the age of 82 years. The loss of Mr. Mitchell will be felt keenly by Waltonians.

The Pepal Parri Tiger

(Continued from page 11)

returned to a kill, over which a petty landholder and some of his tenants were sitting, and received a bullet in his shoulder which fractured the bone. No attempt was made to follow him up, and the next day, his shoulder covered with a swarm of flies, he limped through the compound of the Inspection Bungalow, crossed a bridge, flanked on the far side by a double row of tenant houses, the occupants of which stood at their doors to watch him pass, entered the gate of a walled-in compound and took possession of a vacant godown. Twenty-four hours later, possibly alarmed by the number of people who had collected to see him, he left the compound the way he had entered it, passed my gate and made his painful way to the lower end of the village. A bullock had died the previous night and had been dragged into some bushes at the edge of the village. This the tiger found and here he remained four days, quenching his thirst at an irrigation furrow. When I came down from the hills two months later, the tiger was living on what small animals he could catch on the outskirts of the village. By March his wound had healed leaving his right foot turned inwards. Returning to the forest near where he had been wounded he levied heavy toll on the village cattle, taking but one meal off each, and in this way killing five times as many as he would ordinarily have done. In the succeeding years he gained as much in size as in reputation, and many were the attempts made to bag him.

One November evening during the present winter, a villager armed with a single barrel muzzle loading gun, set out to try and bag a pig, selecting for his patwa, or ground machan, a bush growing in the middle of a twenty yard wide ravine that ran through some three acres of rough ground, bounded on two sides by cultivated land, and on the other two by a public road and a ten foot wide canal. In front of him was a four foot high bank with a cattle track running along the upper edge, and behind him a patch of heavy scrub. At 7:00 P. M. an object appeared on the track, either a large pig or sambhar, it mattered little which, and taking what aim he could in the dark, he fired. On receiving the shot, the animal fell into the ravine and passed within a few feet of the man, grunting as it entered the heavy scrub behind. Casting aside his blanket the man ran to his hut, two hundred yards away. Neighbors soon collected, and on hearing his account, came to the conclusion that a pig had been hard hit. It would be a pity to leave it for the hyenas and jackals to eat, so a lantern was lit and a party of six men were starting to retrieve the bag. A neighbor, who stated he had no stomach for looking for a pig in the dark, suggested that it would be advisable to take the gun. Powder was produced and as a liberal charge was being rammed home, the ramrod broke, a trivial accident, but it saved the lives of six men. The broken rod was eventually extracted and the party set off. Arrived at the spot where the animal had entered the bushes, a careful search was made, and on blood being found, efforts to recover the pig were redoubled, and not until the whole area had been combed out was the quest finally abandoned. Early next morning the search was resumed and one of the party, a better woodsman than the others, on examining the ground under a bush where there was a considerable amount of blood, found two hairs adhering to the blood. I had just finished chota hazri when this man arrived, and after narrating the occurrences of the previous night he handed me the two hairs. Word was immediately sent to the surrounding villages to warn everyone that a wounded tiger was in the vicinity, and accompanied by a brother sportsman, who was with me for the day, I went to have a look at the ground. The tiger, possibly a young animal and a stranger to the locality, had been struck in the upper part of the left forearm, and from the fact that he had fallen off the bank, I concluded the bone had been fractured. On entering the thick scrub he had lain for a considerable time under a Lantana bush, and had moved off only a few minutes before the arrival of the search party the previous night. Beyond this point there was no blood and the ground being unsuitable for tracking, it was impossible to say in which direction he had gone. On the far side of the canal the cattle track ran through a small stretch of sand before entering heavy Lantana. Here I found that the wounded animal was not a young tiger as I had supposed, but the Pepal Parri Tiger. Once before when badly wounded he had passed through the settlement without harming man or beast, but he was older now, and if driven by hunger, might take to man-eating, a disconcerting prospect, for the locality was thickly populated and my bungalow was only five hundred yards from the Lantana. Further, I was due to leave the settlement within the week, to keep an engagement that could not be put off. For three days, I searched every foot of jungle between the canal and the foot-hills, an area of about two square miles, without finding any trace of the wounded animal. On the fourth day when going up the bed of a wide water course, dry at this time of year, the tiger called in the jungle some distance to my left. Sitting down with my back to a dead tree, I replied to the call and was immediately answered. Five minutes later the bushes of the water course parted and the tiger strode into the open. He had located me to an inch and as he stood eighty yards away looking straight at me, I took the only shot permissible with the light weapon in my hands and missed.

The following evening I again went up the watercourse, and cutting across the jungle at the point where I had fired at the tiger, took up a position on the right bank of a shallow depression, open on my side and fringed with heavy bush on the other. A well defined path, used by grass cutters and game, crossed the depression thirty yards in front of me. If the tiger was lying up where I expected him to be, he would come down this path, and in all probability stand for a shot on clearing the bushes. In the tree by my side, I posted a man with his feet on a branch on a level with my eyes, with instructions to signal with his toes should he, from his raised position, see the tiger before I did. As on the previous day the tiger answered my call, and for an hour he kept to the heavy jungle, calling at short intervals. Twice he called within fifty yards, and twice the man signalled, but I had as yet seen nothing, and it was not until the setting sun was flooding the forest with golden light that he eventually emerged from the bushes. With head held low, he entered the depression at a fast walk ,and when half way across, turned to his right and came straight towards me. This maneuver brought him nearer than I had expected him to come, and moreover, presented an uncertain head shot, which I was not prepared to take at a range of ten yards. Resorting to an old device, learned long years ago, and successfully used on many an occasion, the tiger was brought to stand without being alarmed. With one paw poised he slowly raised his head for the last time, exposing his throat and chest. Struggling to his feet after the impact of the heavy bullet, he tore blindly through the forest, coming down with a crash on the bank of the little stream in the sandy bed of which I had first seen his baby paw marks early one December morning. Pleasure on viewing the magnificent trophy was not unmixed with regret, for never again will his familiar tracks show on the forest game paths we have both trod for fifteen years, and never again will I and all the jungle folk stand to attention to hear his deep throated roar, which made the very leaves tremble. And after all, he had been shot under a misapprehension, for the wound which I feared might turn him into a man-eater, proved on examination to be little more than skin deep and all but healed, and caused by one pellet of buckshot which had severed a vein in his forearm.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 15)

replied, "Yes, son, but you should have told me about this. We might have found some other way."

"But ya see, Dad, we thought no one would know, an' we knew that no one could stop the deacon. He wouldn't care if he killed every fish in the State, so me an' Spider jest figured we'd save everyone a lot of trouble by settin' the blamed place on—"

"Hold on a minute, son," interrupted the squire suddenly, "I have just thought of a point I'd like to discuss privately with Mr. Kuhn. If you don't mind, Mr. Webster, I'll ask you and the boys to step in this back room." He stepped over, opened the door for them and gave each boy a reassuring pat on the head as they passed.

"Gee, dad, we didn't mean t' get into so much trouble," said Billy as the three of them stood alone in the little room, "but—well, we jest couldn't see 'em spoil our creek," and the hot tears streamed down the lad's face.

"Twasn't his fault at all, Mr. Webster—honest t' God. I—I done it all myself. I—I," but Spider could get no farther.

"That's all right, now, don't cry, boys," said Mr. Webster in a trembling voice, and he placed his arms affectionately across each of their shoulders.

In a few minutes they were again summoned before the desk. The detective was gone. The squire, a twinkle in his eye, took his former position, cleared his throat, and began to speak, choosing his words carefully.

"Ah, now, Mr. Webster, ah—things have taken a rather peculiar angle. This man, Kuhn, and I believe that he has a bright future before him, has uncovered some, ah, additional evidence. It seems, as much as I regret to say it, that these boys have been guilty of some serious indiscretions. Ah, it has been discovered that they have been smoking—smoking cigarets, er, I mean corn silk. Yes, we decided that it—I mean Kuhn said it was corn silk. Now, of course, Mr. Webster, you are aware that, ah, smoking—I mean by youngsters—is quite serious. In the first place, corn silk leads right up to tobacco; and in the second place, matches are unsafe in the hands of boys. This fact, as you can see, has been amply proved by the fire."

"But, sir," interrupted Billy, "we weren't

smoking, and we didn't have matches. Spider had a magnifyin' glass, an' we—"

"Yes," continued the squire hastily, "magnifyin' glasses, er, I mean matches are bad—very bad. Really, I could hardly believe Kuhn's smoking story of two such fine boys as these, but, of course, these things will occur. I do hope, though, that it will not happen again in this case. There is only one prevention, Mr. Webster, where accidents are concerned, and that is by using a maximum amount of caution. Now, in this instance—well, I think that we older ones should, perhaps, keep in a little closer touch with the boys, ah, for more reasons than one. Personally, I think I'll keep my eye on them a little myself. They know a great deal, these boys do—about interesting things. I think they can stand watching—I do for a fact. And you, Mr. Webster, just keep close to this lad. I guess that is about all. Case dismissed."

"But—ah—sir—" began the father.

"And by the way, Webster," interrupted the squire, "I'll just ride along back to New Freeport with you if you don't mind. I'd sort of like to see where that fire was. You'll have to wait a minute, though, 'till I slip up to the house for my fly rod."

A grin of understanding broke over Webster's face. "Just between you and me, Squire, I always carry my own rod in the back of my car."

Winter Hath Charms

(Continued from page 7)

by wearing rubber shoes, or pacs, but the irony of it is that when you exclude the outside dampness by this dodge you automatically increase the inside moisture. Your feet perspire.

Your feet don't perspire in leather boots, but neither do leather boots keep out the melting snow. What are you going to do about it? Well, if you know, you have struck on something that's worth millions. But here's how you can make the best of it: if you wear rubber pacs, carry three pairs of heavy wool socks, stop three times a day and wash your feet in water or in snow, rub them dry with a rough towel, and put on fresh socks.

That's the best way when the snow is damp. When the snow is dry, wear leather boots, and if they aren't warm enough, wear canvas overshoes over them. The best combination in the world is just that, but the appearance, which is neither graceful nor trim, seems to scare out most folks.

Wear mittens, always. Wear heavy leather mittens, lightly lined, and a pair of knit wool gloves inside. You can slip the mitts off when you wish to use your fingers, as in shooting, fixing skates or skiis, making a fire, taking pictures, etc. Don't wear heavy wool lined mitts because your hands will perspire and when you take them off for a moment your hands freeze.

As to ears, ear flaps take care of them. As to your nose, there's just one remedy: every now and then, in freezing weather, hold your hands under your armpits, inside your clothing, and apply them to your nose to keep it from freezing. Don't rub it.

I may as well tell you something about frosted toes, ears, fingers, or what not. Don't rub them with snow. You can't make something warm by applying something that's frozen. But don't apply warm water, either, or anything else that's warm. Apply water that's just under freezing, or hold your hand against the frosted part intermittently, letting it absorb the heat in small doses. I don't know what to do about parts that are really frozen. The only thing I ever froze was a toe, and as near as I can remember all I did was cry about it and let nature do the rest. For one thing, nature took my nail.

But don't let the idea of freezing scare you out. It's remarkable how little freezing is done, and how much heat prostration creeps into the public prints. And besides, experts say that when you freeze to death you simply lie down and go to sleep, so why worry.

Winter, according to scientists, is here to stay, and the American people, at least, are determined to make the most of it.

What does all this mean? "It means," says Dusty Waters, an old friend of mine and one of the most remarkable persons I know, "that either our winters or our people are getting warmer." Dusty is all wet. Folks have simply learned that it isn't as cold outdoors as it looks.

Bullephants

(Continued from page 22)

I do not manufacture cameras. I am not to be found in any of the pictures. I did not take any of them. However, I have a little private collection of my own—pictures of some *real* bass. I'll show it to you some time!

During the summer months I have had my best luck on a surface bait, and have also had a great deal of sport with a fly. A ten pound bass on a nine foot fly rod is a combination par excellence. Up to two years ago a man could always get big bass by throwing any sort of a plug over the bed. There was no more excuse for such actions than there is for any other home breaker, but everybody did it. In early spring it is easy to locate the beds by standing in the bow of a boat and paddling along the lake edge. When a light spot appears on the bottom it indicates that old lady bass has brushed out a sandy bed and is lying around ready to knock the spots out of—or off of—any foreign substance that comes around. Finally we awoke to the danger of removing the guardian of the home, and the result is a closed season from March 15th to May 15th inclusive. The bag limit is twelve bass per day, which is also a good thing in view of the numbers of fish that were formerly wasted.

In the winter our bass, from babies to bullephants, seem to prefer an underwater bait—any sort of a pork rind lure or spoon is good—and of course live minnows are always successful. Personally I am not a live bait fisherman, but to men who like to hear corks pop, I can recommend the lakes of central Florida. A man is not really an "old timer" around here unless he antedates the big freeze, but twenty years more or less should at least warrant a statement of opinion. This opinion I have "done give."

Conservation's Challenge to America

(Continued from page 12)

out-of-doors, but to restore that which we and our fathers have destroyed.

Organized effort is essential to the business of conservation. The Izaak Walton League undertakes to provide such organization. It has accomplished much in the six years of its existence. It is organized from one end of the country to the other, and the members are numbered in thousands. But there ought to be 2,000,000 instead of 200,000!

This League is man's self-made cure for an awe-inspiring national ill. The early Waltonians sensed a slowly developing depletion and despoliation of Nature. They vaguely pictured a treeless and stream-defiled country. They were looking far into the future, but their vision came not too soon. They said, "This devastation shall not continue"; and in their determination they banded together for a bloodless battle of restoration. It is their job and the job of all of us to rouse the nation to the moral, the social, the civic, the economic and the spiritual penalties of squandering our outdoor heritage without a thought of what we are to leave behind for our children.

Waltonians are engaged in a splendid adventure. It is their duty and it will be their privilege to give of time, money and energy that the numbers of the organization may be multiplied many times, that its message may be carried to every thinking citizen of the country, and that the best of American manhood and womanhood may be inspired to do battle in this cause.

What? White Whiskers!

(Continued from page 17)

hung like white whiskers, I went down on all fours, crawling slowly out along the ledge in plain sight. He cocked his head at me and then at the show staged below. I rested the camera on a slab of rock and it buzzed away. The old goat stood up, stamped his front feet and stared. To my amazement he turned around and lay down again, facing me, which gave me time to wind up the machine.

Carefully smoothing out my false whiskers, I crawled on to a point where I got good pictures within fifty feet. Then the old Billy arose and sauntered around the corner of the cliff. Jumping up and running to the spot where he had been, his white form almost filled the finder as I pressed the trigger. He turned as if to ask what I wanted; and then nibbled a bunch of grass. I shot pictures as fast as the film would run—and on to the end. After all, it was rather a simple thing to get the goat at fifty feet and less. It was perhaps just a matter of whiskers—white whiskers!

(William L. Finley, well-known author, naturalist and lecturer, has a most striking evening program of spectacular motion pictures, which is a stand-by of the League chapters. For information concerning winter and spring dates, address:—Miss K. M. Peabody, 15 Boudinot Street, Princeton, N. J.—EDITOR.)

"Man Size Shoes"

(Continued from page 21)

cached it not far from the house. Next morning he headed back over the hill, careful to avoid his schoolward bound mates. About the time when they were scuffling at recess, three miles away, he was dressing out a spikehorn buck. Late that afternoon he packed the deer into town, furtively laid it on the doorstep of a family known to be very poor, and ran. Philanthropy? Well, perhaps. And perhaps not. At home the crime of truancy would be costly enough to admit. But the matter of the musket would be vastly more expensive. Far lower than the truant is he who does not respect the property of another.

About a year after this episode, Murdo's father, having bought ten acres of timbered land, partially cleared, decided that the boy should exercise his propensity for woodcraft to some purpose. He should be taught to be useful. "It's time you were learning what an axe is for, Murdo. We'll have a lesson tomorrow."

Accordingly, on the morrow, the twain repaired to the ten acres aforementioned. Selecting a fair-sized Norway growing at the edge of the slashing, father Gibson handed his son a brand new, medium-weight axe, beautifully hung and ground. Lovingly the boy hefted it, longingly regarded it.

"This axe shall be your own, Murdo, the day you can drop a tree within a reasonable distance of where you want it to fall. Now, this tree is nearly plumb, and so—Why are you grinning at me, sir?"

"Because I can do that already," said the boy, "and I'll have the axe today."

"Prove it!" dared the conservative parent.

Murdo ran directly to a fallen pine, lying not far away, and cut off a branch as thick as a man's wrist. From this he amputated a two-foot stick, which he peeled and sharpened.

"Here, pa," he announced, returning: "You set this stake wherever you please, and I'll try to drive it with the tree."

His skeptic father grunted, but went out and set the stake some thirty feet away. Murdo got his bearings without loss of time, took a few tentative strokes to try the new axe, then went to work in earnest. Only two or three times—when he sighted from the stake to the treetop—did the big, clean chips cease flying. In little more than ten minutes the Norway swayed and toppled. Hardly had it crashed to earth before the boy and his father, on opposite sides of its midsection, verified the fact that the stake was buried.

Beyond doubt Gibson *pere* considered the incident a fluke. "Could you do it again, I wonder?"

They selected another tree; and Gibson *fils*, with a little luck and considerable virtuosity, did it again.

"Where did you learn how, Murdo?"

"At Mr. Thompson's lumbercamp, last Christmas vacation. Is the axe mine?"

"It is," said his father benignly, "And you have my permission to clear the rest of this land, on Saturdays and other holidays."

* * *

THIS was the beginning of disillusionment for Murdo. It seemed that the more things he learned to do, the more useful he was expected to be. He was, in truth, as lazy as he was strenuous, and disliked physical activity whenever it was labeled "Work." Accustomed to approbation for his prowess in numerous outdoor fields, he craved praise also for household chores well done. But in Scottish homes, where the mere absence of criticism is felt to border on the fulsome, oral praise is seldom if ever dispensed.

During the next two or three years, the boy grew increasingly restive. Here he was, 16 years of age, one hundred and eighty pounds of lithe, coordinated energy, and still required to do odd jobs at home.

Feeling that his talents were certain to be appreciated elsewhere, he penned a somewhat dramatic note to his parents and took the road for the Southwest, where men of his kidney were in demand. Always an apt pupil, he soon learned from hoboes how free railway transportation might be had by the unobtrusive passenger.

He became adept in riding the brake-rods, trucks and blinds; in boarding and leaving moving cars. He earned what he ate—and came to wish that he could find more chores to do, for his appetite was forever unappeased.

By the time he was 18, he had been ditch-digger, wood-chopper, bum, poolroom marker, ferryman, prospector, mule-skinner and cowboy. He had won money in the prize ring and had lost it over the gaming table. His roamings had covered twenty states, when, down Georgia-way in the springtime, malaria laid him by the heels. Two months later, on money sent from home, he paid his hospital bill and bought a through ticket for Duluth.

Since that day, his love for the North has been passionate and unfaltering.

* * *

DAVID and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias—these names belong together, classic symbols of great friendships between men. So, likewise, do the names Murdo and Gus, although a smaller public knows of their fine relationship.

Murdo had not known that he was lonely until he met Gus Peterson. He failed to realize that his physical superiority had, at the age when friendships are most readily formed, set him apart from his fellows. He lacked the judgment, then, to accord a full measure of respect to frailer boys merely because they had brains and character. He needed to find someone who could beat him at his own specialties.

A mutual acquaintance introduced them one day when they were buying ammunition in a hardware store. For a while they talked in the guardedly casual way of young strangers, measuring each other. About equal in age and weight, they were yet noticeably dissimilar. Murdo was blond and brawny, an inch and a half short of six feet. His large Roman nose and his deep-set, piercing blue eyes combined to produce a bold and dominant effect. Gus had raven black hair. He was just over six feet, and slender. He too had blue eyes, but his facial expression was gravely kind, rather than dominant. Suddenly, now, he smiled and said: "Better come out tomorrow, Gibson, to my shack on Island Lake. Meat costs too much money in town."

Murdo is not likely ever to forget that walk of theirs to Island Lake. He had often hiked the twenty miles before, and with a much heavier pack than he carried today—but not at the pace Gus set. Murdo had never seen anyone he couldn't outwalk, and he chuckled at first when his new acquaintance led off at a springy double. A mile or two of that, and the tall boy must start dragging his feet. But at five miles, Murdo realized that Gus had from the outset maintained the same lead, about a yard; and that every time he, Murdo, had spurted to close the gap, the pacemaker's stride had accelerated by just the tempo of the spurt. . . At ten miles the interval between them remained unchanged. Murdo was walking his fastest, conserving breath as best he might, and wondering what manner of man was this who still trod so lightly ahead. Then Gus looked back over his shoulder and said. "How about a smoke, Gib?"

"Sure," grunted Murdo, trying to keep from sounding relieved at the prospect of rest. But his joy changed to amazement when Gus lit up without slackening stride. "Hey! What's all the rush, Peterson? Let's sit down and smoke."

"Oh, Shucks, we might as well go right on to the cabin, Gib—it's only a rabbit's jump from here—that is, unless you're tired."

Another ten miles. Merely a rabbit's jump! Murdo went along, but he did not smoke en route. Neither did he try again to close the lead.

He says that, through all the years of the partnership which began that day and endured until dissolved by death, Gus held a perceptible lead in everything they undertook together. He says, moreover, that Gus was never conscious of his own preeminence, and died convinced that 'Gib' was the better man.

Murdo and Gus were the first white men, and probably the only ones, to ascend the terrible Skeena River in a two-man canoe. They did it in an 18-foot Peterboro.

I think they were the first to go into the Klondike over the famous trail of '98. I believe they strung the wires at Telegraph Creek. They freighted, and carried mail. Throughout that realm of hardy mushers, Murdo could easily out-travel anyone but Gus; and Gus was the "Burning Daylight" of Jack London's stirring novel. They staked and lost claims (one of which later sold for a million and a half), and when Gus took seriously ill, they returned home.

* * *

MURDO became a cruiser and, in the years that followed, estimated timber nearly everywhere it was found on this continent. He cruised for private interests, for the State of Minnesota, and for the Federal Government. To perfect his knowledge of timber, he concentrated upon forestry, logging engineering and cost accounting. During the war, Uncle Sam made an exhaustive industrial survey, for the purpose of listing experts in various important fields. In the field of forest industries there were three departments; and in all the United States just two men, Murdo and another, qualified as expert in more than one.

From 1914 on, Murdo tried a dozen times to enlist. He was rejected always because his feet were flat. The examiners said that *he wouldn't be able to march!* It was in 1924 that his eagle's vision began suddenly to fail. Diagnosis: Double Cataract. Blindness came down on him like a fog. He could not see to walk in the forest, let alone reading compass, and making maps. A year went by, and another, before the cataracts had ripened sufficiently to be removed. At last the operations were performed, and skillfully, after which Murdo was provided with thick, glass spectacles to replace the lenses he had lost. Vision was restored to him—"technically perfect" vision, as the oculists said. But never again would he be able to cruise timber, which necessitates an instantly variable focus beyond the scope of glasses.

With the thought of the wilderness forever in his mind, he opened an outfitting store for sportsmen. Simultaneously, he plunged heart and soul into the Izaak Walton League movement. The store lasted little more than a year, for as a merchant Murdo is an excellent woodsman.

A year and a half ago he went back to his woods in the North; to live, as most of his colorful life he has lived, out-of-doors.

And now, having rambled along at illegal length about the best informed outdoorsman I know, I will come to rest—like the true disciple I am—at his feet.

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Drawings by El Comancho

IF we are to go out into the woods for the night, whether it be afoot with our food and shelter on our own backs, or in some sort of a conveyance, we are going to need some sort of protection. There has been so much argument about the sort of a tent that one should have, that one cannot cover the whole subject of tents in less than a whole book. The kind of a tent depends on where you are going and on how you are to get there. If you are to travel where you have an easy means of transporting, take a large tent with all that goes to make it comfortable. It is a much different question than going where every ounce of weight must at some time be carried over rough trails on your back. The advice in this article is not for those who are going on long trips, but for the youngster who is starting his camping experiences with short trips overnight or perhaps for a few days and who cannot afford to purchase just the most approved equipment, but must do the best he can with little outlay of funds.

My first overnight camping experience led me to read such advice as I could find as to how to go and what to take. Unfortunately, I was led to believe that to be a real woodsman, one should go like the early pioneers with no tent, just an ax, a gun and a frying pan. On my first camping trip, I took little equipment. We did take a large tin pail, which had originally held apple butter, into which we put vegetables, and fish, and such game as we could catch or kill, and out of which came the most fragrant and savory meals. It has been many years since it sizzled over our campfire, yet the aroma which arose from that old apple butter container is still fresh and alluring.

On this trip we took no tent and at first we had small need of one, for it had been a long, hot, dry summer. Everyone had looked for, and hoped for rain, but it did not come. The tired and hot horses dragging their feet along the roads raised clouds of dust which settled on the roadside bushes and left a heavy covering on the leaves.

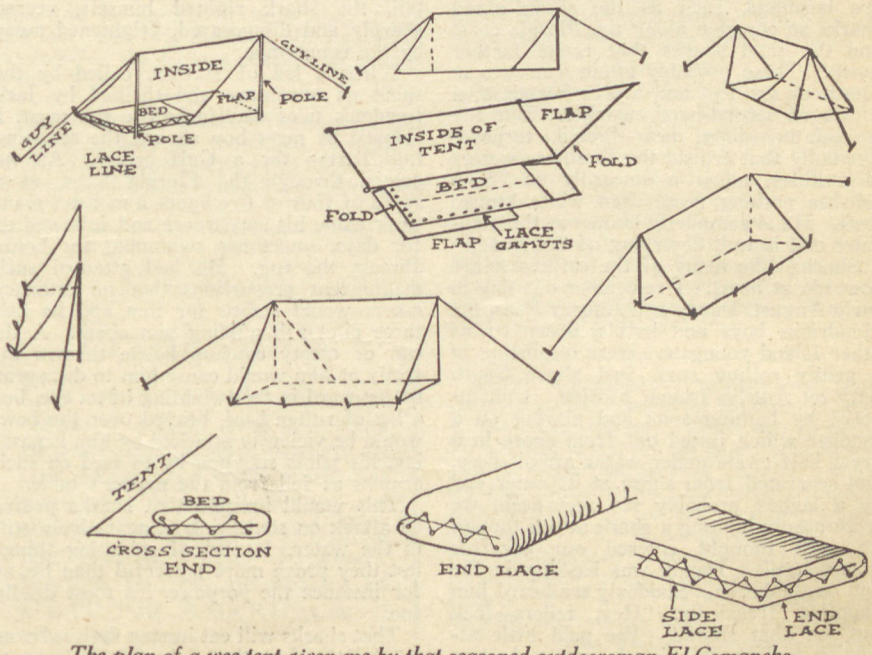
A queer character in the village, touched by the heat, wandered off. We feared for his safety and tried to follow his tracks in the heavy dust of the roadside, but he was so pigeon-toed that we had trouble in deciding whether he was going or coming, and we lost the trail. In such weather we did not need a tent and lived joyously along the river in the cool of the big trees in which sang the seventeen-year locusts, with the W on their wings, which every boy knows foretells war. One night the gathered rain of the whole summer came upon us as we slept in our blankets under the trees. Our first knowledge of the rain was its dash into our faces. In the downpour we wandered about seeking some place of shelter. I finally found a small tree over which a wild grapevine had grown. The rain found its way through even this covering, but it was the best that I could find. I had wandered about in the darkness and rain for some time, so that wet and uncomfortable as I was, I finally fell asleep. My companion had also wandered about looking for some dry place to sleep. He was not so fortunate as I, for at daybreak when he found me he was still looking. In recounting our experiences he said that he did not know there were so many creeks in the woods. We went to investigate and found that he had been wandering about in a circle, falling into the one creek twice on each trip. It was a most uncomfortable night. Since then I have always taken a tent. Frequently, even with this protection, I have wakened thinking to enjoy the patter of the rain upon the canvas above me, only to find that the tent, not being waterproofed, had sprung a leak and I would be directly under the trickle. Much has been said about the joy of listening to the patter of rain on a tent, but as yet I have never heard anyone sing any songs about the trickle of rain in one's bed at night. To really enjoy the patter of rain, one must have the tent waterproofed as well as having it pitched on ground high enough to let the water drain away from the tent, about which a ditch has been dug to carry the water away.

It is most pleasant to lie looking out at the glowing campfire, particularly on a cold, frosty night when the stars twinkle and, way overhead, you hear the passing and the call of geese on their Southern flight. If one can carry a tent with the wide high front such as the outfitters list as the Baker tent, it is splendid to have a high opening so that the roof and sides reflect the heat of the campfire downward. There are forms of canoe tents with not so high a roof, lighter and more compact. There are little hikers' tents, made of material called balloon silk, which fold up into small space and weigh very little, but a reference to the price list in the catalogue will show that they are beyond the means of the average boy, who needs so many things for the out of doors that we will have to look elsewhere for our first tent.

To those who want shelter with the minimum of expense, the little army pup tent sold by all of the army stores at a very low price offers about the best shelter for the amount of money invested. It is not waterproofed, but this may be remedied in one of several ways.

If we can afford it, there are upon the market several kinds of waterproof dressing which when applied according to the directions will effectually keep out the rain, or one may waterproof the tent by laying one-half of the tent at a time on a perfectly flat surface, rubbing it thoroughly with a cake of ordinary paraffin, then ironing this into the cloth with a hot flatiron. Repeat this until the paraffin is thoroughly and evenly worked into the cloth. In doing this it is well to remember that the hot paraffin will soak through and it is well to have the cloth on something that will not be injured by the hot wax. A layer of newspapers will take care of this, or the paraffin may be dissolved in gasoline, one pound of paraffin to a gallon of gasoline. Put this into a container in a tub of hot water, until the paraffin is dissolved, then immerse the cloth and work it thoroughly until the cloth is soaked. Hang out to dry in the shade, away from any sort of a blaze. You may also paint this mixture on your tent. Stretch the tent very tightly, then paint with a brush, working rapidly before the mixture gets too cool to spread. I have tried both methods and found that ironing the paraffin into the cloth is the most satisfactory. The disadvantage of this sort of dressing for a tent is that the paraffin is highly inflammable. A spark from the campfire falling on the tent is apt to start a blaze. It will shed rain and in so small a tent relieves one of the fear that one has in an untreated tent not being able to touch the tent while wet under pain of having a little trickle of water start. When you have your tent thoroughly treated you may lie still and listen to the patter of the raindrops with no fear that they will be making an unpleasant call from above.

The front of this little tent is open and unless you make some provision for a covering, you may have some unpleasant visitors, as the mosquito has no sense of propriety and comes in, makes himself and family at home without any sort of an invitation. On the front of these tents on one side is a row of buttons and on the other a row of buttonholes. I take two strips of mosquito netting and cut them so that each half generously covers one-half of the tent opening. On these strips I sew narrow bands of stout cloth. I sew loops to correspond to the buttons on the one side and the buttonholes on the other. The



The plan of a wee tent given me by that seasoned outdoorsman El Comancho, who has made the sketches above for this article.

loops will button over the buttons, and on the other side those loops may be pushed through the buttonholes and fastened with bits of stick. I also sew a similar band of cloth on the two strips of netting where they meet. This should be long enough to reach well down on the ground, so that when you are inside you can put a boot on the cloth and hold it snugly. I have never tried waterproofing the netting, but I believe it would be a good idea, for the netting gathers moisture. It is clammy and wet to crawl through in the early morning, but most pleasant to have over the opening when the mosquitoes gather in the evening. I have heard and read many stories of how thick and ferocious mosquitoes are in various parts of the country. I remember one night on the upper Mississippi when they were bad enough. We found an old log which had laid under the leaves until it was rotten and soaked. We put it across the front of the tent and built a fire along the log. The smoke came heavy and thick into the tent and across where we were sleeping, but in spite of this thick cloud the mosquitoes found their way in, and even worked under the netting we had over our faces and started in to get a good square meal. I went out to fix the fire and, looking toward a little island, saw it fairly aglow with lightning bugs. One of the boys came out and said that the mosquitoes must have persuaded the lightning bugs to go with them, so that they could better find their victims.

If you wish to make your own tent, there is a splendid plan in the old editions of the Boy Scout Handbook of a forester's tent which is a fine tent for all purposes, and in the delightful little handbook of "Camping and Woodcraft," by Horace Kephart, are directions for a light tent called the Boyce tent. You will be able to find this little book in any public library. If you wish to go still lighter, I will pass on to you the plan of a wee tent given to me at one of the conventions of the Izaak Walton League by that seasoned woods wanderer, El Comancho, whose articles in OUTDOOR AMERICA you have all enjoyed. He has used this little tent in his wanderings for many years. This little tent is made of unbleached muslin, soaked with boiled linseed oil. Hang it out to permit the oil to become thoroughly distributed. To do this, it should be hung by first one side, then the other. In the hem, sew a small rope with loops to hold the tent stakes for the ridge supports. Another diagram shows how it looks as erected. From this you will see that the triangular portion folds around to make one closed end, and has a small flap which folds about the side to protect the head and shoulders. The lower portion acts as a ground cloth, as well as a cover for the bedding. At the foot of the ground cloth is a small fold which helps hold the blankets in place. If the weather is cool, a little fire built near the foot and at one side will warm the whole of the tent, but will be where you can see the glowing coals. By folding the tent along the dotted lines, you will have a knapsack into which all of your equipment can be folded. To one who is going light, I know of no form of tent which has so many advantages. It is made to be carried in a pack. If there are two, the two sides may be put together, making a wedge. If you want protection from mosquitoes, netting may be sewed to make a large bag, closed at the top. Tie or pin this to the roof of the tent over your head, and crawl inside. Usually the mosquitoes cannot get at you except about your head and shoulders, unless you are a poor cook, have bad dreams and kick the covers off. If you have in your kit, as all good campers should, some large safety pins, you can fasten the netting so as to keep out the most astute and hungry mosquito. Now that I have you well tucked into bed, with a good netting about you to keep off the pests, a good fire burning at your feet to warm and cheer you, I will leave you to the woods and pleasant dreams.

Judge Wood is planning on taking a group of boys for a month's trip through central Idaho next summer. Ask Dad about it, and then write Judge Wood for particulars.—EDITOR.

Sharks—By CLAUDE NASSAU

If you don't think they'll bite, try to get chummy with one

STRANGE as it may seem, there still are some who believe that sharks are en-

in volume and his frenzy mounted until presently we realized that something was

Mary's River, never came to the surface. Bits of his clothing and torn members

Let's Talk It Over—

THE brand new type of cover which made its initial bow on the front of the magazine last month, and which is continued this month and will doubtless be continued in the future, shares honors with Struthers Burt's billboard story among the writers of letters to the editor.

And there are a couple of kicks trailing along, too. But kicks are as welcome as boosts. Just plain talk, discussing this and that about the magazine, taking issue when issue should be taken, and expressing agreement when the wind blows that way, is the order of the day on this page.

By the way, what do you think of our new cover idea? We are very anxious to find out what the readers think of it. Won't you write us about it, if you have an opinion one way or the other? Personally, we favor the new style, with its great splash of color. But let's have your opinion.

Lots of good things ahead for us. Read the magazine closely this winter. Tell us what you think of it.

O. K.

Dear Editor:

The new cover, which suddenly appeared on the magazine this month, is O. K. I'm glad to see you stepping out to compete with the others on the newsstands. We've got to attract plenty of attention before we can entirely fulfill our mission of "Defender of Woods, Waters, and Wild Life."

R. C. DUNSTEN.

Los Angeles, Cal.

4 Out of 5 Have It!

Dear Editor:

We had a voting match at our house in regard to the new kind of cover which appeared on the magazine this month. Out of five voting, four were in favor of the new cover. I voted against it, and as a penalty for losing I had to write this letter.

JOE PLUTH.

Ely, Minn.

Wastepaper

Dear Editor:

About the piece on the editorial page of this issue of the magazine in which the writer thinks the buck law is a failure even though he says he knows nothing about it, I think anything that doesn't boost the buck law and other fine laws, backed by plenty of figures to show they work, is just wastepaper.

R. C. H.

Pa.

* * *

What do others think about the buck law?—*Editor.*

Sarcastic?

Dear Editor:

I realize the cover picture on the December number is a caricature, but you are asked to laugh against yourself. It portrays the hunter as a complete boob, and in my judgment there is no element of comedy in it.

In my judgment it is the type of illustration a sarcastic publication would use to ridicule the sportsman.

SUBSCRIBER.

Dowagiac, Mich.

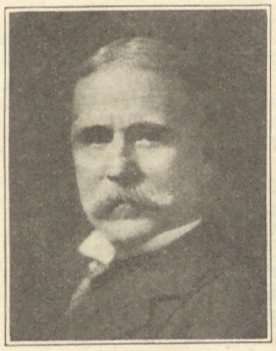
* * *

No reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA is asked to laugh at himself. The painting does not portray all hunters as boobs, but does portray a boob hunter, a tenderfoot. Can not real sportsmen laugh at him without feeling they are laughing at themselves? A different type of picture would surely be used if the intention was to ridicule the average sportsman. What do other readers think?—*Editor.*

About Our Contributors

THE story about the cutthroat trout in this issue comes from the pen of a man who spent many hours, stretching over many years, seeking this native of the Rockies in the Jackson's Hole country and elsewhere.

Hearty greeting and good luck!



from a brother-angler
Henry van Dyke

The name of **Dr. Henry van Dyke** is known wherever fishing is known. His "*Little Rivers*" and "*Fisherman's Luck*" stand as classics in the literature of the outdoors. Dr. van Dyke's fame is, of course, international. As minister to Netherlands from the U. S., as president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, as professor of English literature at Princeton, as Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, as vice president of the Izaak Walton League of America, and as one of the most distinguished men of letters to which this country has given birth, Dr. van Dyke has been and is a world figure. Always a fast friend of the Walton League, his sincere interest is proved by the fact that at the age of seventy-six years, he finds the time and energy to write "*The Red Throat Trout—Gentleman*" for OUTDOOR AMERICA.

The cover painting this month (believe it or not!) was done by a youth 18 years of age, and is his first published work. He is **Mitchel Henderson** of Kansas City, Mo., and he graduated from high school only last year. He did the painting, which has received the highest praise from critics, in four days.

John Held, Jr., drew the frontispiece this month especially for OUTDOOR AMERICA. Mr. Held is known widely for this type of illustration, and his work is attaining a crescendo of popularity. The drawing illustrates "*Winter Hath Charms!*" by **Donald Hough,** who is well known to readers of outdoor journals, especially this one. Mr. Hough is at present living in Chicago. * * * * **Major J. E. Corbett** sent us "*The Pepal Parri Tiger*" from India, where he has had ample opportunity to study these animals, including the hero of this tale. Major Corbett has not appeared before in the Magazine, but we have hopes for the future.

The article by **Vice President Dawes** is from a speech delivered at the banquet of the Chicago chapter of the Izaak Walton League recently. General Dawes is an enthusiastic outdoorsman, especially fond of duck shooting and western trout fishing. * * * * **Elmer E. Rawdon** is known to our readers. "*Between You and Me*" brings back the same characters that appeared in the October issue. Mr. Rawdon lives in Wilkinsburg, Pa.

There is little doubt in the minds of most but that **William L. Finley** is America's foremost photographer of wild life. Often, as in the case of "*What? White Whiskers!*", the story of his adventures in quest of pictures is not exceeded by the photos in interest. He is the husband of Irene Finley —whose "*Adventures in Aleutland,*" in the December number, will be continued in February—and producer, with her, of Finley Nature Films. He holds an almost endless number of honorary and active posts with various nature societies.

Murdo Gibson is one of the most striking personalities of the north. **Louis McKown,** who writes about him in this issue, is a resident of Duluth, Minn., and has known Murdo ever since he can remember. The name is a *nom de plume* adopted for the occasion. * * * * **David Newell** is living at Fruitland Park, Florida, not far from Leesburg and in the very heart of the bass territory he describes. He spends his time hunting deer and upland birds, catching sea and fresh water fish, writing, and drawing his well known wild life pictures. Just now he is busy on a child's natural history book which he has written and for which he has made many color plates and sketches.

Anona Adams, "*Ma Goes Deer Hunting,*" is a resident of Keenan, Oklahoma, and is, of course, "Ma." This is her first appearance in the Magazine. * * * * **Ozark Ripley** needs no introduction to outdoor readers. Ozark was in the office the other day on his way from somewhere to someplace, we didn't catch the names. * * * * **Ralph Cheyney** is co-editor of *Contemporary Verse* and author of *Touch and Go,* and compiler of many anthologies of verse. He sends us *How Long?* from Wyoming.

David Whittaker is remembered with pleasure by our readers for his serial, "Days of the Wild Pigeon," which ran recently. Mr. Whittaker is an old-timer who knows well the wilderness areas of Canada, Alaska, and the United States. He has been lumberman, lumberjack, cruiser, trapper, guide, explorer. * * * * **A. G. Baumgartel,** "The Fish Refuge Plan," is secretary of the Grand Rapids, Mich., chapter of the Izaak Walton League. * * * * **Claude Nassau** and **Eugene Sherrod** are known to our readers. * * * * **Jean Wallace, Charles A. David, V. C. Stacy,** are appearing for the first time in this issue.

Next Month

Frank Stick

One of America's foremost outdoor artists and a writer of distinction, will appear in the Magazine with both his pen and his typewriter, on the subject of sea fishing in the south. This February feature is one no reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA will want to miss.

Gun Rack and Game Fields

Edited by ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Shooters of Other Days

MOST of us who are interested in trap shooting are familiar with the shooters of today, so I am leaving them out of the picture.

Nearly all of the sketches in this article are of men who have "Crossed Over" and who are now in "The Happy Hunting Grounds."

Captain Bogardus

THIS man was the pioneer of trap shooting in this country, and, taking everything into consideration, I believe that he was the most remarkable shot the world has ever known. He was known all over this United States, and his fame extended to Europe, where he shot many matches with British sportsmen.

The Captain was born in New York State, but moved to Illinois before he was out of his teens, and for many years made his home at Elkhart.

He began his shooting in 1868, before the breech loader had become popular, and immediately became famous as a shooter of unusual skill.

In the May issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA mention is made of one of his most wonderful performances.

His shooting was not confined to the rules and regulations as were then in vogue. As an example, he once shot a match with Abe Kleinman of Chicago, which was out of the ordinary, and proved his versatility with the shotgun.

The contest was at live birds, and Kleinman shot from the 25-yard mark, while Bogardus shot from a buggy at 21 yards, and the horse was either trotting or running when the trap was sprung. I have forgotten the score, but Bogardus was the winner.

Space does not permit mention of all the contests entered into by this wonderful shot, for he participated in more individual matches than any man of his time.

In the early days before the advent of the "movies," automobiles and golf, the public was sufficiently interested in shooting to be willing to pay to witness a shooting match, and Bogardus always drew a good gate.

One of the most remarkable feats was pulled off in July, 1869. A wager was made of $1,000 to $100 that he could not kill 100 pigeons consecutively. He was to have three trials, but after failing at the first attempt, he won in the second.

While 100 straight has been made hundreds of times at clay targets, I do not believe that this record has been made more than twenty times when live pigeons have been the targets.

Another wonderful performance was an attempt to shoot at 5,000 balls in 500 minutes. He beat the time agreed on by 127 minutes, and piled up a score of 4,844 out of the 5,000.

When Fred Stone and the writer shot at 1,000 targets each in 2 hours and 59 minutes, we thought that we were quite speedy (and I do not believe that any two men today can better the time very many minutes, and break as many targets), we were certainly slow when compared to Bogardus.

James Landon Head

"Jim" Head, now a resident of St. Louis, began his trap shooting career in and around Peru, Indiana, along in the early 90's, and soon became known as one of the best shots in the state, at both live birds and targets.

He was not only a good shot but a good fellow, and had the happy faculty of being a first rate organizer, consequently was in constant demand from the various clubs, seeking his assistance in promoting trap shooting tournaments.

During the early days of trap shooting many of the tournaments were run in a haphazard sort of way, and were not always a success, but when Jim Head got into the game it was different, for he not only arranged a satisfactory program, but he ran the shoot exactly in accordance with the rules set down.

When the question arose as to what kind of a shoot was to be held in Peru, or some near-by town, the answer was, "Jim Head is running it." That answer was sufficient.

In 1897 at LaFayette, Indiana, Jim won the Indiana Diamond Badge with a score of 49 out of 50.

In 1899 he won the Peters Cartridge Company's International Cup in a tournament held at Detroit. In winning this event Head made the only straight score of 25.

On May 3rd, 1899, he was one of a squad of five which broke 100 straight. This was the first time on record of such a score being made by five men shooting in the same squad.

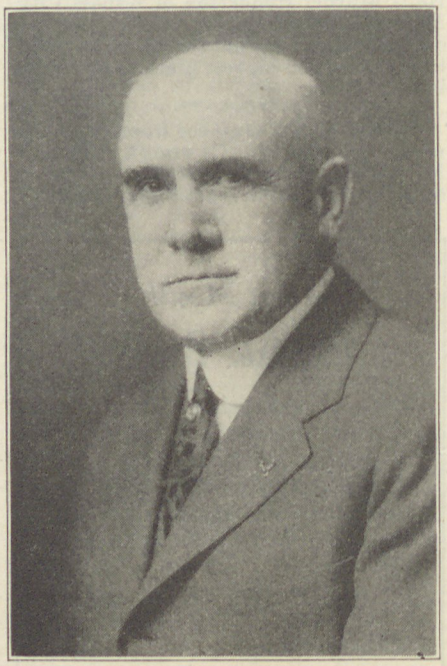
In 1900, at Indianapolis, he won the Grand Central Handicap with 25 straight, and 12 in the shoot off with Elmer Neal.

In a contest at Moberly, Mo., for the Missouri State Badge, he won with 40 straight kills.

Head's ability as a shooter, coupled with his gift for organization, soon attracted the attention of the manufacturers, and the Union Metallic Cartridge Company was fortunate enough to secure his services.

While Mr. Head was taken on as a shooter, his company soon learned that he was too valuable as a salesman and organizer to be kept in the ranks of the shooters, so he was promoted to the position of salesman, and later to District Manager over quite a large and important territory, which position he held until a short time ago, when he retired from active duty.

Mr. Head was one of the original organizers of the famous "Okoboji Indians," and his tribal name was "Chief High Temper."



"Jim" Head, famous shot.

James A. R. Elliott

Jim, as every one knew him, is better known by the shooters of today than was Bogardus, and he left an enviable record behind him.

All of the live bird trophies of any importance have been held by Elliott at one time or another, and many are still in the possession of his family, including the famous "Cast Iron Medal" which was emblematic of the Live Bird Championship of America.

On October 4th, 1899, Elliott defeated W. R. Crosby for the St. Louis Republic Cup with a score of 100 to Crosby's 97. He accomplished this feat once before, shooting against Dr. W. F. Carver.

In the early days of his trap shooting he used a double gun of foreign make, but later he adopted the Winchester repeater, and with this gun made most of his splendid scores, and was noted for the remarkable speed in operating the magazine. It is generally acknowledged that "Jim" Elliott put the Winchester on the "shooting map," though Rolla Heikes ran him a close second.

A good many years before the paid trap shooter was recognized there were a number of the best shots subsidized by the ammunition companies to exploit the merits of the various guns, shells and powders then on the market, but it was not generally known that these men were receiving any remuneration for "boosting." Some were allowed their shells, while others were furnished their ammunition, and their entrance money was paid, while still others received a regular salary in addition to the other perquisites; Elliott was in the last mentioned class.

Jim Elliott specialized in shooting individual matches, and showed to better advantage than when participating in sweepstakes.

He and the late Fred Gilbert came together in many a live bird contest, for the several trophies then in competition, with honors about even.

While a fair target shot, and generally up in the first division, this game did not appeal to him as did the live bird shooting, though at that he won high average at the Sportsmen's Show held in Madison Square Garden in 1899, breaking 1,223 out of 1,300.

E. D. Fulford

Ed Fulford, of Fulton, N. Y., ranking high as a live pigeon shot, was not so well known as was Jim Elliott, nor did he shoot as many matches in the West.

In 1892 he shot five 100-bird matches with Elliott, winning four of them. That same year he shot three matches with Jack Brewer, making scores of 100—99—94 to Brewer's 99—98—94.

Early in the '90's Fulford broke 198 out of 200 clay targets, which if my memory is correct, was a record, and even today a score of that kind is not common.

He was of an inventive turn of mind, and brought out an underground operated trap, for live birds, which came into general use, as it was far superior to anything on the market.

He also invented a single trigger for double guns, and some of these are still in use.

Like Jim Elliott, Fulford left a record of two scores of 100 straight on live birds.

Rolla O. Heikes

"Pop," as he is known to his friends, and they are numbered by the hundreds, early in the shooting game, was referred to as "The Daddy of Them All," earning this title, not because he was so old, but because he began his shooting career earlier than most, and because he was, for years, the best shot in the country.

He began shooting in public contests in 1878, and from then on was hard to catch. In July, 1880, he broke 100 straight, which was a record at that time.

Rolla Heikes has a most pleasing personality, and I never saw him lose his temper or his nerve. When on the shooting ground, he was always ready to help the new shooter.

He could "twang" a banjo about as well as he could shoot, and his room at the hotel was always "Open Shop" to the shooters, and was generally crowded to capacity.

Rolla was an excellent live pigeon shot, and won many trophies, among which was the "Cast Iron Medal," which he won several times.

Shortly after entering the professional ranks he devoted most of his attention to the clay target game, and for years he was really the "Daddy of Them All."

I met "Roll" years ago, and I recall how pleased I was when, meeting him at the next shoot, he greeted me with, "Hello, Alec, how are you?" for I had no idea that he would remember me, for I was not shooting well enough to be noticed. Since then I've been proud to call "Pop" my friend.

Heikes enjoys the distinction of winning the first Grand American Handicap at targets, with a score of 91x100 from 22 yards. Furthermore, he is the only professional who has won this event.

Fred Gilbert

The late Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Iowa, was probably better known than any other shooter in the world, and had a host of friends and followers, for he was not only one of the best shots in the country, but he was a good fellow along with it, never getting into an argument with the management at any of the tournaments, and if he had any criticism to make, it was always done in a joking way which caused no offense.

Fred began shooting in the field at an early age, and it was generally conceded in and around Spirit Lake that Fred Gilbert was the best shot in the state.

He first came into the eyes of the trap shooting public when he won the initial contest for the DuPont World's Pigeon Championship, at Baltimore, defeating some of the best pigeon shots in the world.

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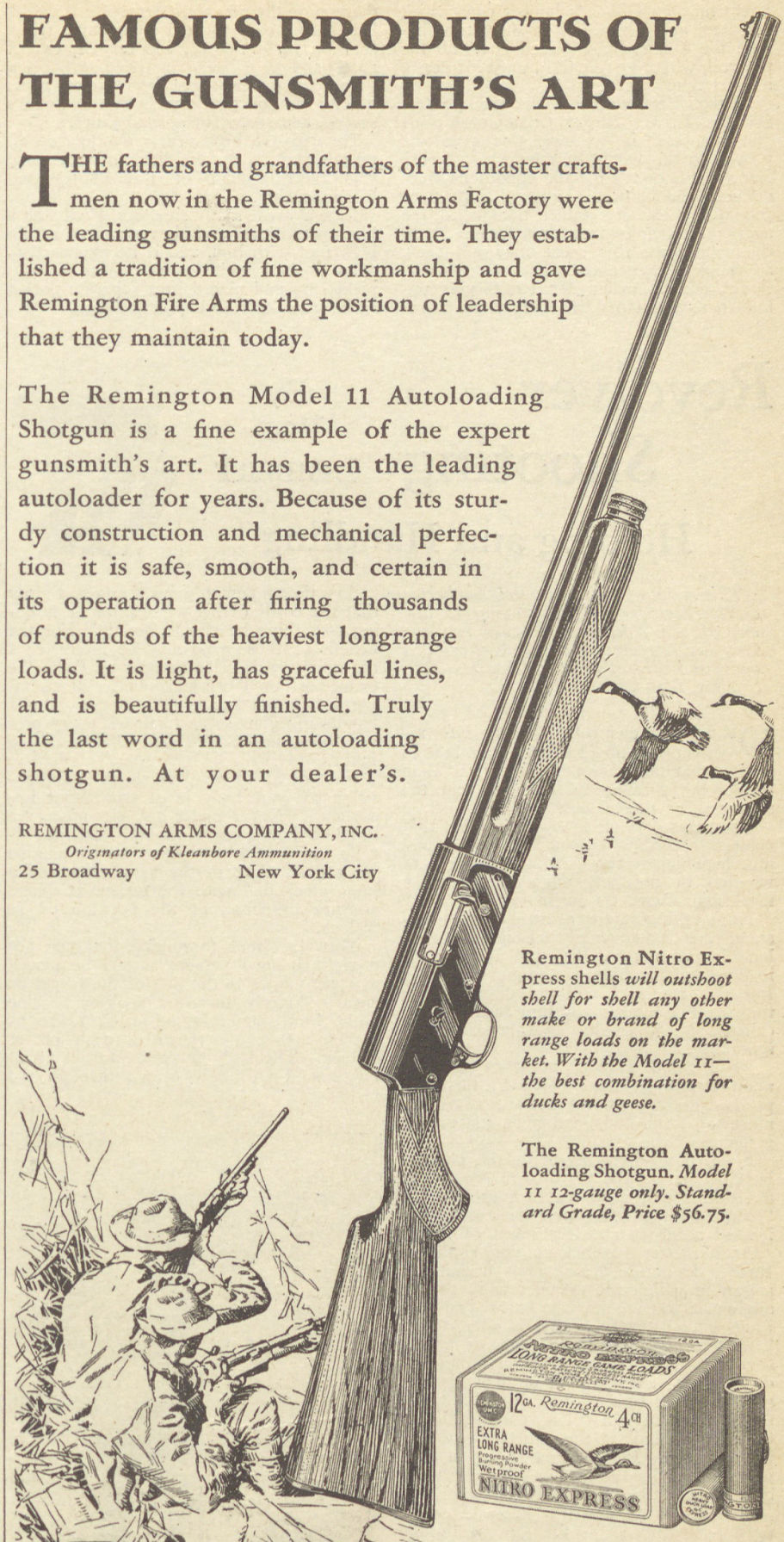

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From then on Gilbert's honors came thick and fast, and it was only a short time before the DuPont Co. placed Fred on the pay roll, where he remained until his death, a short time ago.

In 1896 Fred won the first open contest for the E. C. Target Championship of America, and in winning this event he proved to the world that he was a "Sure Enough Shooter," for the conditions were difficult, and Gilbert's score of 266 out of 300 was most creditable, though to the average shooter of today, not familiar with the conditions, this score may not seem anything to brag about.

The contest called for 100 targets unknown angles (this was before the introduction of the automatic traps, all shooting being done over the old style single traps, set five yards apart), 100 targets, expert rules, and 50 pairs.

In 1905, during three days Gilbert made a long run of 392, which was a world's record, and stood for several years.

He won the high yearly average on all targets shot at, several different years, and was twice winner of the Professional Championship.

Like a great many shooters, Fred was a bit superstitious, and always packed a rabbit's foot with him, and if he happened to drop a shell while at the score, it was picked up and placed in a separate pocket to be used later in a practice shoot.

He had a peculiar stooping position at the score, and it was amusing to see the number of beginners who copied this "squat" even though the position was unnatural and kept the shooter under a strain.

Fred's idea of the proper dimensions of a trap gun was correct, and a gun built along those lines will fit 95%.

He advocated the following: Drop at heel, 2 inches; at comb, 1½ inches; length of stock, 14 to 14½, according to the shooter's arm length.

Fred was one of the original members of the Okoboji Indians, and his tribal name was "Chief Heap Talk." This name was well chosen, for when Fred was not shooting, he was talking.

Revolver Shooting

Holding and Handling

By BOB LIMBERT

This series of articles by Bob Limbert, crack revolver shot, is proving to be one of the most popular ever run in OUTDOOR AMERICA. *Mr. Limbert can be addressed care of* OUTDOOR AMERICA *or Stanley, Idaho.*

OF all the elements entering into revolver shooting I believe I am safe in stating that none are more important than the proper holding of the gun and the squeezing of the trigger.

Upon this depends to a great extent that perfect co-ordination of eye, mind and muscle which is the deciding factor as to whether or not you will ever become a marksman above the ordinary.

I am taking it for granted you understand the fundamental principles of the handling of a gun. By that I mean the loading and handling of the gun carefully. For this reason I will not discuss these things other than to say that accidents are caused almost wholly by carelessness or ignorance.

As is well known, accuracy depends upon steady holding. This in turn depends wholly upon the relaxation of the muscles of the body and upon the proper gripping of the gun.

First of all it seems to be the popular impression that the gun has to be held in a vise-like grip in order to overcome the "jump" of the recoil and the consequent loss of accuracy at the moment of firing.

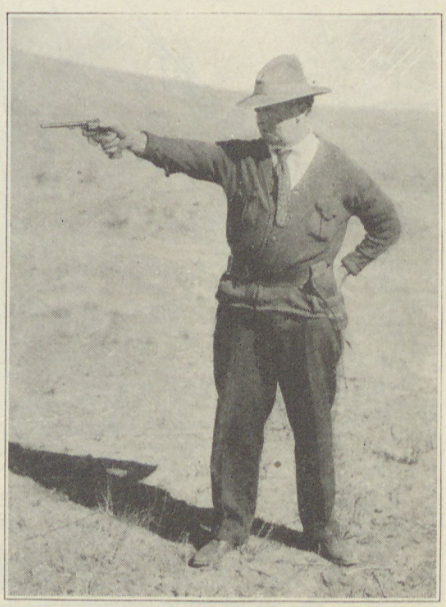
As a matter of fact nothing could be further from the actual facts because in a gun in which the cylinder is in proper alignment and register the barrel does not jump until after the bullet is on its way. This I have proved many times by taking a revolver and balancing it across my index finger, steadying it only with the slightest pressure of my thumb. Upon firing, the gun will often rebound almost out of my hand yet the bullet goes where it was aimed. Remember this, a gun does jump, especially the large calibers, but the bullet has left before the rebound comes.

Here is what actually happens. The person shooting grips the gun so tightly to overcome this rebound that his muscles are tense and trembling. At the instant of firing he flinches unconsciously and as a result he charges his loss of accuracy to recoil and rebound. The wabble of 1/32 of an inch on a six-inch barrel will produce surprising results at a distance of even 50 feet.

Any time a person grips a gun so tightly that the cords of his wrist show he is doing something he should not do. For the benefit of those who may be interested I am going to describe as near as I can the exact position I use and what is more important, I am going to tell you how I handle my guns so as to throw every possible element of skill and chance in my favor.

First of all in revolver shooting the position of your body is of paramount importance. Never under any circumstances stand or hold yourself tense. To graphically illustrate what I mean let us imagine we are standing in the very center of a huge clock dial with the target, at which we are to shoot, at the position of 12 o'clock.

Your left foot (assuming that you are a right handed person, should be placed at right angles to the line of the target or turned directly towards 9 o'clock. The right foot should be advanced 12 to 15 inches and angle towards 10:30 or 11 o'clock. The body faces the target at an angle so that a line drawn through the shoulders would intersect the 2 and the 8 spot. The head faces the target at an angle of about 11:30 and is inclined slightly forward. The right arm holding the gun is fully extended without any crook to the elbow.



Body poise and position. Notice the complete relaxation of the body.

Balance the body so that the weight is evenly divided on both feet. The left hand I generally place on my hip with all four fingers in my pocket with my thumb hanging over the edge. This steadies and braces the body. Stand perfectly relaxed as if you were absolutely the laziest person in the world and the instant the exertion of lifting the gun were over you were going to collapse.

In stating this I am not trying to be funny—I mean it. Perfect relaxation of the body is the simple secret to all my shooting.

Of course, you realize that when I advise you as to the position you are to assume in regard to the points of a clock I am only doing it in a general way because what may be proper and comfortable for one person is not so for another.

I believe, however, with but slight variations it will meet with the approval of most persons.

The gripping of the gun is of next and almost equal importance. Grasp it as high as you possibly can without the hammer being uncomfortable against the top of your hand when the weapon is cocked. The thumb should extend along the side of the frame as illustrated in the cut. Do not under any circumstances grip the stock tightly. The lower two fingers should curl about the grip lightly with the remaining two fingers and the thumb exerting what little pressure is necessary to steady the gun. This pressure should be applied evenly and as lightly as is consistent with the proper steadying of the weapon. Remember—in all instances—that the minute you begin to grip tightly you are doing it wrong.

In taking aim always do so with both eyes open. The old style was to shut one eye and aim. With both eyes open you cannot only see better but you will be able to do better shooting with a little practice.

In taking aim always hold your breath, and when that split second comes that you feel you are on the target you should contract your hand in a gentle squeeze until the trigger is released.

You will notice that I said "squeeze" and not "pull." The impulse with a beginner is to slightly crook the forefinger at the instant he wishes to shoot. Good shooting can be and has been done in this manner but it is the exception rather than the rule.

You should know your gun well enough to know the exact pressure necessary to fire the shot and it should come as a climax to the gradually increasing grip you have been exerting all the time. No man living can hold a gun so steady that his sights are on the target all of the time. It is a physical impossibility. There are times when you "feel" your sights creeping onto

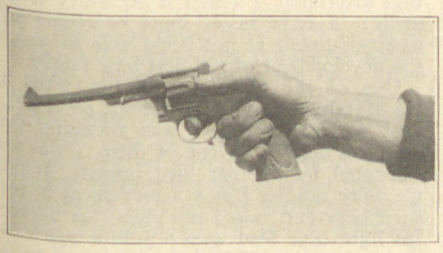
the bullseye and this is the moment the shooter must learn to anticipate and be ready with the final squeeze.

Aim each shot carefully and deliberately. Speed in shooting will come with practice. Dozens and dozens of times I have heard people exclaim, when they have seen me toss a common pin in the air and hit it: "Oh, he shoots by instinct!"

Will you believe me when I say that each and every shot I fire is as carefully and deliberately aimed, only more quickly, than if I were shooting a rifle at a thousand yard target range?

In regard to practicing many people also believe that it is necessary to burn up wagon loads of cartridges in order to learn and for that reason deny themselves a lot of pleasure.

Again they are wrong. For all intents and purposes you can practice just as well in your home as you can on a target range. All you need to do is make sure your gun is empty and then place a small piece of rubber under the hammer to act as a buffer in snapping practice. You will



Proper position for holding a revolver in shooting.

soon learn to call your shots and will be surprised to see how quickly your shooting improves.

There is just one thing I want to ask of you prospective shooters and that is, don't try to perfect your skill on birds, squirrels, chipmunks, and such things. To them, their life is just as precious as ours to us. Some 30 miles below where I live away out here in the Sawtooth Mountains of Central Idaho are two summer camps maintained for the ministers of churches of two different denominations.

Every day during the month of August it was a common sight to see these ministers and their families out banging away at every living thing, especially ground squirrels which were doing no harm in the world.

Perhaps the pain and suffering they were causing would never have been so forcibly brought home to me except for the following incident. At our noon stopping ground was a squirrel which had become fairly tame and would answer a whistle.

This day he responded with one leg partly shot off and his little body swollen and feverish. After giving the little fellow a sip of water from the tips of our fingers we mercifully put him out of his misery. Never again do I, and I hope you, the reader, ever shoot at any living creature just for shooting practice.

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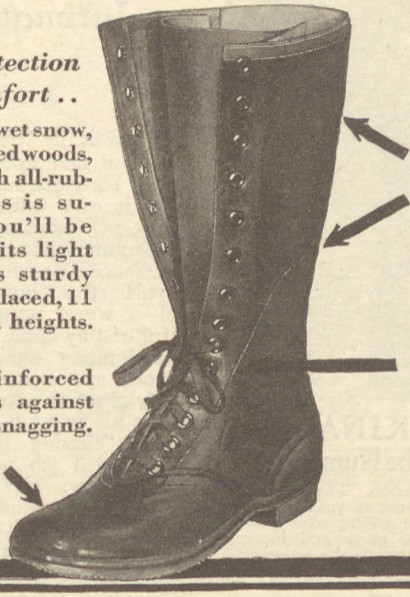

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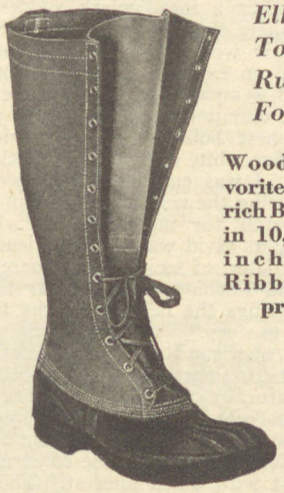

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A Bit of Bird-Lore

By JEAN WALLACE

Intimate views of birds that will charm all bird lovers

THERE is in "bird hunting" as much colorful and exciting adventure as is found in big-game hunting. True, the adventure is of a different nature but it is, nevertheless, adventure—adventure which requires much patience and an indomitable perseverance, but which, when experienced transports the "hunter" to a fairy-tale world—a world peopled by the most delightful of tiny creatures.

The hunting equipment is simple: a bird-book and a pair of field glasses are the only absolute needs.

There are many people who scoff at the idea of "chasing birds." I, too, have scoffed, but I am now a hopeless addict to the activity. Furthermore, I challenge every scoffer to spend a few hours with the birds in company with someone who knows them, and I risk my reputation for veracity that the scoffing will cease.

My first adventure into the bird world occurred when I was about five years old. While I was crossing a meadow with my mother a meadowlark suddenly fluttered along the ground in front of us as though it were badly hurt. Mother restrained an expression of my immediately aroused sympathy by leading me to the nearest clump of tall grass and pointing out a nest built of grasses which contained five white eggs, thickly specked with brown. I was enchanted and spent much time during the next three days in a fruitless search for more meadowlark nests. Equally as vivid was the experience, some months later, of seeing a Baltimore oriole's nest and learning from mother that "the wind swings the nest and rocks the baby orioles to sleep."

The American Robin, (Passeres Turidiae Planesticus migratorius is his full name) was naturally the bird I observed first. The nest-site was in a tree directly opposite and only a few feet distant from my front door. I watched the construction of the nest with much interest. The female bird worked industriously at collecting grass and arranging it into a rough semblance of a nest with only occasional aid from her consort. On her return from one of the collecting expeditions she held a conference with the male after which both birds hurried in opposite directions. They soon returned. Evidently something was not all to their liking and they were unable to remedy matters. They flew about in great perturbation, but found no way out of the difficulty they had encountered. At length they hurried away again, but the male bird soon returned and hovered over the nest, twittering petulantly. Just as I had begun to think his mate had deserted she came back with some black substance in her claws.

"Mud," I thought, knowing that robins' nest are always cemented together with it, "but where did she get it?"

There had been no rain for a week and I was forced to conclude that she had gone to the nearest park lagoon, eight blocks away, to obtain it! I was amazed for the moment, but as I recalled the long migratory route over which she had recently come I decided that she was merely putting an instinctive sense of observation and direction to a practical use.

The period of incubation passed without a mishap, and much sooner than I expected I saw four wide yellow mouths protruding above the top of the nest. I watched the fledgelings eat a portion of their enormous breakfast happily anticipating the morning when they would be taught to find their own meals, and then, that afternoon, I found it necessary to go away! I have never quite overcome my disappointment at not being able to watch the development of my first bird family.

One of the friendliest of tiny birds is the Myrtle Warbler (Dendroica coronata). Just recently, while I was watching the ceaseless activity of one of them, I was interrupted by another bird hunter. While we were talking I saw a movement in the shrubbery and raised my glass. A beautiful light blue bird with a yellow patch on each wing was flitting from twig to twig. I whispered to my companion to look and was provoked with her for not being more enthusiastic.

"It's a darling," said I, "do you know what it is?"

"A Myrtle Warbler," she replied.

"But," I objected, "a Myrtle Warbler is gray and has a yellow patch on its tail. This bird is distinctly blue and I can't see the yellow patch."

"They often have a blue light on them," she returned.

I remained skeptical, but as the bird turned about on the twig I saw the yellow tail patch, and a second later, when it changed its position again the blue color was gone, and in its place appeared the grey which is characteristic of it.

One of the most strikingly colored birds common in regions east of the Rocky Mountains is the Flicker (Colaptes auratus). He appears to be very modestly dressed when he is sitting still or running about on the ground, but the minute he flies he is seen to possess golden wings so lovely that he has been called the "fairy-bird."

The Red-Headed Woodpecker, (Melanerpes erytrocephalus) a relative of the Flicker, is a picturesque addition to our woods. His flashing red and white may be seen at any time of the day, and though they are his only redeeming features, I should miss him should he disappear.

I have learned that in order to obtain first hand information about bird habits the observations must be regular and long sustained. Every evening during the summer of 1925 a Nighthawk (Chordeiles virginianus) flew in circles over our house and for several mornings I found him roosting on the apartment building next door. On one or two occasions his mate followed him in his circling flight, and I watched them almost every night for a period of ten minutes or more, feeling sure that the nest must be somewhere in the immediate vicinity, but I was unable to discover its location.

After I had been watching for almost an hour I saw the female rise from the roof of the apartment building opposite and join her mate. I had prepared for such an

occurrence by donning tennis shoes and knickers. As I climbed to the roof of the building I was in high spirits over my victory. But, after having inspected every inch of the roof, the whereabouts of the nest remained a mystery. Much chagrined I looked about for the birds and found that they had disappeared. Since it was growing dark I decided that I had better postpone further exploration until after sunrise. The next evening I watched the male bird for about thirty minutes without obtaining a clew and then decided to explore the roof of my own house. In a very few minutes I saw, lying on the gravel roof, two stone grey and white mottled eggs, blending almost perfectly with the color of the gravel. Until then I had not known what the nesting place (we can scarcely call a bare gravel roof a nest) of the Nighthawk is like. If you can recall sensations you have had subsequent to the discovery of some new phase of a subject in which you are very much interested you can appreciate my feelings upon this occasion.

Early in my activity as a bird hunter I read about the strange dances performed by a species of tropic birds but I had never expected to see anything faintly resembling a dance. Nevertheless, in the early afternoon of a warm May day I heard the "thsee, thsee" of the Kingbird (Tyrannus tyrannus) and upon looking up I saw three of them flying directly overhead. As I watched them it became apparent that they were flying in a definite series of formations. The simplest one was a horizontal line, which was easily changed to an upright and then to a recumbent V, the leading bird forming the point. The final position, a vertical line, was smoothly shifted to the first position and the performance was then repeated. The "dance" was still in progress when the birds disappeared.

The activity of a group of Cedar Waxwings (Bombycilla cedrovum) observed one summer a short time before the cherries were ripe was even more surprising than the performance of the Kingbirds. Four of them were having a very sociable time on the top rail of a wooden gate. They were soon joined by another one who had evidently paid a visit to an orchard where he had found a cherry ripe enough to tempt him. The birds crowded about him with delighted lispings. Without the least bit of hesitation he passed the fruit to the bird nearest him, and this bird passed it to his neighbor. It was passed in this way to each of the other three birds and was then passed back to the Waxwing who had procured it. He looked about, lisped a few quick, pleased notes, and then ate the cherry, probably feeling very virtuous over sharing the tempting bit of food.

Very different from this courteous behavior is the behavior of that unlovely little street gamin, the English Sparrow (Passer domesticus). I have seen as many as five of them follow a Robin and snatch away his food as fast as he unearthed it. The Robin is so outrageously good natured that he never expresses his resentment. These Sparrows are unbelievably dirty; a dust bath is one of their greatest pleasures. I saw one of the little urchins choose for his bath a mud puddle which was not more than half a foot from a vessel of clean water.

My deficient ability to memorize the songs of birds has deprived me of some of the delight of bird hunting. The activity and the color of the birds give me more pleasure than do their notes, and this I regret. I cannot, however, conceive of anything lovelier than glimpses of brilliant scarlet, daffodil yellow, soft greys, and innumerable other living colors flitting through green leaf lanes, perfectly framed by bright sky and the warm brown earth.

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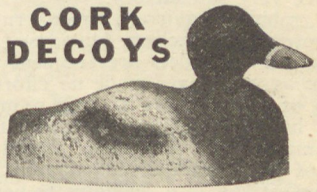

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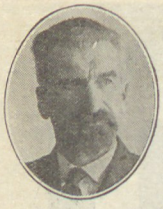

Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open

Edited by MURDO GIBSON

Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

In Camp,
Lake of the Woods, Ontario,
November, 1928.

DEAR WALTONIANS:

Having decided to continue my wilderness camping, I moved, on October 21, from my summer home on Black Jack to winter quarters on Allie Island, Lake of the Woods.

Situated twelve miles south from Kenora, this island is about two and a half miles long, averages about one mile wide and is divided by a navigable thoroughfare into two nearly equal parts.

It is well wooded with miscellaneous timber and the topography is rough enough to give it a decidedly picturesque appearance. So far as I know, there are no other human beings here. Deer and smaller game seem to be quite plentiful, but I have seen no fresh sign of moose.

My camp site is in a fairly dense stand of second growth aspen and birch, with some balsam, spruce and pine. Except for scattered representatives of the preceding forest, the trees vary in size from mere saplings to a stump diameter of nine or ten inches; which is about right for camping purposes.

Low hills on three sides and thickets toward the south give good protection from all winds without shutting out much sunshine. For the sake of this shelter, I sacrificed an outlook on the lake and lack of horizon prevents a view from the tent of either the rising or the setting sun. To see these, however, I have only to climb a hundred yards to the top of a nearby hill, so this deprivation is not very serious. In all other respects, I believe the location will prove very satisfactory.

Deer, rabbits, squirrels, mice, ruffed grouse, owls, woodpeckers, bluejays, Canada jays and chickadees are frequent visitors, but as yet I have made no effort to tame any of them. There has been so much to do, I haven't cared to devote any time to pet making. Later, there should be plenty of opportunity to cultivate the friendship of my bird and animal neighbors.

Weather conditions have been very favorable for the kind of open-air camping I have been practicing. Temperatures have ranged between twenty-five and forty degrees, Fahrenheit. There is no snow on the ground and not ice enough, even on the sloughs, to prevent canoe navigation. The dead leaves rustle crisply underfoot, and are dry enough today to constitute a fire hazard.

The Spirit of the Chase is in the air. On two recent occasions slow-running deerhounds have passed within hearing distance. Instead of causing me to feel a surge of righteous indignation at such flagrant violations of the game laws, their musical baying recalled golden memories of glorious days, spent royally, with a princely companion and a dog of humble lineage but noble character. Almost, I wanted to go a-hunting.

To understand that last statement, the reader should know that, for thirty years, I was extravagantly fond of hunting, but gave it up about ten years ago. Since then I have killed very little game (none for mere sport) and during the sixteen months of the present camping trip I haven't fired a single shot at any living thing. In fact, I haven't had a firearm in camp and my slingshot has rotted from sheer idleness. Nowadays, I derive as much pleasure from watching living creatures as I formerly did from killing them. Sometimes I think they know this. Certainly I now get more "close-up" views of them than I did in my gun-carrying days.

My new tent seems gigantic. It is twelve by sixteen, with six-foot walls. When I saw the enormous amount of space it enclosed, I decided to utilize, for "furniture and fixings," all the wooden boxes left at Black Jack. This entailed but little extra work, because I had to return there anyhow to burn some brush, the bough bed and the miscellaneous litter that always accumulates around a permanent camp.

The day I made the trip was bright and warm, with very little wind. I had no trouble cremating the rubbish, but, before everything was cleaned up and the canoe loaded, the sun had set. Fortunately, a dead calm prevailed. Otherwise, I couldn't have transported such a bulky, topheavy cargo in my tiny craft. As it was, the return trip was unusually enjoyable. Before I was halfway home, darkness obliterated all my landmarks, but millions of stars were twinkling in a cloudless sky and I steered by a bright one that glittered near the handle of the Big Dipper.

Although the night was quite frosty, the exercise of paddling kept me comfortably warm and all went well until I entered the narrow, river-like bay on which my camp is located. There I suddenly encountered a field of glass ice that crackled and tinkled menacingly as the canoe rammed into it.

This was rather disquieting. The light and well-worn canvas that covers my frail Peterboro could stand very little of that and I could see nothing either in or around the canoe. For all I knew, it might, even then, be leaking badly, and the prospect of swimming for a quarter of a mile was not particularly alluring. But I *had* to go through, so of course I did. By gently rocking from side to side and shifting my weight backwards and forwards as I forged slowly ahead, I prevented the keen edges of the ice from chiseling any particular spot and, in a few minutes, reached my landing place. On the morrow I learned that the canoe had suffered no serious damage, but I had lost an empty five-gallon can that had slid off into deep water.

It was then half-past eight and I had eaten nothing since breakfast, so I had a ravenous appetite for a hurry-up supper of warmed-over beans, bacon, biscuits, prunes, cheese and tea. When these were surrounded, I loaded the stove with green wood, shut the drafts, donned the parka (my nightgown), took off my moccasins and went to bed. There, I read and smoked for an hour, before turning out the light and drifting blissfully to the Land of Nod.

Although the large tent is erected and a fine bunk built, I cannot move in until the arrival of ten extra lengths of stove-pipe. The pipe hole is through the rear wall, just under the ridgepole, so the eight-foot smokestack I now use is totally inadequate.

Meanwhile, I live in the diminutive "seven by nine" that sheltered me all summer. Then, it was pitched more than two feet off the ground and I could stand erect in it. Now, the walls are staked down and banked with leaves, so the peak is only five and a half feet high. The front is wide open because the stove occupies the "doorway." So far, I have not suffered from cold but I do feel cramped for space in which to use the typewriter, and conveniently arrange the boxes containing books, stationery, letter files and other references. However, I couldn't be any happier had I the finest suite in the Waldorf.

IT has been suggested that I answer on this page some of the questions asked me by Waltonian correspondents. From a prominent Duluthian, whose practical interest in beautifying the suburb in which she lives is an inspiration to the whole city, comes the following:

"Do porcupines ever cut down very large trees?"

Murdo Gibson in his light canoe which occasionally, as he tells us in this letter, he has to use for heavy dray work.

Although I do not pose as an authority on Natural History, I have had opportunity to observe a good many porcupines and to learn something of their habits. Therefore, I could answer this query confidently and briefly: "No: I never knew a porcupine to cut down any tree, either large or small."

But that is only one fact about an animal that northwoods campers ought to be well informed upon. Ignorance of their ways, and failure to take precautions against their depredations, might easily cause an outing party serious inconvenience.

First, let us dispose of the fallacy that porcupines have either the power or the inclination to injure a human being. They have neither. The only weapon I ever saw a porcupine attempt to use was its thick and rather stubby tail. Ordinarily, this is used as a brace, when the animal is climbing or reaching for something above its head. Being very strong and covered with extra-stiff quills, it is capable of inflicting a nasty blow, within its very limited range. As to throwing or "shooting" their quills: they are incapable of projecting them a single inch.

The damage that porcupines do to a forest is negligible but they should not be allowed in small parks, where individual trees are cherished for their ornamental, sentimental or commercial value.

In winter, porcupines eat the inner bark of various kinds of trees but they seldom take enough from any one tree to injure it, permanently. Theoretically, every wound in the bark is detrimental but cruisers, surveyors, trappers, etc., "blaze" innumerable trees, without hindrance or protest.

Porcupines have dens but do not hibernate. When the snow is deep enough to hinder their travels, they make and follow a trench-like trail that leads from their den to the trees they intend to climb for bark. It is one of their peculiarities to go up when the temperature goes down. When the thermometer registers forty or more degrees below zero,—Fahrenheit—the "porkie" is almost sure to climb to the top of the highest tree in the vicinity and remain there until the weather moderates. During the several days it may be aloft, it might completely girdle the top log of a tree whose bark tasted particularly palatable. That, of course, kills all of the tree above the barked area, but, even then, the commercial loss would be very slight.

Girdling the top log of a mature white pine, whose diameter, breast high, is thirty inches and which has a merchantable volume of one thousand board feet, would, at the average price of stumpage, in the Lake States, reduce the scale about fifty feet and cause a loss to the logger of about one dollar.

In summer, the porcupine's diet consists of green leaves, tender twigs, aquatic plants and, I think, grasses and berries. They are good swimmers and spend most summer nights in and around the water.

But it is their insatiable craving for salt that makes them a nuisance to the camper and settler. They will gnaw almost anything that has the slightest trace of saltiness. Axe handles and paddles that have become flavored by salty perspiration are tempting delicacies to a "porkie" and it will eagerly devour such leather goods as boots, belts and packstraps. On a Minnesota river, an unpainted, wooden canoe was completely ruined by porcupines during the three days its owner was absent. It had been used to carry bags of salt pork to a driving crew.

Fortunately, porcupines are not acrobatic. I never saw one jump and doubt if they can. In order to reach anything higher than their head, they must have a fairly

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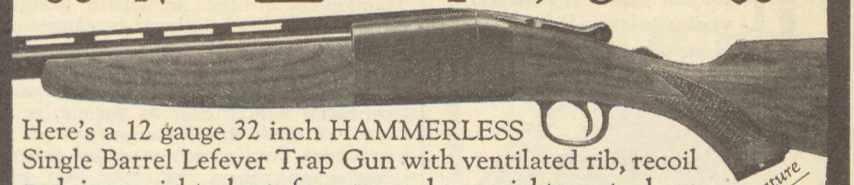

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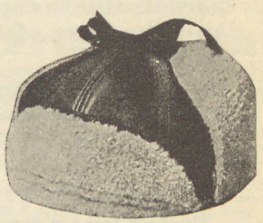

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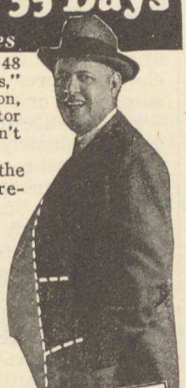

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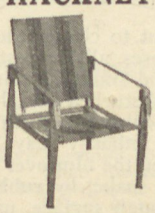

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firm place to stand on. It is therefore quite a simple matter to safeguard one's equipment. During the summer months, the wise camper will assume that there are porcupines in the immediate vicinity of any and every northwoods campsite and take the necessary steps to protect his outfit.

Whether porcupines should be treated as beneficial wild life or as vermin, is arguable. I don't know the purpose of their existence, but that is not a good reason for condemning them. To the best of my knowledge and belief, their only contribution to the general welfare is to furnish an occasional meal for more ferocious animals. On the other hand, they do so little harm and are so peaceably inclined it seems a shame to molest them. I have killed and eaten several and have killed others because they disturbed my sleep. In the latter case, I was not justified but my conscience didn't trouble me about it, at the time.

My present attitude on the porcupine question is similar to the one I have adopted on the crow controversy, i.e. Let those who suffer from them deal with them. Personally, I have no quarrel with either crows or porcupines. On the contrary, I expect to get a lot of amusement, next year, from winning their confidence and observing their manners and customs.

A Personal Interview with a Rattlesnake

By Charles A. David

WHEN a farmer wants to know the age of a horse, he looks in its mouth; but when he is interested in the number of years a rattlesnake has been crawling around, he stands off and counts the rattles the creature wears on the end of its tail.

It is the popular belief that the snake adds one rattle to its string every time it has a birthday—so, of course, if that were true, the number of rattles would tell you its age, just as the number of pink candles on your birthday cake indicates your age.

That is a very pretty fable, and it does no one any harm to believe it; but by observing snakes in captivity it has been conclusively proven that it is all a mistake—though you could never make the mountaineer believe it. The truth of the business is, when a rattlesnake pulls off his old skin, and gets into a new one, a new rattle, or segment, is thrown in, just as some clothing stores used to throw in a pair of suspenders or a cravat with every suit sold—but I notice they do not do it any more.

Unfortunately for the age-old myth, a healthy snake may treat itself to a new skin every month during its season of activity, which in the Northern states may last from early May until frost; and in warmer latitudes much longer. So it would have ample opportunity for changing its clothes five or six times, which would mean the addition of just that many rattles, while the snake would be only one year older. So it is not safe to depend on the number of rattles to tell how long it has been since that particular snake was a baby.

Any farmer, or mountain guide, will tell you that rattlesnakes are blind during the month of August, and consequently are more dangerous at that time, as not being able to see, they will strike blindly in the direction of any sound.

As a matter of fact, while this is partly true, they are no more subject to blindness in August than any other summer month. The temporary blindness is caused by an exudation from around the edge of the plate that protects the eye; this irritation is the result of the softening of the plate as it is being pushed off by the rapidly forming new one.

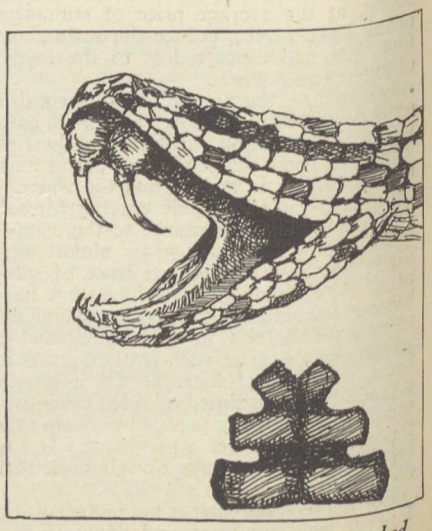
When a snake is about to change skins, it becomes sluggish; loses all interest in life; has no appetite; and slinks off where it thinks it will not be disturbed and, half asleep, waits patiently for nature to bring the new clothes. This lethargy may last for several days, and then the film over the eyes clears up, and the snake, by rubbing its nose against some rough surface, manages to loosen the skin around the lips, and finally gets its head free from the old skin, which curls back inside out, like a glove that has been stripped off from the wrist.

Ever since that fateful day in The Garden, when the serpent heard the sentence, dooming it henceforth to progress by crawling, snakes have lived mighty close to the ground, and the skin from being dragged over stones and all kinds of rough, sharp-edged objects comes in for its share of abrasions and scars.

So when the skin begins to show signs of wear and tear, with thin places here and there that need darning, nature comes to the rescue with a fresh, new skin. A brush-pile is a favorite place for them to change clothes, as the old skin catches on the sticks and gives the creature a purchase as it struggles out; that is why the cast-off skins are so often seen draped over the brush, like clothing spread out to dry. When a rattlesnake becomes excited, it shakes its tail, just as some excitable people shake their fists; and when the tail is agitated, the rattles clash against each other, and give out a sinister sizzling, buzzing sound, that once heard, is never forgotten—but it can hardly be described as a rattle.

The rattle itself is made up of a series of horny rings, loosely connected, and at the end of the string is an undeveloped segment, commonly known as a "button."

The high-pitched, singing sound is different from any, and it carries with it a



Fangs and poison sacs. Single detached segment of rattle.

threat that is instantly recognized by man and beast. I once saw an amusing incident, while staying at a mountain cabin, that illustrates the inborn fear inspired by the sound. Some one had captured a sizable rattler; and to make sure it would do no damage placed it in a slatted box and suspended the box from the limb of an apple tree in the yard.

As it happened, a neighbor from a nearby cove rode in on a mule about dark to make a visit. It was too dark for the rider to see the dangling box, and in passing under the tree his hat brushed against the box, and instantly the rattler sent out its warning. Evidently the mule had heard it before, and knew the menace it held, as he jumped about ten feet to one side, unseating his rider, and with a snort beat it down the trail for home.

The man hit the ground rolling, and did not stop until he had rolled into what he considered a safety zone. It is generally believed that rattlesnakes do not spring their rattle unless they are attacked, or unless they think themselves in immediate danger of being attacked, for if they did not think they already had been discovered, there would be no sense in advertising their whereabouts, and thus inviting sure destruction. Most snakes have very poor hearing, but their delicate sense of feeling is marvelously developed and they can detect any approaching object from the vibration of the ground, no matter how light the footfall may be.

The fangs of a rattler are long and sharp, with an inward curve. They are loosely attached to the upper jaw by ligaments that allow them to be folded back against the roof of the mouth when not in use; otherwise, the creature would never be able to swallow its prey. When the jaws open the fangs become erect; and when they fasten on the victim, their roots press on the sac holding the venom, and some of it is squeezed out, and runs down a groove in the fangs and into the wound.

It has long been believed that if the fangs of a poisonous snake were removed that the reptile would be rendered permanently harmless, but that is another exploded theory, as the fangs of poisonous snakes have been drawn, and in two or three weeks a new pair have taken their place, equipped with a regulation poison sac, venom and all.

Next to the length of a mule's head, measured from a point between the ears to the end of the upper lip, the actual length of a snake is about the hardest thing in nature to guess.

The age-old fear of most persons for snakes somehow seems to magnify their size, and even a small one winding through to the average observer looks many times longer than it really is. Even those most accustomed to snakes will make wild guesses as to their length; and many a "six-foot snake" will shrink to a measly two-foot one when the tape is applied. The length of the average snake is as much exaggerated as is the size of the fish "that got away."

When cool weather comes, and it may be several weeks after the first frost, the rattlers become very sociable, and collect in large numbers in long-used dens among the rocks, and pass the winter lovingly wrapped around each other for the small amount of warmth their bodies give out.

Of late years science has produced a serum, said to be an antidote for snake bite, even a better one than alcohol, at one time believed to be the only salvation for the one bitten.

Where the North Begins

By V. C. Stacy

ONLY during the hours between sunset and dawn can the spirit of a swamp be either assimilated or appreciated; for garish daylight confines its denizens, for the most part, to their concealed runways and subterranean homes, but under the soft curtain of night they become equipped with that peculiar brand of bravado which obscurity always lends to the children of the wild. And forthwith the night is articulate with the many-toned voicing of their thoughts and desires.

He who makes pilgrimage to the swamplands cannot hope to glean enough of interest to reward his efforts—or his intrepid disdain of the omnipresent mosquito—unless precautionary measures be observed with regard to ruthless stepping and other mediums of noisiness. For, despite their seeming nocturnal courage, the dwellers of the wet areas are both as keen to detect a human presence and as prompt in withdrawing, as are their neighbors of the drier lands. So, if the seeker would penetrate even a few of the mysteries of this intriguing world, he will guard his approach with meticulous care; in which case he will without doubt contact various manifestations of the swamp's conglomerate life, which at this time is a-throb with joys and tragedies.

At one's elbow, almost, a venerable bullfrog gives utterance to his grievances in a series of throaty gulpings. A diminutive mouse darts past, rustling the dry grasses of a hillock ever so slightly, and from among a growth of cat-tails a larger shape takes form and hurls itself after the vanishing mouse, whose frenzied squeaking tells of its surrender to the teeth of the pursuing mink.

Presently is heard a sharp, clattering sound, and, if the watcher be hid behind a blind of long grass or rushes, he may be fortunate enough to obtain a dim view of the bittern which has been unceremoniously aroused from his slumbers, and which is now angrily snapping his long bill at the disquieting mosquitoes that settle in a whir about his head.

And, just as the watcher is becoming absorbed in this drama of swamp-land night life, perhaps a cold and slimy something will slither against his ankle and the age-old prejudice of mankind will put an abrupt end to an otherwise perfect adventure.

The Little Road — *By V. Vinyard Knight*

I WALKED along a little road
Rebelliously.
I saw the shining mountain peaks
I heard the rolling of the sea
Like peals of mighty drums which speak
Triumphantly. . . . .

I'VE walked along the mountain peaks
I've sailed across the rolling sea
I've listened to triumphant drums
They mocked at me.
I learned that mountain tops are cold
There is no rest upon the sea
To walk along a little road
Is best for me.

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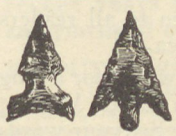

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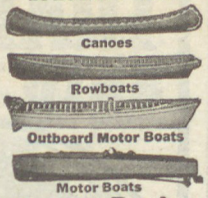

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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

Edited by PAUL BURRESS

IT was December. Snow, wintry blasts—Dad was just about to pass from the market reports to slumberland. Son Bill was devouring an outdoor story. Presently he read aloud.

". . . and they were bucking a stiff headwind with oars, down a lake that was miles long. Their backs ached, their hands were blistered and their arms seemed like sticks of wood. From astern came a machine-gun-like roll of a small motor. There were three men in the approaching boat, leaning back at their ease, smoking their pipes and enjoying the scenery. They offered a tow, which was promptly accepted, and in fifteen minutes they were in the lee of the highlands at the head of the lake that would have taken several hours of gruelling work to reach by rowing."

William, Jr., had read the foregoing aloud, obviously for the benefit of his reposing father. It was Bill's latest presentation of evidence that the family needed a new boat and outboard motor. The closing arguments were to follow.

"Dad, why don't you loosen up and buy us an outboard motor and boat?"

His father, thus aroused, determined to make Bill sell him thoroughly on the idea of buying the new outfit.

"Well, Billie Boy, what in the world would you do with a boat and motor this kind of weather? We have enjoyed a nice Christmas. Mother and I gave you a fine double-built casting rod and here, within two weeks, through some new method of reasoning, you have the crust to try to nick me for a speed boat."

"Ah, Dad, it won't cost us any more to haul a good boat and motor on our trailer than it has to play nursemaid to our old tub and her oars."

"Son," commanded the father, "my broad shoulders and good health are the result of physical exercise. Why! when I was your age we walked, rowed and—"

"Dad, for the love of Cleo, be reasonable if you can't be a little modern," pleaded Bill. "What you were forced to contend with when you were a boy does not have any bearing upon what we are able to enjoy today. Do you walk ten miles to your office today because you had to walk two miles to school when you were a boy?"

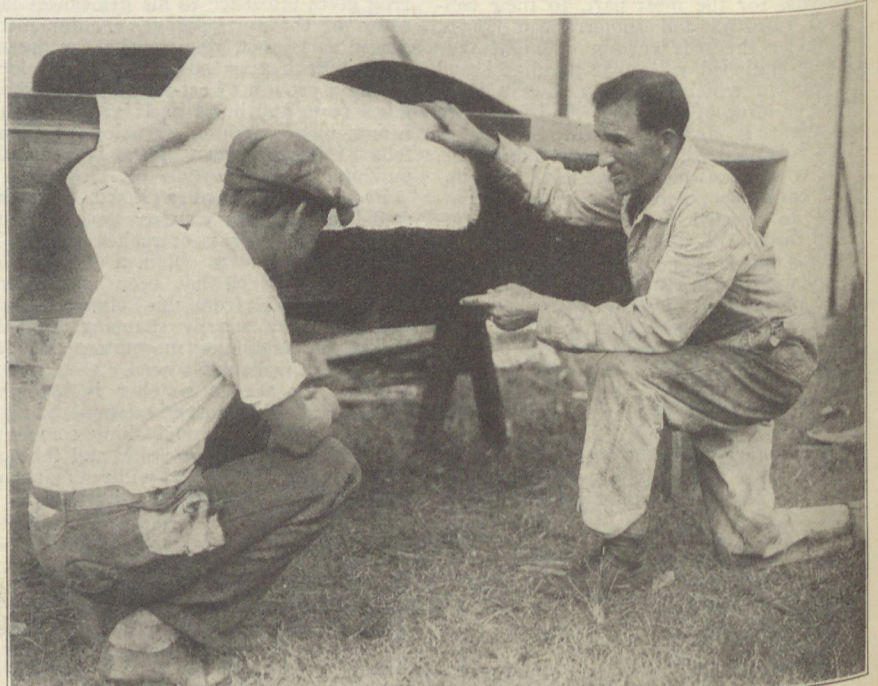
"All right, my boy, we will have the outfit. Fact of the matter is, I wanted a new boat and motor all of the time, but I just couldn't convince myself to the extent of spending the money for what I thought was a luxury," confided Dad.

Building Operations Start

SEVERAL days passed and many catalogues and blue prints were studied. Finally they decided to build the boat and buy a motor to suit the result.

Neither of them had ever built a boat nor seen a boat built. They remembered that Roland James, a friendly neighbor, had once built a boat and together they called upon Roland. After explaining that they wanted a combination speed and fishing boat, Roland proceeded to tell them how to stretch the canvas, which concluded the evening performance at the house of James. The next day they planned to visit the lumber yard in search of spruce; and if no spruce, then gum; and if no gum, cypress would do—all of which were recommended in as many boat-building instruction books.

Bill's first mistake was to cut up the two-by-four intended for the keel to make a couple of saw horses. That was all right, for they must have saw horses, and the lumber yard had plenty of two-by-fours for keels. However, Bill found that keels were nail-proof. They soon found that the family saw, hatchet and tack-puller needed company, and again operations were held



"Dad Malone explained that this was the last step of the first step of building the joner step-plane."

$5.00 First Prize

$3.00 Second Prize

$2.00 Third Prize

For the 3 Best Waltonian Songs Written and Submitted to the League National Headquarters by January 1st.

This contest is open to all readers of Outdoor America.

Rules: Write the words for a song appropriate for an Izaak Walton League gathering. Set your words to a popular tune. 'Tis very simple. Here is an example of a song written expressly for the League that has proven very popular:

BYE, BYE, TROUBLE

(Tune, "Bye, Bye, Blackbird")

PACK UP ALL MY RODS AND GUNS,
HERE I GO FOR SOME FUN—
BYE, BYE, TROUBLES.
WHERE GOOD SPORTING WAITS FOR ME
ON THE HILLS THRU THE TREES—
BYE, BYE, TROUBLES.
SINCE THE IZAAK WALTONS GOT TOGETHER,
OH, WHAT FUN WITH FIN AND FEATHER;
MAKE MY BED, LIGHT THE LIGHT,
I'LL BE HOME LATE TONIGHT—
TROUBLES, BYE, BYE.

ALL SONGS MUST BE IN BY THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 1, 1929.

The cash prizes will be mailed to the winners not later than January 5, 1929.

Address—Dorothy Fox, Chapter Service Bureau, I. W. L. A., 549 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

up until the necessary tools were purchased.

They started by following the blue prints and printed instructions, but the correcting of minor errors in measurements, and often not having a spare piece of lumber to correct the mistake, they soon were following their own ideas.

All Family Hands on Deck

GRADUALLY their labors bore fruit as the frame took shape. I should say a funny fruit shape, first pear shaped and then banana shaped. The frame was to be temporarily fastened together and then, if it looked all right, it would be permanently screwed together with brass screws. All seemed to go well until the work started on the side frames.

"Now, these strips," declared Bill, "are what gives her the graceful lines of a real speed boat. We will have to be careful about the angles," he cautioned as he pointed out the corresponding pieces shown on the blue print. Dad agreed without saying a word. He was becoming less talkative as the seriousness of the problem of building a step-plane grew upon him. He inwardly cursed the fellows who drew the diagrams and wrote about the construction of a boat being such a simple task for the amateur. He was beginning to wonder why he had ever started the confounded thing. Bill's attitude, naturally, was one of encouragement. It was his only hope, for he occasionally had visions of Dad throwing up the job. For this reason he readily consented to the suggestion that they simplify the work by not bowing the side frames. Bill thought such a boat better than no boat. It was a job of successive steps and the next one was, in the boat-book man's language, "to carefully extend the gunnel from stern to stem, insuring absolute symmetry in the gunnel curve." So lightly spoken about and such a hell of a job was Dad's impression.

"By gad, Son, you sure started something when you got me in on this. Come on, let's go to bed before we hear more about it from your mother."

Morning came. Dad went to the telephone.

"Hello, is this the Variety Boat and Repair Company?" inquired Dad. "Well, have you got anybody down there that can put a gunnel and paint on a boat? Right away? Then send them up here quick, for this is an emergency.

"Now, Bill, you are going to work with a competent boat builder today, and I hope to have our craft completed by tomorrow evening. Further comment on the matter is unnecessary and we will henceforth consider it closed, thank God."

Launching the New Boat

A FEW days later saw the new craft emerged into the sunlight, glistening just like said sunlight on rippling water. The only difference was, the ripples were in the wood. She was to be a joy to Bill for a long time, even if she was not a thing of beauty. To the untrained eyes of Dad and Bill she looked good.

The afternoon turned warm, the boat must be launched and a sportsmen's supply company would demonstrate an outboard motor. So, down to the sea, Dad and Bill went with their ship.

She was launched. Neighbor Lafe Hoskins christened her. Three men climbed aboard, the little motor let out a roar and the new boat proudly raised her bow above the foaming V of her wake in exultation.

"Not bad, eh, Dad?" remarked Bill.

"Check, Son. She goes faster than any four hundred pound boat I was ever in," returned Dad, tightly grasping the gunnels. "Not so good, and—not so bad."

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We further pledge that one major Elto contribution steps beyond the limits of anticipated achievement — and obviously asserts itself as the most notable single contribution in recent years toward the universal enjoyment of outboard motoring ~ ~

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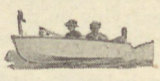

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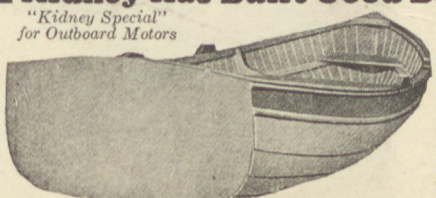

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Preliminary Cast "Salutatory"

So this is January. The year is on the change. The days are growing longer and the cold is growing stronger. (Where have I heard that?) For our consolation,—we are faring towards fishing time. A few days of cold and then,—the good old summertime. The wise and forehanded angler is already getting ready.

AFTER years of study I have come to the conclusion that I know little about trout, can be certain of only a few things. Each recurring season I discover new "tricks and ways," revise former opinions, *re*-learn and *un*-learn. The utterly surprising thing to me is the cocksureness of some writers. Evidently they inform the trout how to act. Though I have been at the game for a quarter of a century, I am free to confess that each open season, each new water fished, enlarges my experiences. Just back from a long trek, fishing various waters under widely varying conditions, and my head still whirls.

Now I do not want the reader to get the impression from the foregoing paragraph that I do not have success, unaccountable success, trout fishing, for I do. Fate, Luck, whatever it is which rules in the lives of fishermen, has been unusually good to me. I can not explain my good fortune otherwise than just the result of abnormally good luck. Sometimes I have followed a man, a better and more finished caster than myself, and have taken a good fish right behind him. Luck, plain, unvarnished Luck! Again I have watched a companion fighting a fish, carrying on the battle scientifically, and at the last moment losing the record breaker. I have hooked such fish, played them not half so scientifically, and brought them to net. Again, Luck, plain, unvarnished Luck! All I can say is, it is as advantageous to be born lucky as successful. If you get the angles of that!

In this first article of the year I want to just yarn of some more or less recent experiences and experiments. Perhaps this paper will not bring much of information to my readers, but if it entertains for an idle half hour while the fire burns I shall be perfectly satisfied. Anyway, it is the month for introspection and retrospection, so why try to be profound or scientific when both are utterly impossible!

Elsewhere, under the rather high title of "The Wreck of the Hesperus," I told of a unique experience: making a toy-boat, and attaching a baited hook to its prow, which in turn was fastened to a long fishing line, a hundred yards, in fact, and then the vessel was sent venturing out on a lake known to be the home of great pike. I sat there on shore and unreeled line until all but the last few turns had disappeared from the large winch, when the bait was taken, the line torn from the little ship, which sailed away into the rising sun, leaving me hard and fast in a good fish.

Thinking of the incident one day this past season as I sprawled by the side of a smelly little campfire, hard by a mighty trout stream, in which leviathan was said to dwell, I wondered if I could not do something of the same sort. Just below me the river rushed along, spreading out below into a great, deep pool, in which the current went eddying 'round and 'round. The pool was too wide and deep to be fished without a boat, and that was something I could not carry in my stained tackle-bag. A strip of cedar bark, left from my little cooking blaze, suggested an expedient. It took but a moment to capture a grasshopper, for those insects were plenty, and but another to attach my line to the end of it so that it trailed six feet or so, and would break loose upon a heavy tug. I weighted the line with a heavy sinker, and saw to it that the attached hook was large and strong. I even passed several turns of winding-silk around the 'hopper so that no flirtatious rainbow could filch the bait without at least feeling the steel. So I set the bark gently into the swift current, and watched it drag yard after yard of line from my reel, until at last, in the arms of the eddy, it swung aimlessly 'round and 'round.

So I sat there, lost to my surroundings, though it must be confessed I kept a weather eye out for chance fishermen, being fearful some one might discover me at my "nefarious" business. Indeed, an angler did happen along, and seeing my trailing line, remarked rather contemptuously, "Bait fishing, I see." I agreed, glad he did not know me, glad he did not suspect what I was up to. He even remarked about the debris in the center of the eddy, and what would he have said had he known my line was fast to the rather oddly performing long strip of cedar bark? I was glad when he disappeared around the bend.

There is not much more to add. Oh, yes, I got a fish, and a good one too; nearly forgot that. You see, a brown just happened to be loitering in that pool, finding the eddy a lazy fish's heaven, and the good, big 'hoppergrass being an ostensible offering of the gods, he swallowed it, hooked himself, tearing the line free from the bark as he did so, and I, the lazy rodist, was fast in a wonderful fish. It was a great battle, for there was no difference between the fighting ability of that brown and any other caught on grasshoppers in the orthodox manner. I landed him, and found his weight to be 2 ounces over 3 pounds. If I let folks think I caught him on flies when they jumped to the opinion, whose fault is it? One just can't explain every victorious incident.

One hot night in August, being unable to sleep, I quietly got out of the blankets, so quietly that not even the wakeful guide was disturbed, and made my way down to the banks of a deep pool near which we were camped. A full moon was shining directly overhead, lighting all but one bit of water back under some leaning willows. I stood there, wrapped in a blanket, for I had not bothered to don my clothes, lost in contemplation of the wonderful scene. The surface of the water appeared black in the half light, black save where flecked with floating bunches of foam, contribution

For night fishing the water must be open. A group of "Fly-by-Nights" (inset).

of the falls above. It was good to be alive and awake. I thought of composing a great poem, when poesy, sentiment, everything was knocked out of me by the flip of a broad tail upon the glassy surface. A brown was feeding lazily, carelessly.

Took but a moment to steal back to the tent, sans even the blanket, get my seven-ounce fly-rod, built for me by a Methodist preacher who makes rods for the fun o' the thing and constructed this one especially strong, together with my fly-book, and crept back to the marge of the pool on bare feet. Selecting a large No. 8 bass fly, "Black Dose," I fastened it to the leader. When I essayed to put the fly-book in my pocket I discovered said receptacle in a pair of pajamas is not built to hold fly-books! Laying it on a convenient stump, I threw my fly out on the pool, with neither skill nor art, for night fishing requires neither if the angler be possessed of ordinary horse sense and fish wisdom. Probably that trout had never heard of night fishing, for he came with a rush, just gobbled the fly, and went down. Nothing spectacular or nerve-wracking about the attack; it was purposeful, possessed an inevitable character, if you get what I mean. From the instant of the taking on, I had a feeling the whole thing was predestined from the beginning of time. The thing ceased to have that sense of fortuity which is always present in angling. I was just as certain of victory when the fish disappeared with the fly as I was half an hour later, when the guide netted him, in the presence of every admiring member of the party.

No, I am not going to undertake to describe the battle, how the fish just went 'round and 'round that pool thrashing on the surface, boring deep down; in fact, displaying the whole repertory of tricks and wiles a brown of years knows so well, without acquiring which he would never live to become moss-grown with age. Oh, I awakened the camp with my shouts when I realized the necessity for help, and men and women arrived in various stages of dishabille, the guide—well, never mind, he went right into the river after the fish. and didn't come out until the feminine portion of the audience retired. It was a great battle and a great fish, and the only excuse I have for giving the sketchy account here is that the reader may store this fact away in memory,—if you want to take the big brown trout from much-fished waters, wait till anglers sleep.

I have said over and over again in articles on fly-fishing in this department, as well as in my replies to anglers, that when streams are low and clear, as so often happens in mid-summer, it is the part of wisdom to employ the smallest flies obtainable, and the past season's peripatetic excursion has not lessened the conviction. Indeed, if the angler finds waters preternaturally low and clear, the fish shy and suspicious beyond imagining, he shall be "a bit superstitious," to borrow Izaak Walton's expressive phrase regarding another matter, if he does not go to the smallest flies he has in his book.

At night, as just intimated in the previous experience, flies can not well be too large, but in the daytime the exact opposite is true—they can not well be too small. I have in my dry fly-box some tiny English flies, sent me by a correspondent, Duns—"Pale Evening," "Whirling Blue," and "Olive"—tiny enough, delicate enough to conjure with the most phlegmatic angler's imagination. Well, sir, on a certain bright afternoon from five o'clock on until dusk, I had wonderful success with those tiny patterns. More and more I am becoming convinced we dry-fly men fail because we do not appreciate the fineness of our game. If you want to win out next season when streams have shrunken to the vanishing point, just act upon my hunch and use tiny flies.

Under certain conditions I have found black and white flies and lures attractive in widely distant streams and lakes. For lake trout fishing, the fly can well be of the bucktail variety, tied in a "spread-eagle" fashion. I have done considerable experimenting, and I am almost convinced those hair contraptions built for bass are better for trout on broad waters than are the regulation trout patterns and sizes. That black and white hair thing they named in my honor performs marvelously sometimes, but does not possess constancy. I never know when to use it. Some days, on lakes, big trout are fair crazy to get at it, in bass size, as they are on rivers to rise to the invitation of it in trout size. However, the very next day they utterly refused to even manifest a passing interest. I have studied the problem intensively, but am as far from a conclusion now as when I first had phenomenal success with it some four or five years ago. One never knows, and that is the heart secret of the attractivity of angling.

So I have wandered on, discoursing in a disconnected manner of many things in trout fishing. My only excuse being that this is our mid-winter number, and one can be excused once a year for just gassing, even in an angling department of the best outdoor magazine in America. So, readers, far and wide, here is wishing you a Happy New Year, with a taut line and singing reel in 1929. We have fished and talked and quarreled for a good many months. May our trails never diverge, until at last they have a common end down by the marge of the River of Life, where the grass is always green, the trout always hungry, and the leader never breaks. Selah!

A CASTER'S TROUBLES

Dear O. W.: Just got me a 6 ft. 4½ oz. caster, and have discarded all heavier models. Don't seem to handle a half ounce weight as well as it might. What reel should I employ with it, that is, self-this or that, or plain winch?—L. F., Ill.

Sir: I do not know that I just sense your trouble, save that you wish to know if a lighter than half ounce lure would handle on your 4½ oz., 6 ft. caster better than one weighing that or more. In my estimation a 6 ft. caster is a bit long and a bit light for the regular lures. You are altogether right in assuming that the great majority of lures weigh a bit over a half ounce, indeed, it is extremely difficult to get one lighter than ⅝ of an ounce, and a lighter one is not heavy enough to throw well with a short rod. One requires a half ounce weight in order to handle with accuracy. If your rod were 6 in. shorter, in that weight, in my opinion you would find it working better. As I pointed out in "Casting Tackle and Methods," I was slow to come to the shorter rod but was compelled to the decision by experience.

In the matter of reels, you will find that all additions to a winch make a difference in the handling thereof. When you put on a level-wind attachment, you do cut short the distance somewhat, which is the price you pay for the convenience. The same is true of the anti-back-lash feature, with it you can not secure the distance that you can without; though the self-thumbers confessedly do what their makers claim for them. I seldom resort to them, for I prefer to thumb my own. When using reels of that type I switch off the back-lash feature if possible.—O. W.

SETTLED

A party of anglers were gathered about the noon-time lunch fire.

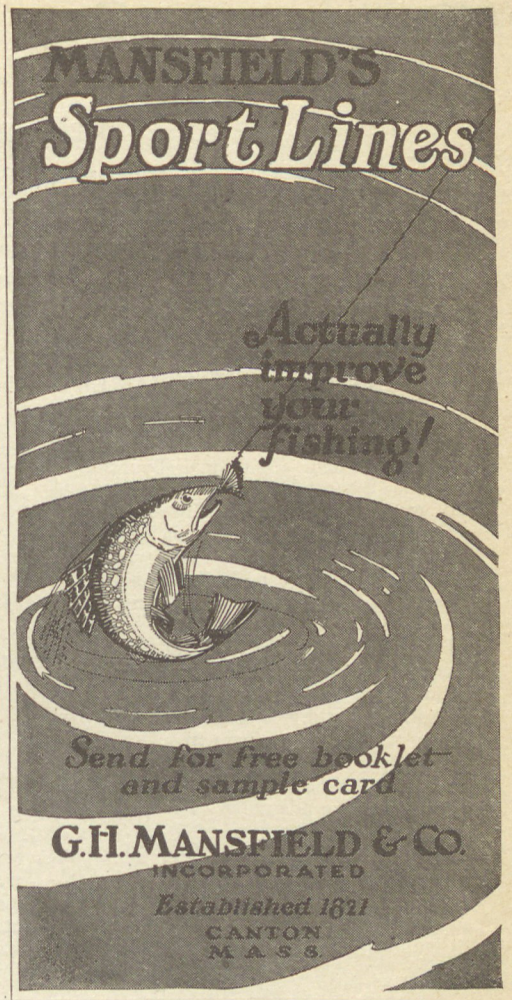
"Is it ever allowable to use angle-worms?" aggressively asked the newest member.

"Aw, Bill and I threshed that out long ago," replied the oldest angler.

"Did you reach the same conclusion?"

"Not exactly. Bill went to the police station and I wound up in the hospital."

(Continued on page 74)



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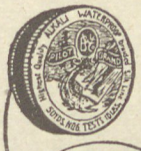

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Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

THE NATIONAL TOURNAMENT OF 1929

IN 1922, a rising young club of the N. A. S. A. C. held a National Tournament which set a record for attendance and efficient management. Again this club which won a National Pennant since that date and which has produced the National Champion of 1927 and 1928 undertakes the staging of another Tournament during the coming August.

This club is that of Cleveland, Ohio, well officered, well managed and well financed. Its members are enthusiastic casters and understand all the necessary details of conducting a notable tournament.

Cleveland has a newer and larger pool than the one used in 1922 and reports that it is much more adaptable to varying wind conditions.

Mr. A. A. Trimble of the Cleveland Club and our National President, has already started preparations and through the pages of OUTDOOR AMERICA will from time to time keep the casting world posted as to the progress toward a most successful tournament.

Dates for the National have not been determined as yet but the following suggestions have been offered:

1. Thursday through Sunday, August 15 to 18th inclusive.

2. Thursday through Sunday, August 22 to 25th, inclusive.

3. Friday through Monday, August 30, 31, September 1, 2.

The third suggestion seems to be the favorite among the Cleveland casters but they desire an expression of opinion from others as to a choice.

President Trimble will be glad to hear from anyone planning to attend what preference he may have and he also offers for consideration the plan of Secretary Leach that the Tournament be held from Monday through Wednesday through Saturday so that visitors may return home on Sunday and thus avoid breaking into the second week. National Headquarters will be located at the Hotel Sovereign, a few minutes walk from the casting pool, where special rates will be offered visiting casters.

A group of members in front of club house, Cleveland Casting Club. Standing, left to right, Charles Foss, Ralph Braddon, Kinnear (Geneva), Eddie Braddon (All Round Champion of 1927 and 1928), Winfield, Lockwood, Taylor, Carlson, Benbow, Grimes. Seated, Left to right, Kappler, Gowans, Leonard, Trimble, Foss, Buckwalter, Marriott, Shrum, Assetta.

PETERS SUGGESTS RADICAL CHANGES

OTTO L. PETERS, of Buffalo, Fourth Vice-President of the Association, sends the following letter which contains several unusual but constructive suggestions. These should cause considerable discussion among those interested in the betterment of bait and fly casting and should prove a live topic at the next convention. Mr. Peters writes:

"After watching, participating, analyzing and summing up the sport of Scientific Angling during the past 'seven and one-half years' especially with regard to National and Local Tournaments I have come to the conclusion that certain fundamental changes in the program of events must be considered by the Executive Board of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, to make this greatest of outdoor sports more fascinating and less arduous, and for the purpose of adding new enthusiasts and keeping greater interest within the ranks of those already engaged in this pastime.

"First of all, we should consider shortening the number of events from eleven as now played to constitute the 'all around,' to a number not to exceed eight, which would allow two events to be cast in one day with plenty of time and without the confusion and fatigue attending this sport when three or more events are attempted in one day.

"Ranking as I do now, as an 'old campaigner,' I can appreciate the physical and mental strain that each contestant goes through and can understand how much more fascinating the game would be without the tiring effect of too many events.

"I have taken the liberty to offer, for the consideration of all the readers of these columns, some suggestions which, after due and careful consideration I believe would make Bait and Fly Casting more popular; first, by the cutting down of expensive equipment; second, by eliminating three events which require added time for practice; and third, greater efficiency in all events, due to concentration on fewer games.

"Let me offer at this time my idea for a standardized National Tournament Program, which I will explain in detail later in the article.

"First Day—Accuracy Fly. ⅜ oz. Accuracy Bait.

"Second Day—Dry Fly, Unknown Distance. Distance Fly, 5¾ oz. rod.

"Third Day—Salmon Fly, Distance. ⅜ oz. Distance Bait.

"Fourth Day—⅝ oz. Distance Bait. ⅝ oz. Accuracy Plug.

"The first event is the 5¾ oz. Accuracy Fly, an event which even those of nervous temperament can compete in and work off the first rough edges of the Tournament without jeopardizing their scores. This will be followed by an entirely new event, the ⅜ oz. Accuracy Bait, using the same size weight as now in the ½ oz. but of such material as to reduce the weight to ⅜ oz. The distances at which the event will be cast are 65-70-75-80 and 85 feet, the balance of the conditions and rules governing the old ½ and ¼ oz. Accuracy to remain the same. This event will supersede the old ½ oz. Accuracy Event which was cast from 60 to 90 and 100 feet, both distances being excessive for extreme accuracy. It also will supersede the ¼ oz. events. From wide experience the ¼ oz. was not popular, especially among beginners, as it required special equipment, useless for any purpose except for this event. The new ⅜ oz. weight will never be affected as to visibility and the distances at which this event, as suggested, will be cast will tend to good scores and *good scores* are the greatest encouragement a caster can get.

"The second day would open with the Dry Fly at Unknown Distances, cast in the forenoon before the wind is bothersome, followed in the afternoon by the Distance Fly event.

"This would be followed on the third day by the Salmon Fly Distance in the forenoon and the ⅜ oz. Distance Bait in the afternoon.

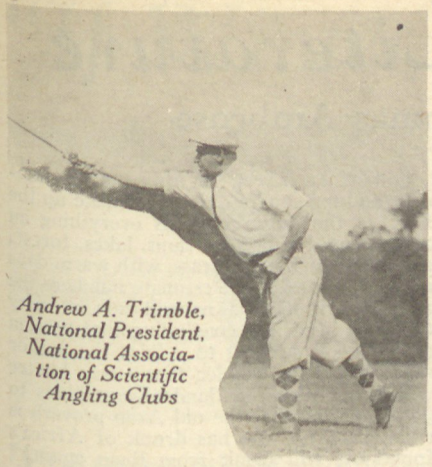
"You will note I have placed the Distance Events (bait and plug) at the close of the program as more keen interest is displayed in these events than in any others and which will tend to keep the entrants keyed to extreme interest till the very last day.

"The fourth day will open with the ⅝ oz. Distance Plug, cast with *unrestricted line* which I predict will be the most talked of and interesting distance event on the program—and finally the ⅝ oz. Accuracy Plug Event which is, as you know, anybody's event and the one in which all beginners get their initiation in tournament casting.

"With this program, a caster can enter the All-Round, equipped to give an excellent account of himself, with one Distance Bait Rod, one Accuracy Bait Rod, one Fly Rod, one Combination Free-Spool and geared Reel (now available for $10.00) one Fly Reel and line; and the club to which the contestant belongs will furnish the Salmon Outfit for his use.

"This is but one-third of a caster's equipment at present.

"These suggestions may seem drastic in their contents, but as a close student of Tournament Casting I have not done my thinking 'on my feet,' and they have been the result of profound study, close observation, wholly and solely for the advancement and growth of Scientific Angling."



Andrew A. Trimble, National President, National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

A. A. TRIMBLE, a veteran of many tournaments and Amateur National Champion of the 5/8 ounce Distance for the year 1928, will serve as President of the Association for the coming year.

For the first time since 1915, the members have chosen a president outside the ranks of the Chicago casters. Trimble has been President and Captain of the Cleveland Casting Club and also President of the Ohio State Association and he well deserves the recognition given him by the National body because of his experience, his ability and his popularity.

"Trim" is always ready to assist at tournaments whenever needed and is more interested in their success than in his own scores. However he equalled the record of 99.8 in the 5/8 ounce Accuracy Bait established by the late Dr. MacFarland, of Portland, and at the recent National Tournament he won the event mentioned above.

His power makes him a dangerous competitor in the distance events while his skill and self-possession on the platform is a great asset to him in accuracy competition.

Under the leadership of President Trimble the Association will experience a notable year especially in view of the coming National Tournament at Cleveland.

He is shown here just completing a cast in a distance bait event. Note the position of the reel, horizontal, so that he can observe if the line is running smoothly from the spool and has no tendency to coil and thus backlash. The picture shows clearly that he does not step over the starting line, a most excellent habit for every caster to cultivate.

Every member of the Association wishes the new President a successful year and is ready to assist him as much as possible.

The Magic Lure

By Eugene Sherrod

IT was a cold, blustery day in February. On the outside the wind was howling dismally through the telephone wires, but in the rear end of Anderson Brothers' sporting goods store, the two-burner gas stove was roaring merrily and the usual crowd had assembled.

"Met Bill Stuart in town with a fine string of rainbows a few days ago," casually remarked Jim Anderson. "That is the third string that he has brought in this month," added Doc Wilson. "I never saw the string of rainbows, but I met Bill one day last August when it was so hot that my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and he had a string of large-mouth bass, any one of which could have swallowed a camel. The very next day he had a string of blue-gill bream, not one of which could swallow a gnat without straining. Caught them all on the same bait is what the old man told me."

"Why don't some of you Waltonians find out the kind of bait the old gentleman uses and then go and do likewise?" inquired Frank Farote, a representative of the powder trust, who happened to be present upon this occasion. "Yes, why don't we?" replied Jim Anderson. "Haven't I been trying for the past five years to bribe the old codger to tell me the kind of bait that will appeal to a rainbow in February or a mudcat in September? You know his answer as well as I—'Some day I will tell you, but not now.' What's the use of carrying a sack full of plugs, flies and snake-doctors around with you when one good lure will catch them all, summer or winter? Now answer me that."

The powder-trust representative again spoke: "If Bill Stuart is the old man who lives on the head-waters of Caney Creek, I am afraid that you will never know his secret. I heard this morning that he had pneumonia and could not possibly last through the night."

This statement cast a gloom over the entire audience, as we all loved and respected the old man, notwithstanding our envy of his success with his magic bait.

The crowd dispersed and soon there was no one left save the two Anderson boys.

Far up on the mountain-side in a log cabin surrounded by mountain-laurel and wild ivy, Bill Stuart, the subject of this sketch, had dwelt for many years. But tonight, as the winds whistled and mourned through the tree-tops, old Bill lay mourning and groaning on a cot in one corner of his hut. Gathered around a log-fire in the old man's cabin was the same group who but a few short hours previously were seated around the gas stove at Anderson Brothers, far away down the valley. Even the great powder-trust had a representative present. The deep, harsh breathing that came from the cot in the corner of the room told all too plainly that the old man was fast approaching the end.

"He is nearly gone, boys," remarked Doc Wilson, as he removed his hand from the old man's heart. The sound of the doctor's voice seemed to arouse the old gentleman to consciousness and he gazed about him in wild-eyed astonishment. "How do you feel, Uncle Bill?" we all inquired in unison. "Mighty bad—mighty bad—afraid I can't last much longer," the old man feebly replied. Stepping quickly over by the side of the cot the ammunition salesman whispered in the old man's ear, "Uncle Bill, before you leave this Vale o' tears we beseech you to tell us the name of this magic lure with which you catch rainbows in February and blue-gills in August." "Is there no hope for me?" inquired the old fisherman of Doc Wilson. "Not a chance," truthfully replied the doctor.

The silence was so dense in the old man's cabin that you could have almost cut it with a knife, as we stood around the cot in the corner of the room and listened to the old gentleman's dying confession. Uncle Bill murmured two words and sank back upon his cot. "What did he say?" you ask me, gentle reader. Simply this—LIZZARD GIZZARDS.

"What the Bass down here *crave!*" writes E. S. Day, St. Andrews, Florida.

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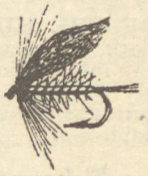
Flies  **Flies**

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

"TRAILS OF THE HUNTED," *by James L. Clark. Illustrated. 310 pages. Little, Brown & Company, Boston, 1928.*

KERMIT ROOSEVELT writing the foreword, says that the author has had opportunities for knowing his subject given to few. For many years Clark was Carl Akeley's companion in both field and indoor work, first as pupil, then as associate. His modeling of groups of the large game of Africa will remain a lasting memorial to him in the American Museum of Natural History. His field experience embraces lengthy expeditions in North America, Africa, and Asia, and he speaks with the authority of a trained and intelligent observer.

In the opening chapter on the Vanishing Animals Mr. Clark states that man is the only animal that kills for pleasure and there is no other animal that will not go out of his way to avoid a scrap unless he thinks his rights are being invaded. Wild life, until it is interfered with by the white man, always bears a certain ratio to the food supply. The vast herds of herbivorous animals are not seriously affected by the inroads of the animals that feed upon them, taking only what is necessary to supply immediate wants. The African lion in his moderation is a better conservationist than the American pot hunter who has practically exterminated American game.

Mr. Clark gave up his work in the Museum to serve as "protector" to A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the noted photographer of African big game, his function being to stand by Dugmore and shoot down any charging animal *after* he heard the click of the camera shutter. This was nervy as well as nervous work for at times the click did not come until the "subject" was within ten or fifteen yards of the camera, as illustrated by the frontispiece of a charging rhinoceros, about the size of a box car and as ugly as sin. Then there was the pleasant experience of making flashlight photographs of lions from a *boma* or blind of thornbrush, with the bait, and consequently the lion or lions, not more than thirty feet distant—sometimes so close that one could reach out and touch them with the muzzle of the rifle.

Upon one occasion Clark found himself in the midst of a pack of fifteen lions, afraid to shoot lest he provoke a charge.

Hunting elephants with John McCutcheon and Fred Stevenson of Chicago, Clark brought down a big bull, whose fleeing companions turned back and with their tusks tried to lift the wounded one to his feet, which gave Akeley the motif for his famed elephant group called "The Wounded Comrade."

Upon another occasion he was "treed" by a herd of two hundred and fifty stampeding elephants, and was only too glad to let them pass unshot at. The elephant has no enemy except man, is subject to no known disease, and no one has ever found one dead that has died a natural death. It is said they have a certain remote and isolated spot to which they go to die, but no one has yet found these treasure stores of ivory.

One of the most interesting chapters of this most interesting volume is that devoted to "The Crater of Ngorongoro" [I wish authors would spell strange names phonetically], a gigantic bowl twelve miles in diameter with walls rising to a uniform height of 2,000 feet. Within the one hundred and ten square miles that make up the floor of the huge crater is everything an animal could desire—streams, lakes, forests and plains of waving grass, with warm days and cool nights. One estimate numbers the animals within this natural zoo at fifty thousand head. In concluding that portion of the book relating to Africa the author says: "It is no wonder that every hunter who has visited that land always plans to go again, and that the old Arab proverb is right, that 'he who has drunk of Africa's fountains, will drink from them again.'"

Not in Africa, but in America, dwells the largest carnivore, more powerful than the lion and at least as dangerous—the great brown bear of Alaska. Clark has hunted the Kodiak bear, the giant Alaskan moose, the caribou, the big-horn sheep, and the white mountain goat, and then with W. J. Morden of Chicago skips to Central Asia upon the trail of Ovis Poli and the superhorned Ibex, of which fine specimens were secured for the American Museum. It was while hunting ibex that Clark relates a curious happening. In taking aim at a big "billy" something went wrong, he could not twist his head enough to get the sights in line. He raised his rifle again, closed one eye and the sights fell into line perfectly. For weeks he puzzled over what could have happened to his sights when he first aimed, and finally it dawned upon him that he had closed his *right* eye instead of the left. Doubting Thomas turned to the Gentle Being reading at a nearby table and casually asked, "Can you close your right eye, leaving the left open?" "Certainly," she replied, and did it! "Now, can you close the left eye, leaving the right open?" "Of course," she replied, and presto! it was done. If you who read this are *both eyed*, then there are three persons in the world who can accomplish this feat.

From Central Asia, Clark and Morden purposed returning by way of Peking, a journey of some 2,000 miles, with a train of camels and donkeys, but were captured by a party of Mongols, tortured, marched far out of their way, and finally released, reaching Peking three months later than planned, bringing to a close "a sympathetic account of those appealing creatures whose past is more ancient than that of man and whose future is darkened by the tragic shadow of extinction."

There are many halftones from photographs by the author, Dugmore, and Akeley which add to the attractiveness of a very interesting book.

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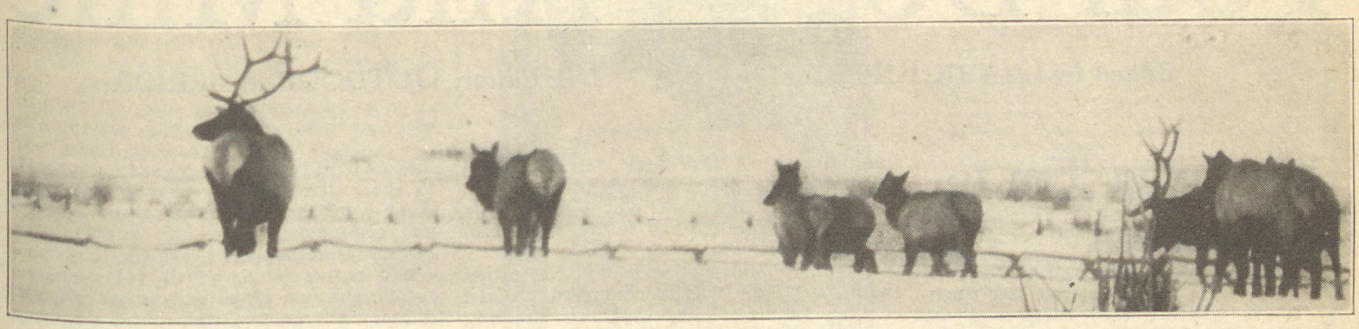
"If Winter Comes—



THE ranges south and north of Yellowstone Park always have been heavily populated with elk, and the advance of civilization in the West has finally driven these animals from other districts until these two herds are now the only elk herds of any size left in the world.

* * *

The winters in Jackson's Hole, where the southern Yellowstone elk herd spends the long months of deep snow, are exceedingly severe, and they last from October to May. With all of the haylands in the bottoms, normally used by the elk, diverted to the use of stock, hard times came for the elk herd and in spite of the efforts of both state and federal governments in maintaining feeding ranches and purchasing hay for the elk, many thousands of them starved to death during the winters.

* * *

Those winters must have looked awfully long to the elk. From the time the first snows swept down from the mountains and covered the fields from which the hay had been cut, and they wandered over the frozen barrens and pawed desperately for food, nibbling the government doles which never were sufficient, the elk waited for the spring. They waited patiently.

* * *

But spring—a permanent spring, was on the way. . . . .

—Can Spring Be Far Behind?"

THE Izaak Walton League of America heard the story of the elk. Photographers brought back pictures of dead elk, starved as spring neared. Big game men brought back stories of what was going on. An investigator was sent to the Hole by the Walton League. He heard stories of acres of dead elk from eye witnesses. He saw the big herd come down out of the mountains for the winter.

* * *

Through its magazine, Outdoor America, the Izaak Walton League made a nation-wide appeal for funds with which to purchase additional ranch lands and haylands to be added to the government refuge. This appeal was maintained for six months, and approximately $40,000 was raised by popular subscription—by the dimes, quarters and dollars of thousands of sportsmen throughout America.

* * *

The League purchased 1,700 acres of the best haylands in the Hole. The first year hundreds of tons of hay were stacked, held for the lean spring months when the last of the forage is gone and the new grass has not appeared.

* * *

Last year the League holdings were turned over to the U. S. Government. There has been more than enough hay to take care of the elk herd. A surplus has been piled up, some of it has been taken to far corners of the valley where small bands of elk winter alone. So the big elk herd, estimated at 20,000, has been saved.

* * *

This was a part of the activities of the Walton League for 1925.

Izaak Walton League of America
INCORPORATED
Clinton and Randolph Sts. Chicago, Ill.

Your Dog And Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

Steadying 'Em to Shot

VERY few sportsmen ever ask themselves whether they themselves are steady to shot, when this point of a dog's education enters their mind. The importance of having a dog thoroughly steady to shot cannot be overestimated; it adds to the powers of control; it keeps the animal from pouncing in immediately, when the gun is fired, and frightening every single lying about; it lessens the tendency to follow the flushed birds in the dog's own way or when he wishes.

Many young dogs are naturally steady to shot until they are influenced by the excitement of the moment and then it looks as if Old Nick had possession of them, making it difficult for the handler to get them under his control immediately again.

Numbers of dogs get their breaking-shot habit from retrieving. Soon the desire to fetch dominates as much as the acts of finding and pointing, and the animal regards the sound of the gun as the signal to get the game in a jiffy.

The conduct of young dogs is not every time so easy to regulate as wished. Particularly is this so with the youngster that must learn to find dead, or retrieve them, or catch cripples. With everything in mind before him, his eagerness to do the business properly trips up his perfect deportment.

The puzzling moment arrives and proves confusing. First, he knows it is the right thing to do to point a bird by body scent when he comes up with it. But he becomes confused. Very soon, as he progresses in experience, he is called upon to catch cripples or to move up and hunt dead birds. The puzzlement immediately shows by his ignorance, temporarily, of when a bird is crippled and he has to catch it for his handler, or when he must remain absolutely staunch. Nature tells him, after he has caught a few birds for the master, that he ought to catch all of them, and he certainly thinks, and acts, that way aplenty on running birds, especially those that he can see moving. When we think of all this, we can readily see why expert trainers declare that it requires three seasons to train and thoroughly experience a young bird dog.

When considering the problem of preventing dogs from, or curing them of, breaking shot, we have to think of the human side—the man handling the dog. There are just as many men breaking shot, sometimes more, than dogs. They get excited, just like their dogs, in their endeavor to see the birds retrieved, cripples spotted or caught when they fall and to learn if they are actually hit. Funny how many birds are declared to be hard hit by sportsmen, yet, when they go to pick them up, they discover that the birds can fly just as rapidly as before the supposed incident happened!

Not long ago, in Quebec, I was watching some grouse and woodcock hunters. I asked them if their dogs were steady to shot. They looked into each other's faces and laughed, and confessed that they did not know! Their dogs retrieved and hunted dead. There are many chaps like these that do not care; yet a dog steady to shot in the coverts is of wonderful value.

A rather amusing incident in connection with this one was encountered in the United States. The owner of the dog raced with him to see which of the pair got to the bird first, just for the sake of amusement. I asked this man if his dog broke shot, and he quickly fired back the reply, as though his dignity had been offended: "Why, certainly not!" and, to this day, I think his answer was conscientious. He was always so excited at the time that he was unaware of his own or his dog's conduct.

At one time I was performing in some movies with two dogs supposed to be steady to shot. The owner declared they were. They were not accustomed to the country and consequently were not finding many birds. Whereupon, I suggested sending for a native bitch, which I knew could handle and find birds under most any condition. She pointed well, but I could not guarantee her being steady to shot. The owner agreed and welcomed the opportunity, declaring she would have no influence on his dogs. But she did and, in a short while, though she found every bird, it was a race between the three, after the gun was fired, to decide which broke shot first! The moral that inserts itself right here is that it is best never to attempt to keep or break a dog steady to shot in the company of an old experienced offender without devoting all attention to the pupil.

An amateur thinking of steadying or keeping a dog steady to shot must, before he attains success, be willing to sacrifice some of his shooting. Momentarily he must regard shooting and steadying to shot as separate occupations. They don't jibe well together when we measure the matter of excellent performance in both. Many a man who watches his dog meticulously and keeps down any tendency to break shot at every discharge of a gun, can console himself for inexplicable misses by this exacting attention of trying to do two things well at once. The fraction of a second when his eye veers from the bird to the dog, and the reverse, is long enough to transform the opportunity for a glorious kill into an egregious miss.

The most annoying fellow with whom to shoot, when you like to keep a dog steady to shot, is the chap who insists on rambling around of his own accord, flushing a bird here and there accidentally, and shooting away from the dog when the latter is on point and inadvertently effecting a flush. He produces the exact extra amount of excitement that causes the dog, ordinarily steady, to break shot. If you value the future of a dog, keep away from such types as much as you would the fellow who wishes to borrow the dog that has taken you many laborious hours to train.

Old timers were sincere in their desire to have dogs drop to shot. Game was very plentiful then. But the custom passed very quickly because men who understood dogs realized that, when their animals dropped to shot, they lost many chances for displaying and developing their marking instincts. In the process, too, of inculcating this act, many dogs were made shy or apprehensive or approximate blinkers by the over-severe use of the whip. Dropping was taught first with respect to implicit obedience to the voice; then the firing of the gun was made to be construed as the signal.

The force collar is a valuable modern aid in teaching steadiness to shot. But be sure when you teach this not to attempt to kill birds, but devote all your attention to this one thing solely. If, at first, you are going to combine hunting with training, the best results will not follow. Let a friend do the shooting, then snub the dog as he breaks in, with the lead and force collar, sufficiently severely to make him remember it for quite a while.

Early education in making the dog stand

"Watt" Campbell of Tulsa, Okla., the famous field trial enthusiast with three winners. Mr. Campbell was formerly president of the Oklahoma Division of the Izaak Walton League.

Tom Lincoln owned by W. C. Campbell.

still can be augmented to be of value in steadying to shot. But when you are alone and using a lead and force collar, be sure you have a lead of at least twenty-five or thirty feet in length. Thus you will have no trouble in catching up with it and standing on it when you fire a gun.

Many dogs are steady to shot when you fire a gun around them but not so on game. Success on game means repeated snubbing for several days until the dog translates the sound of a discharged shotgun as a command to remain still until you direct him on.

Dogs which have been steadied to shot, but begin to show an overeagerness to find dead or cripples, as well as to seek new bevies or singles, can be quickly steadied by placing your foot on a paw and applying pressure more and more as they display a tendency to break.

When you are sure your dog is steady to shot, do not rest contented. The well bred dog, the older he gets, uses his head more and more and wants to conduct affairs according to his own mental plans. In this matter of being steady to shot all the time, after he gets really going, he will try to do the thing his own way, gradually at the start, but consistently in the long run, breaking shot. It is all up to you how he obeys in the future.

You can keep the dog under your control if you exercise the precaution of never firing at birds that get up unless your dog is actually on point. Frequently, men get dogs to break shot through their own fussy nervousness, fidgeting here and there, speculating where or when the birds are going to get up. Go up boldly, and deliberately try to flush the birds in front of your dog. Stop still in your tracks when the bevy flushes, after you have fired. Hold the dog still for a moment and, after you see he has lost all idea of pouncing in, let him loose to hunt dead or seek another bevy.

It won't hurt any dog that has remained steady to reward him after the firing with a caress and words of praise. You cannot be too kind to your dogs, nor ever show too much sympathy for them, except in the occasional instance when very shy dogs are likely to have their inflictions augmented by too great indulgence in sympathy.

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THERE is a big demand at present for capable 'coon dogs. The public right now is willing to pay the price they pay for trained pointers or setters. 'Coon dog trials have given a big impetus to the sport with them.

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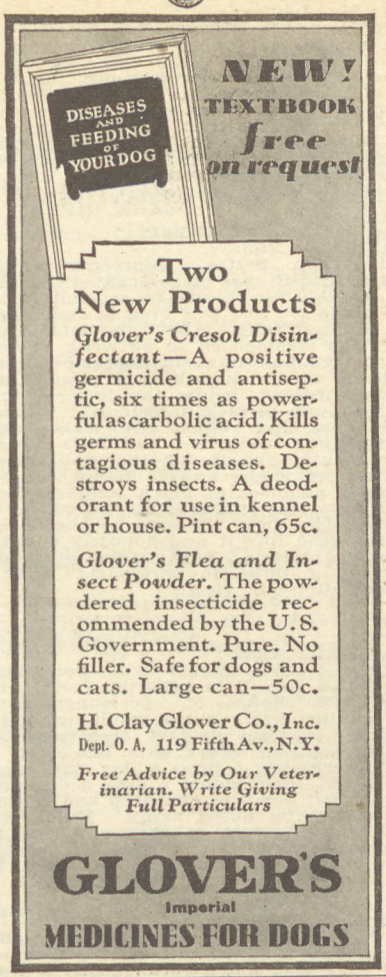
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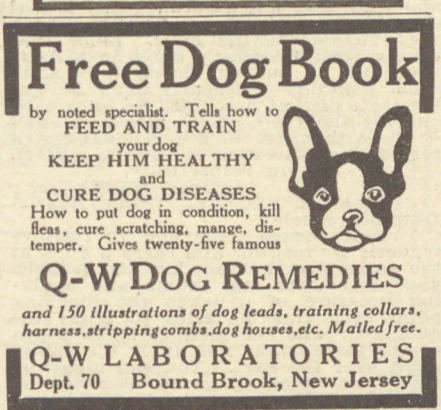
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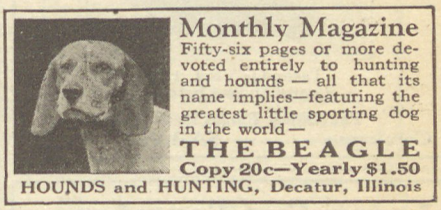
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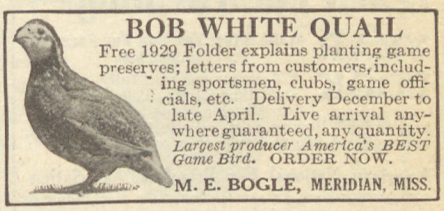
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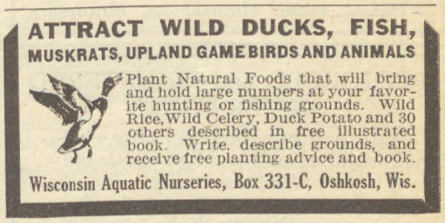
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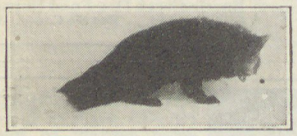

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MR. SINCLAIR, Dealer in Insects, Dept. 75, Box 1424, San Diego, Calif.

Dear Mr. Johnson:

Get your dog thoroughly interested in and excited on game. Then commence shooting only once while she is very excited. Do this once a day only for five days, then increase as you see she is overcoming her fears. Don't pet her if she is over sensitive. Often it makes the dog anticipate the gunfire and subject to fear, but when she has overcome it well pet her all you want.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

PARALYSIS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

My Irish Setter, Maureen's Annie Laura, FDSB, has developed a trouble for which I am unable to account. She is 5 years old and was bred in June last, but did not take. About the middle of July she commenced to be weak in her front legs and now, in September, she slobbers at the mouth, and cannot lift her front legs, below the lower joint, high enough to pick herself over a two-inch obstacle. When she walks she crosses her front feet and falls down. Her mouth, except for the slobbering, is in good shape and I do not believe there is evidence of black tongue. Her eyes have mattered a little but not seriously. The local vet says he has never seen a case like it and honestly doesn't know what it is. Is it a form of rheumatism or infantile paralysis? I will appreciate your views.

Very sincerely,
MAJOR CHAS. F. EDDY,
Fort Bragg, N. C.

Dear Major Eddy:

I regret being unable to see your dog, but I feel sure it is suffering from paralysis. The chances of a permanent cure are against her. But I would try giving her a fluid extract treatment of Black Cohosh. Start with one drop a day, increasing a drop a day until you reach ten, then deduct a drop a day until you get down to one drop and repeat the ascending doses again. Feed well cooked meat, with cabbage and rice, if she will eat the latter.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

BITES THE DUCKS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a Water Spaniel one year and a half old. I used him last season some, and as I was not careful, I left a teal one morning near me, and not watching the pup, he ate the duck. Since that time when retrieving a duck he will always bite it, but will bring it in after some scolding. Evidently after he got the taste of that first duck he bites each one for the taste of its blood. I shall be very thankful if you can suggest a remedy, as otherwise the dog is perfect.

Yours respectfully,
LEROY STEELE,
Valley, Nebr.

Dear Mr. Steele:

You can teach your dog to retrieve tenderly by making him carry a duck at the same time holding his ear between your forefinger and thumb and applying pressure of nails to the pinching point each time he tries to crush the duck. Or another method is to use a spiked force collar and apply the spikes right over the ears. You can stop him also from crushing game by wrapping short bits of wire around the duck and making him fetch it. Points here and there of the wire must be turned out to punish the dog. While this cures, it sometimes stops sensitive dogs from retrieving at all.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

RABIES OR NOT?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

As a lover of dogs I am writing you to either confirm an opinion I have regarding "Rabies" in dogs, or else to get my opinion shattered by one in whose knowledge I have every confidence.

I hold that rabies is a very rare disease in dogs, and will not occur in one dog in ten thousand, but every time a dog gets a fit from a wormy condition, it is killed and its head sent to the State University Medical Department, and they immediately report back that the dog had rabies, and then the city authorities order a quarantine on all dogs, and all found at large killed. This results in the death of many innocent dogs.

I have been contending this for a long time, but because I am not a veterinary my opinion is not regarded, and it is for this reason that I want your opinion, as you are recognized as probably the best informed dog authority in this country.

Very truly yours,
L. J. JARRETT,
Marshalltown, Iowa.

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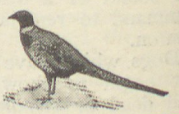
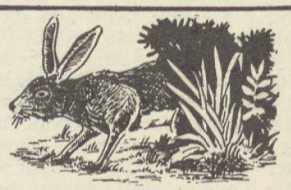


Write for description and prices
MONTCALM GAME FARM
R. F. D. No. 3
Box G, Phoenixville, Pa.



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Read these testimonials—just a few quoted from many in our files—for

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"produced greater results than five others combined." . . . "One of the best pullers of any." . . . "Increase my ad."

Dear Mr. Jarrett:

I agree with you in every respect mentioned in your letter of Sept. 28. I have personally tested it out, and in every instance where death has occurred from running fits and other similar conditions and heads were afterward sent for examination, when the description of the case was given, it was always reported a pronounced case of rabies, though several times I had been bitten by the dogs a few days before their death.

I admit we now and then have a case of dumb rabies, and then the animal, on account of the incapacity of the jaws, is nearly harmless.

While training I have been bitten by ten dogs which vets and physicians pronounced to have had rabies, and I was not troubled with any symptoms of rabies, except that I am always very mad when owners agree to have their dogs destroyed. Personally handling dogs professionally for 30 years I have never seen a true case of rabies.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

BOLTING FOOD AND BREEDING

Dear Ozard Ripley:

I have a pair of Springer Spaniel pups about 4½ months old, that gulp their food so fast that I know it is not good for them. I will appreciate it if you could give me some advice as to how to break them of this.

I also have a pedigreed Springer Spaniel female, who while she was in season got out and was served by a mongrel dog. I have been told that if I have her bred later to a pedigreed dog that she is very apt to have part or all of her puppies mixed with mongrel blood; is there anything to that?

Yours respectfully,
H. D. HOOKER,
Sycamore, Ill.

Dear Mr. Hooker:

Feed dogs separately for a while and give them solid foods, dog biscuits and large bones upon which they can gnaw. Anything that they have to tear in pieces and will masticate will conform to the programme of preventing puppies bolting food.

If your pedigreed Springer bitch is served by a dog of similar pure breeding the pups will be pure. An earlier service by a mongrel will have no effect on her if she is bred pure and maintained in that condition. It is an old superstition that dogs served by a mongrel will be influenced in later breeding when they are bred pure, but like most superstitions this one is the development of ignorance.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

WATER RETRIEVING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a six months old Chesapeake, and as yet he has taken no liking for water, and acts somewhat afraid of it. I wanted him especially for water retrieving. Is there any way to make him like water?

Yours very truly,
JAMES WASHBURN,
Ottawa, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Washburn:

Your Chesapeake is only a pup yet and I would not try to force him to develop a fondness for water this year. Wait until it warms up in spring then have him romp near the water until he forms a liking for it. But if he is not a natural retriever, then you will have to teach him by force retrieving.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

SORE FEET

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a Llewellyn bitch 7 years old. She has raised 7 litters of pups, has always been hardy and a fast wide hunter. About August I noticed an irritation of the skin that resembled mange. Then a new development set in. The dog's feet got sore and the flesh became irritated around her nails until she can hardly stand on them, causing her pain when she moves about. I shall deeply appreciate your advice.

Yours very truly,
S. M. WILLIAMS,
Bowling Green, Mo.

Dear Mr. Williams:

Bathe your dog's feet with a solution of sulphate of iron. Apply on them when dry, working it in well, a resinol ointment for ten days in succession. During this treatment keep your dog out of the dew or wet weeds or grass, or any growths that will irritate the feet, and avoid feeding any heating foods.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

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The Angler's Notebook

(Continued from page 65)

STURGEON FISHING

Dear O. W.: Wonder if you could give me some information on sturgeon fishing?—E. S. K., Ind.

Sir: I wonder what you mean by sturgeon. There are several varieties on some of which in some states there is no open season. The only hook and line fishing I have ever done for sturgeon has been adventitious, so to speak. As the fish is altogether a bottom feeder, they have been taken when fishing deep with live-bait. As a game fish they are a disappointment, though their weight makes them foes worthy the best tackle. I can't help you much, you see, but the publication of your letter may bring some facts to the front. Here's hoping. —O. W.

EMBARRASSING

First Outer: "Didn't I see you taking a tramp through the woods yesterday?"

Second Outer (feminire): "Sir, that was my father!"

THERE ARE FISH AND FISH—BUT—

(By Travel and Resort Editor, Kamloops, B. C., May 22, 1928.)

Set a fish to catch a fish. O. Jennings of Kelowna was fishing in Paul Lake, near Kamloops, on the moonlit evening of May. 17. He was using a double leader with two flies. Strike! A big fellow flashed and snatched at the fly and was gone like a flash, taking hook, line, and sinker. May 18, Fred Arnett of the Westminster Paper Mills, while casting in Paul Lake, had a battle royal and after he had won the fight he landed a great big four and one-half pound Kamloops trout and, believe it or not, attached to a separate leader on the same fish was another two and one-half pound trout. Will Nation, the guide who piloted Mr. Arnett, told the story and mine host, J. Arthur Scott of Echo Lodge, showed me the two fish Mr. Arnett caught, so, believe it or not, it actually happened.

She was only a fisherman's daughter but she had a whale of a line.

WAS IT A LING?

Dear O. W.: While visiting one of my customers down in Iowa, he showed me a fish he had confined in a box, a fish that looked like a "cross" between a catfish and a dogfish. The head and forepart of the body was identical to what we call a mud-cat, except that the head was a wee bit flat, making it resemble a flat-head cat. The rear part of the fish was identical in appearance to that of a dogfish, except that it was covered with skin instead of scales. On this portion of the body appeared a soft, flexible dorsal fin which extended from the center of the body to the tail and around under the body. The tail was also soft and rounded to the shape of the end of the body. The color of the head was a sort of dark mouse, shading to a lighter blue-gray toward the tail. Could it have been a "cross" between the two fish mentioned?—H. C. B., Ill.

Sir: I imagine, from your description, that the fish you saw is a fresh water-ling, though of that one can't be sure without seeing the specimen. I suspect that it is one of those fishes, quite common though seldom seen, which always excites considerable interest. I have taken very much the same sort—species—from trout streams, though what they were doing in cold water is hard for one to imagine. I certainly should be glad to see this specimen. Don't try to preserve in salt water; a weak solution of alcohol or formaldehyde is much better. You have only to run through a good "fish book" to realize how many strange fish forms there are. As to it being a "cross," well, that's extremely unlikely, for crosses seldom take place in nature, common belief to the contrary notwithstanding.—O. W.

HE'S A ROD-LOVER

Dear O. W.—I was greatly interested in that photograph of your rods in a recent number of the magazine. Let me congratulate you upon your "richies." I would like to have you tell me how best to care for my rods. It is my habit to place my rods in the cloth bags in which they came, and then put them in screw-top metal tubes.—J. P. P., Tex.

Sir: I am a bit surprised that the picture of my rods excited so much interest, though of course I realize how tremendously you fellows are "sewed-up" in tackle. My ambition is to own a sample of all the famous makes of rods, especially fly-rods, before I cross over to other fishing. Some one said long ago, "The secret of life lies in the possessive pronouns," which is only a half truth at best; for the secret of life lies in appreciativeness, not ownership. A man may own a trout stream and not possess it. Just to own a collection of fine rods is not enough, one must be able to appreciate and understand them. But let all that pass. As to your specific question, would say that undoubtedly your method of caring for your rods is the best. It is a good idea to suspend them, assembled and hung from the tips, with a weight attached to the butts, now and then; but to keep them hung up all the time, unless covered with glass, is unwise. Do not leave them tied tightly to wooden forms, better slip in partitioned bag and thrust into metal case. Be sure they are perfectly dry when stored away. Wipe off cleanly and give a light coating of best rod varnish once a year or so, depending of course upon the use to which put. Never let a guide or ferrule, a winding or tip-top work loose. Above all, don't lend a rod of which you are really fond, for the best of friends will not treat a rod as you do.—O. W.

WANTS A MULTIPLE SPINNER

Dear O. W.: Have just finished reading your "Pike Book" for the second time and want to compliment you on a wonderful bit of work. Why not bring out another book, devoting your time to the wall-eyed pike? There is need for such a book. There is an illustration in the "Pike Book," of what you call a "salt water rig," and I would like to know something about it, as well as where it can be procured.—P. E., Minn.

Sir: Within the last few months there have a number of multiple spinning rigs appeared, such as I describe in "The Book of the Pike" as a salt water rig, the one there illustrated being such as is used in certain localities when ocean fishing. It has been discovered that a number of spoons, many more than on the outfit in question, will win lake trout and 'lunge when other rigs of the trolling type fail. You could arrange your own, using your own type of spoon, always baiting the hook. I am employing one with 7 spoons, graduated in size from small to large, the largest nearest the hook. Baited with a worm, single hook of course, it is a killer in deep water, used in conjunction with a metal line or a number of sinkers. I have not tried it out on 'lunge or great pike, but can see no reason why it might not be very attractive. I will send you the name of a man who gets out a rig for trout, and you can easily change the small hook he employs for one large enough to withstand the rushes of a big great pike or 'lunge. If you experiment, I shall be glad for your report. Thanks for "them good words" regarding "Pike Book." I would like to prepare another, if time only served, for I think I have enough material for a second volume without repeating overly much.—O. W.

WANTS A COMBINATION FLY AND CASTING ROD

Dear O. W.: Could a person obtain a good split bamboo combination rod, to be used for both casting and fly-fishing, changing joints? Have had no experience in fly-fishing, but want to learn how to do the trick.—W. C. B., Iowa.

Sir: I doubt very much if you can find a combination bait and fly rod that will work satisfactorily. If I were in your place I would secure a rather heavy fly-rod, say 5½ or 6 oz., and 9 or 9½ ft. long, for fly-fishing exclusively. This rod I would get in split-bamboo, and as good a one as I could afford. Then, I would get a steel casting rod to use for casting. I have never seen the combination rod that would compare with those built for the special work for which they are planned. In the very nature of the case it is absolutely impossible to use a casting rod for fly-work. One can use a fly-rod for worming for trout, that I do, but casting is, well, a "horse of a different color."—O. W.

PRIDE

"See those flies? They belonged to a millionaire."

"Who?"

"Woolworth."

Let's Talk It Over

(Continued from page 51)

Protest

Dear Editor:

I protest most strenuously against the article appearing in the October issue of Outdoor America by Seth Gordon in support of the Pennsylvania Game Commission's ruling on doe deer, as being false, misleading, and not a true statement of facts. . . .

E. S. MAFFET.

Williamsport, Pa.

* * *

Mr. Gordon's article on the Pennsylvania deer situation did not endorse the Game Commission's action thruout, as inferred.

His knowledge of Pennsylvania game conditions is not surpassed by any man in America. What he did was to review the situation, and counsel cool-headedness, broad vision and tolerance.—*Editor.*

Ruddy

Dear Editor:

Was very much surprised to read in Outdoor America, in Alec Mermod's department, that he never had seen or heard of a ruddy duck before. He says, "I have never seen this duck anywhere else nor have I seen it described in any work of natural history."

The ruddy duck is one of our most common ducks, according to Bent in "Life Histories of North American Wildfowl." He says: "It is widely scattered over the most extensive breeding range of any of our ducks, from far north to far south and from our eastern to our western coasts."

I have killed many of them on Currituck Sound.

VAN CAMPEN HEILNER.

Philadelphia.

Billboards

Dear Editor:

In behalf of the Woman's Civic club of Glens Falls I wish to commend you for the fine article which you recently published favoring billboard restriction. A few years ago this club started a campaign against rural billboard advertising which has since grown into a nation-wide movement. We believe that public opinion is fast being moulded against it. Again we commend you.

AGNES B. WILLIAMS,
Chairman, Billboard Committee,
The Woman's Civic Club, Inc.
Glens Falls, N. Y.

Uphill Fight

Dear Editor:

The Garden Club of Cincinnati wishes me to thank you for publishing in OUTDOOR AMERICA the interesting and convincing article on billboard restriction by Mr. Struthers Burt. It sometimes seems a slow and uphill fight to beautify the roadside. Therefore we greatly appreciate a like effort of any other organization.

M. E. JONES,
Corresponding Secretary,
Garden Club of Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

They're Helping

Dear Editor:

I just wanted you to know how much we appreciated the Editorial in your August issue regarding billboards; also the illustrated article by Struthers Burt in the September issue.

We are doing all that we can to improve the landscape by eliminating the billboards.

MARTHA B. LISLEA,
Chairman, Billboard & Roadside Committee, South County Garden Club of Rhode Island.

140

Dear Editor:

The one hundred and forty odd members of the Newport Garden Association have asked me to thank you for the work you are doing in behalf of the abolishing of billboards.

We are all greatly interested in the restriction of billboards, and the possibility of their abolishment, and we appreciate your August Editorial, and the illustrated article by Struthers Burt in the September number.

MRS. HAMILTON FISH WEBSTER,
President, The Garden Association.

Newport, R. I.

RESORTS AND CAMPS

HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

HAMPTON SPRINGS, FLA.
Wonderful Fishing and Hunting

Big mouth bass, lots of 'em, in our two spring-fed rapid rivers. Trout, sheephead, mackerel, blue fish, tarpon, in the Gulf. Deer, wild turkey, geese, duck, quail in abundance. Beautiful resort in the big woods of North Florida. Excellent cuisine.

Golf, Tennis, Swimming, Riding

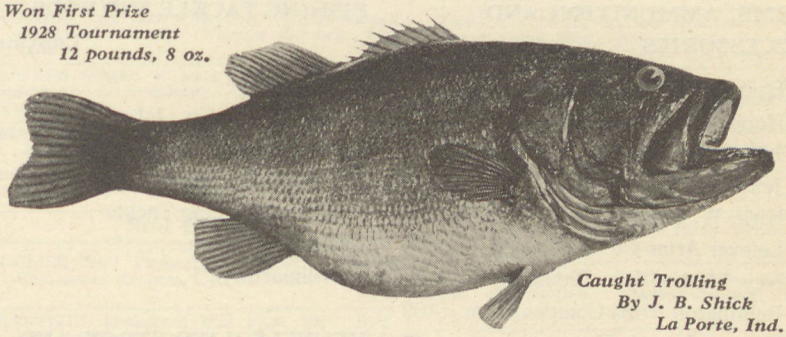
Drink Hampton Springs Sulphur-Magnesia Water for your health! Recommended for Diabetes, Rheumatism, Arthritis, and all Stomach and Kidney Disorders.

This is the place to play or rest

Write for information and booklet

HAMPTON SPRINGS CLUB
Hampton Springs, Taylor County, Florida, or 360 North Wrigley Building, Chicago, Illinois

Won First Prize
1928 Tournament
12 pounds, 8 oz.



Caught Trolling
By J. B. Shick
La Porte, Ind.

"Where The Big Bass Bite"

Second Yearly National Fresh Water Bass Tournament

Leesburg, Florida, January 10th to March 10th, 1929—Liberal Prizes and Trophies.

For information, rules, etc., write Sports Division Leesburg Chamber of Commerce, Leesburg, Florida

FOLLOW THE BIRDS TO THE SOUTHLAND

At one of the playgrounds advertised on this page pursue your favorite outdoor sports and recreations.

Read the other advertisements in this issue to see what you should take with you to get the utmost pleasure with the greatest comfort out of your happy hours in the out-o'-doors.

OUTDOOR AMERICA'S Free Resort, Camp and Land Service Bureau will be glad to furnish additional advice on WHERE, WHEN and HOW to go and WHAT TO TAKE.

Winter sports, too, appeal to many outdoor folk who love to feel their blood tingle when Jack Frost paints their cheeks with health. NORTHLAND RESORT OWNERS, TAKE NOTE OF THIS FACT—AND PROFIT FROM IT THROUGH ADVERTISING IN *OUTDOOR AMERICA!*

Our readers can afford to travel and DO travel throughout the nation to the recreational playgrounds where they can enjoy outdoor sports. Wise advertisers cash in on this fact.

HUNTING AT ITS PEAK

All seasons are now open in North Carolina. December and January are the most popular months for gunning. You are invited to participate.

Game supply bountiful—From all sections reports of full bags have come. "We got ours in two hours," say a number of messages.

Weather is ideal—Without vigorous extremes, hunters may make every day count afield. Cold enough to supply the necessary "zip" but not for physical hardship.

Variety is wide—Species range from waterfowl on the coast to "big game" in the mountains. Some sections afford rare combinations of varieties.

These conditions assure a pleasant and profitable outing. After one visit, the sportsman becomes a "regular." You are assured of a warm welcome in North Carolina. Further particulars furnished by the

DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT, Raleigh, North Carolina.

SPORT FOR ALL *In* NORTH CAROLINA

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE
HUNTING—FISHING
PARTRIDGES—DEER—DUCKS
Wonderful Climate ***Rates Reasonable***
Write—
F. W. MARINE
JACKSONVILLE NORTH CAROLINA

For Sale A Duck Club located on Pamlico Sound and yacht for transportation purpose for members. The Club is ready for use this season. The location is good for a group of gentlemen who wish to be free from outside interference. If interested advise

T. C. Ward, 1607 Oliver Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Address: Classified Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

549 W. RANDOLPH ST. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Agents Wanted

MIRRORS resilvered at home. Costs less 5 cents per square foot; you charge 75 cents. Immense profits plating auto parts, reflectors, tableware, stoves, refinishing metalware, etc. Outfits furnished. Details FREE. Write, Sprinkle, Plater, 720, Marion, Indiana. (3-2)

$31.00 PROFITS—with $1.50 outfit—big money—easy work. Selling gold monograms for automobiles, luggage. No experience. No license. Send $1.50 for outfit. NuLife Monograms, Hartford, Conn. (7x28)

Archery

LAST year amateurs using our tackle exceeded three national records and won eight silver cups. Yew bows or bow staves eagle feathers. Portorford Cedar Dowells. Beginner's complete outfit, $10.50. Information free. Hobson, Lyons, Oregon. (3-3)

POPE'S Osage Orange Hunting Bows hold world record. Let me prove it. Interesting literature free. E. F. Pope, Woodville, Texas.

YEW Bows-tackle-materials. Reasonably priced. Satisfaction guaranteed. Olympic Yew Archery Shop, Port Angeles, Wash. (3-1)

Automobile Supplies

SPINNING, red, white and blue auto light. Spins with wind. Everybody notices. Nothing like it—most beautiful light—used anywhere on auto, motorcycle, airplane, radiator, mudguards, side top—rust proof, self-lubricating—easily attached any auto. Great mail-order article. Trade discounts. Address Go Light Company, 76 Milford Ave., Newark, N. J. Pay mailman $1.50 plus postage for sample. (6x28)

SAVE money on auto and truck repairs. Gears, axles, bearings, motor and transmission parts. Send list of parts wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price lists free. Century Parts Co., 1712 Lafayette Ave., St. Louis, Mo. (3-2)

Binoculars, Telescopes and Compasses

USED Field Glasses, $3 to $27. J. A. Loring, Dept. K, Owego, N. Y. (6-1)

Boats and Motors

USED Johnson, Elto, Evinrudes, all sizes. Priced right. Write for further particulars. Spavinaw Sport Shop, Spavinaw, Okla. (3-1)

Books and Publications

NATURE Lovers—Read "Nine Years Among the Indians," by Herman Lehmann, a white captive; 235 pages, 7 pictures. A true story simply told. Price, $3.00, postpaid. Order from Maurice J. Lehmann, Boerne, Texas. (3-3)

Coins—Curios—Antiques

$2 TO $500 each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. Keep all old money—it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, Desk 20, LeRoy, N. Y. (11x26)

CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size; 27c. $½-size, 53c. 100,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10c. Norman Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah. (9x26)

Direct to Smokers

NATURAL Leaf Tobacco, best grade. Guaranteed. Chewing, 5 lbs., $1.00; 12, $2.00. Smoking, 10, $1.50. Pipe free. Pay when received. Valley Farmers, Murray, Ky. (3-1)

PIPE Smokers. We have specialized in pipe tobacco for 23 years. Factory to smoker. Wonderful blends and flavors. Write for free catalog. The Planters Tobacco Co., Henderson, Ky. (3-1)

Dogs

Beagles

BLOODED Sady Shores Beagles. Highly trained and young stock cheap. Vernon Hershey, Orrville, Ohio. (3-1)

TRAINED beagles of most popular blood lines at thirty to fifty dollars. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-1)

REGISTERED, trained beagles. Very reasonable. Edw. Porch, Oklahoma City, Okla.

THOROUGHBRED female beagle pups only $7.50. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-1)

Bull Dogs

ENGLISH Bull Puppies, registered. Catalog 10c. Challenger Kennels, Box 9, Jackson Center, Ohio. (3-2)

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull Pups, $15. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (12-8)

Chesapeakes

DEAD grass colored Chesapeakes, whelped June 5. $25.00. Papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-3)

Collies

COLLIE Puppies that must please. With grit and quality. Honest prices. Floyd Hale, Farmersville, Ohio. (3-2)

Hounds

ARKANSAS best hunting hounds. Extra high class coon hounds $75.00 and $100.00. Extra high class coon, skunk, and opossum hounds $75.00. High class combination tree hounds $50.00. Good average tree hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Old coon hounds that will tree $20.00. Young partly trained coon hounds $20.00. Coon hound pups $10.00. Champion Rabbit Hounds $20.00. Cat-Fox-Wolf-Bear hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Trial allowed. References your state. Henry Fort, Fort Smith, Arkansas. (3-1)

BUY your cooner now, for another season. Rounder is three years old; wide, fast hunter; true treer. Knows each trick of Mr. Coon. First $45.00 gets him on trial. O. Holloway, Sedalia, Ky., R. No. 1, B78.

50 BEST Rabbit Hounds, $20.00 each. Beagles, $25.00. Fully trained. All sizes, colors. Trial. Partly trained dogs, $12.50. Full Hounds satisfaction. Blanks Kennels, Decatur, Ills.

FREEMAN Riverside Kennels, Vandalia, Illinois. For sale: One hundred coon, opossum, skunk, mink, fox, rabbit hounds, guaranteed ten days' trial. (3-2)

IF you want foxhounds, why take a chance. Buy them from a pack that has won sixty-three trophies since 1920. South Mountain Kennels, Smithsburg, Maryland. (4-3)

A FEW choice coon, skunk and possum hounds. Also Walker Fox Hounds. Trial. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (4-1)

COON, opossum, skunk, rabbit hounds. Blacktans, Bluetticks, Redbones; cheap; trial; Joe Sarver, Herrick, Ill.

FOR Sale: Speed, a real coonhound at ½ price on 15 days trial with terms to please you. L. B. Beadles, S523, Dyersburg, Tenn. (3-2)

GREYHOUNDS—Registered pups and grown dogs of fastest racing stock. Stocking, 904 Hennepin Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (3-2)

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

HUNTERS take notice. I have for sale the best hunting hounds money will buy. Trained and ready to go. All full blooded hounds. No trash. Every dog tested before shipped. Catalogue, photo free. V. Langdon, Dressor, Ill. (10x28)

COON, 'possum, skunk, coyote and rabbit hounds. Trained and untrained. Satisfaction. Riverside Kennels, Decatur, Ills.

COON, opossum, skunk, rabbit hounds, black tans, blueticks, redbones. Cheap; trial. Joe Sarver, Herrick, Ill.

COONHUNTERS, try my first class four year old coonhound Rock. He gets the game anywhere. I pay express. Jean Vaughn, D126, Mayfield, Ky.

COONHUNTERS. Our season practically over, will sell my best coonhound, at ½ price on trial. L. B. Beadles, S655, Dyersburg, Tenn.

FOR Sale: Rabbit Hounds, black and tan, spotted Walker males, $20.00; females, $17.50. Money with order. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Illinois.

FOR Sale: Red Cautionan greyhound pups, whelped July 13. Also dogs ready to run. Anton Bielen, Springfield, Minn. (3-3)

MANY Foxhounds. Trained. Trial. Also young dogs. Satisfaction. Blanks Kennels, Decatur, Ills.

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-1)

RAMSEY Creek Kennels. All kinds of hunting hounds on trial. Write for prices. Ramsey, Ill. (3-2)

FULLY trained rabbit hounds. Shipman, Burket, Ind. (3-2)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds cheap. Supplies, catalogue. Kaskaskennels, K-60, Herrick, Illinois.

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed Leichtle, Cold Spring, Kentucky. (3-1)

Labradors

BEAUTIFUL pedigreed Labrador retriever puppies. Real bargains. Howard Stone, New Rockford, N. D. (3-3)

Miscellaneous Dogs

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; Cracker Jack rabbit hounds; high-class pointers and setters. Young dogs nicely started on game at $15.00 each. All dogs shipped on trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum hounds, Bear and Lion hounds, Varmint and Rabbit hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

BEAGLES, Rabbit hounds, fox terrier puppies, C.O.D. Trial. Plowman, Lakewood, Ill. (3-1)

GREAT Danes, registerable. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (3-1)

PUPPIES—18 breeds. Descriptive circular free. Fairview Farm, Elmore, Minn. (14-12-9)

THOROUGHBRED Pointers, Setters, Police, Collies. Reasonable. Curtis Matz, Carmi, Ill.

Newfoundlands

NEWFOUNDLANDS, Mammoth, healthy, intelligent, registered dogs and pups. Birky Kennels, Fisher, Illinois.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters

BROKEN Setter Dog, 3 years old. Staunch on points. Good nose. Retriever. $75.00. Broken Pointer Dog, 3 years old. Staunch on points. Good nose. Retriever. $75.00. These dogs will stand the test. Will ship C. O. D. on 5 days' trial. You pay express if returned. We have others. J. H. Murray, Brighton, Tenn. (3-2)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

BLUE Belton Setter Puppies, 100% Llewellyn, the old fashioned early bird-finding strain. All papers to register; $15.00 to $25.00 each. Michalek Bros., Victor, Iowa. (3-1)

BARGAIN: Prizewinning English Setter bitch in whelp to fine stud dog. Rare opportunity. Charles Inglee, 155 Montague, Brooklyn, New York. (3-3)

AMERICA'S best Irish Setters. Finest puppies. Write for pedigree, photo, description, prices. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-1)

IRISH Setters sixteen months old, from Killarney Girl and Joffre Rookwood, partly trained. L. D. Hegg, Covington, Indiana. (3-2)

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffons, finest all-around bird and duck dog. Eligible youngsters at $60. Dr. Dratz, Missoula, Montana. (2x28)

REGISTERED English Setter pups, 7 mos. Dwight Woolridge, Normal, Illinois. (3-1)

Police Dogs

60 POLICE Puppies. Papers to register. Imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. Females $12.00, males $20.00. White pups $40.00. Bred females $65.00. References furnished. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (3-2)

DOBERMAN Pinscher Puppies, the original German Police Dog, for sale. Male, $30.00. Female, $25.00. Dr. Lueschen, 1754 33rd Ave., Columbus, Nebraska. (3-3)

BEAUTIFUL pedigreed police pups. Grown dogs. Bred and open females. Write, Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, No. Dak. (3-1)

GERMAN Police Puppies. From German trained Champion Shepherd and Strongheart Kennel Blood. Arthur Kahler, Appleton, Wisconsin. (3-2)

POLICE Puppies. Also for sale or exchange, silver grey, imported stud. Son of 1925 Sieger. Edw. Rahmlow, Appleton, Wis., R. 4.

Spaniels

GENUINE rat-tailed, curly coated, Irish water spaniel pups. Eligible for registration. Also one proven brood matron—registered—three years old, priced to sell. Write for descriptive list and prices. Hawthorne Kennels, 1207 Hawthorne Ave., Waterloo, Iowa.

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER Spaniels, all ages. Pedigrees contain names of the following well known dogs. Flint of Avendale, Trent Valley Countess, Downton Bob, Springbok of Ware, Laverstock Powderhorn, Nithsdale Rob and other well bred dogs. Priced reasonable. R. F. Muriset, Muskegon, Mich. (3-2)

SPRINGER Spaniels, Horsford Harbour and Spring-bock of Ware lineage. Guaranteed to please both as to quality and price. Dr. O. R. Clovis, 335 Cleve. Ave., S., Canton, Ohio. (3-3)

WATER Spaniels. Pups. Half Irish, half cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males, $15.00. Females, $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-3)

AMERICAN Water Spaniels. Registered puppies from trained hunters and retrievers. Rimrock Kennels, Box 87, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-3)

AT Stud; Springbok's Jerry. Sire, Springbok of Ware. Dam, Flintess of Avondale. Reasonable Fee. Leon J. Cherny, Rogers, Nebr.

THREE beautiful springers, whelped April 19, well grown champion stock. Twenty dollars. Papers. R. J. Reasoner, Casper, Wyo.

SPRINGERS and Irish Water Spaniels 2 months old and up. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGER Spaniels. Pups, bred bitches and trained dogs. Avandale and Horsford breeding. Quality highest. Prices lowest. Kesterson's Kennels, Skamokawa, Wash. (3-2)

BEAUTIFUL, pedigreed Cocker Spaniel Pups and grown stock. Write, Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, No. Dak. (3-1)

COCKER Spaniels. Beautiful youngsters from hunting parents, registered. $25.00. Pellor Farm, Northeast, Pa. (3-2)

IRISH Water Spaniels for sale. All ages. Working stock. Eligible. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Mont. (8-1)

SPRINGER Spaniels—world's leading strains, prices reasonable. Siemers Resort, Aitkin, Minnesota. (3-1)

SPRINGERS, best blood, working parents. Inquire T. W. Stillwell, Wentworth, S. D. (3-2)

Terriers

IRISH Terriers Pedigreed. Puppies sired by Irishman holding many First and Reserve winnings. Satisfaction guaranteed. A. W. Elkins, Route 3, Kokomo, Indiana.

BEAUTIFUL pedigreed Boston terrier puppies, brood matrons, bred and open; studs and stud prospects. V. Winsor, Excelsior, Minn. (3-1)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

IRISH Terrier Puppies, all ages. Reduced prices on females. Altura Kennels, Route 1, El Paso, Texas. (3-2)

BEAUTIFUL Foxterriers, male, $8.00; female, $4.00. Curtis Matz, Carmi, Ill.

FOR Sale: Boston Bull Terrier pups, eligible, best breeding. C. W. Coulter, Grove City, Pa.

SCOTTISH Terriers, pedigreed. Pups and grown dogs. Harry Woods, Dublin, Indiana.

Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

RUNNING fits in dogs cured in three doses; large size $1. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Virginia. (12-6)

Training and Boarding Dogs

SEND me your dog to thoroughly train on quail; ideal training grounds and birds plentiful. D. B. Lindsey, Brooklyn, Miss. (3-3)

Firearms, Ammunition and Supplies

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles. Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in United States. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38A South Street, Boston, Mass. (4-1)

BUILD your own gun cabinet and save thirty dollars, blue prints and bill of materials of the famous U-build gun cabinets sent for one dollar. U-Build Mfg. Co., Bay City, Mich. (3-2)

EXPERT gunsmithing. Restocking to order from five to eight dollars. Thirty-five years' experience. Work guaranteed. William Tietz, New Prague, Minn. (3-1)

GUN stock blanks beautifully grained from $6.00 to $20.00. Ordinary $2.00. Delivered free. Mitchell Bosly, 75 Bath Street, Birmingham, England.

THE Ovr Unda Gun for trap or field. The greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38A South St., Boston, Mass. (4-1)

MILLER single trigger selective $17.50, non-selective $14.00. Miller Single Trigger Mfrs., Millersburg, Pa. (3-1)

SEND 10c for largest ever printed fire-arms list. We trade guns. What have you? N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minn.

Fish and Game Attractions

ATTRACT Wild Ducks, Fish, Game, Fur-bearing Animals. Plant natural foods—40 varieties. Terrell's seeds grow. 32 years' experience. Let us tell you how you can do what hundreds of others are doing. Advice free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 88 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-2)

MINNESOTA Wild Rice Seed. Write for special prices. Prompt delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly, Aitkin, Minnesota. (12-4)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

A BARGAIN job lot wet trout flies, 8, 10, 12 hooks eyed, looped gut, $2.00 gross lots. Assorted double winged dry flies, 8 and 10 hooks, $6.00 gross lots. L. Keegan, 3 Inns Quay, Dublin.

Food Products

PURE maple syrup, $3.75 per gal., postpd. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-3)

Game, Birds and Animals

BEST prices, best quality stock. Rainy River-Ontario Mink, Black and Brown Beaver, Raccoon, Pen and Marsh Raised Hudson Seal Musquash, fur bearing rabbits, red and cross foxes. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corporation, Lake Elmo, Minn. (Highway No. 12, near St. Paul). (1x29)

SPECIAL prices on Silver Foxes, $500 to $800 per pair. Prize winning blood; all stock registered; we were offered and received up to $400 for raw pelts this season. Also other fur animals. If you want stock that has fur value, write us. Huber's Silver Fox and Game Farm, Long High Street, Fostoria, Ohio. (10x28)

ALASKA Minks, Super-quality Northern Minnesota minks, Blue Foxes, Alaskan Silvers, finest quality. Booking orders for spring and fall delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (8x28)

FINEST quality eastern mink. Write for prices and terms for fall delivery 1929. Successful Mink Raising, illustrated book of practical information mailed for $1.00. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-3)

LIVE Muskrats. Delivery now. Black, $25.00 per pair. Extra males $7.50 each. Brown, $15.00 per pair. Extra males $5.00 each. Live delivery at destination, and sex guaranteed. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. B-33, Chester, Pa.

PHEASANTS—Ringnecks, Goldens, Silvers, Amherst, Reeves, Melanotus, Versicolor, Mongolians, Swinhoe, Manchurians. Finest quality—Reasonable prices. Lux Game Farm, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-1)

FERRETS for driving rats and other vermin from their dens. White or brown. Males, $5.00; females, $5.50; pair, $10.00. Ship C. O. D. J. E. Younger, Newton Falls, Ohio.

PHEASANT Eggs for Spring Delivery. English Ringneck, Mongolian Ringneck, Golden, Silver, Lady Amherst and Reeves. Towamencin Pheasantry, Souderton, Pa.

CHOICE large dark breeding mink with pens and instructions, pairs, $115.00. Dr. Hall, Lyons, Nebr.

FOR Sale: A few fine 1928 Golden and Amherst pheasants, twelve and sixteen dollars pair. L. J. Hedderich, Mulberry, Indiana. (3-2)

GOLDEN Pheasant breeding stock, $15.00 per pair. F. O. B. Bracher Game Farm, Pilot Rock, Oregon. (3-3)

MUSKRATS for breeding or stocking; quality, sex and live delivery guaranteed. Lotridge Fur Farm, Port Clinton, Ohio. (3-2)

SUPER-ALASKAN and fine dark northern minks for immediate delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (1x29)

CHINCHILLA Rabbits. Milk Goats. For sale. Dedricks, Kinderhook, N. Y. (3-2)

FANCY Peafowls. Choice selected birds. $45.00 pair. R. S. Peters, Bluesprings, Mo. (3-2)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

PHEASANTS. Chinese, Mongolian and our famous Chi-Mong crosses. Extra large, vigorous and colorful. Ideal breeding stock. Reared in Wisconsin's finest game country. Order eggs now for early delivery at a discount. Plain and bearded Japanese Silkie eggs. Everything guaranteed. Otto Beyer Game Farm, Portage, Wis. (3-2)

GENUINE Wisconsin Muskrat and Beaver Breeders in pairs or trios, for Fall and Spring delivery. Wisconsin bucks for breeding up quality. Also our improved live catch trap. Our prices are reasonable. Wisconsin Fur Farms, Inc., Wausau, Wis. (3-2)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (5-1)

LIVE wild rabbits for sale. Ozark Cotton-tails, any number up to several thousand. Also beagle training. For descriptive folder write H. S. Ferrell, Zig-zag Heights, Neosho, Mo. (3-1)

MINK. Interior Alaska and Northern. Pen raised. Blues and Silver Foxes. Finest quality. Booking orders for Spring delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (8x28)

MUSKRATS for sale: Sex and live delivery guaranteed. Largest and best equipped ranch in Eastern Canada. Big Creek Muskrat Farms, Ltd., Port Rowan, Ontario, Canada. (3-2)

MUSKRATS for sale—pen and marsh raised. Write for literature on free trial offer of our live catch trap. Lawrence Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minnesota. (3-1)

SKUNKS easily raised—orders now booked, bred skunks, raccoons, minks. Instructive interesting catalog 10c. Shady Fur Farm, Springfield, Minnesota. (3-2)

SALE: Dark Northern, ranch raised mink, raccoon, skunk, chinchilla rabbits; also silver badgers. Rice Lake Fur Ranch, Wells, Minnesota. (3-2)

WISCONSIN Muskrats—mated pairs, trios, any quantity. Use Wisconsin males to breed up your quality. Prices on application. Wisconsin Fur Farms, Inc., Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-1)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-3)

PHEASANTS, Golden and Amherst, also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-2)

SALE: Jacks and Cottontail Rabbits. Mink, Muskrats, Racing Turtles. Webb, Protection, Kansas. (4-2)

CANADIAN Geese, young and mated pairs. William Harberts, Chickasha, Okla. (3-1)

FERRETS, hand trained. Tame. C. O. D. $5.00. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa.

FANCY mice and rats. 30 varieties. Sunshine Mousery, Palmetto, Florida.

HARDY Northern Bobwhite Quail for restocking. Walton Ford, Rosedale, Alabama. (3-2)

MINKS, ranch raised, for sale. Joe Bellig, 522 Belgrade Ave., Mankato, Minnesota. (3-3)

Games, Entertainments and Plays

BLOCK-BALL, an athletic game played upon a new checkered board. Price, $2.00. S. Terry, 2223 E. 37th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Game Preserves for Sale

DUCK Hunting Preserve for sale on Cooper River, South Carolina, three hundred and thirty acres Rice Field Plantation, perfect condition—millions of ducks, mostly Mallards in season from Dec. to Feby. inclusive. Four miles from Moncks Corner, S. C., on Coastal Highway, concrete all the way from New York, twenty-five miles by same highway from Charleston, S. C. Wonderful duck shooting, also quail, turkey and deer. Two small but complete brick houses. Water piped to houses from Artesian flowing wells. A paradise for three or four hunters. Price fifty thousand dollars. Easy terms. D. P. Dehon, Summerville, S. C. (3-2)

Help Wanted, Instructions

RAILWAY Mail Clerks, City and Rural Carriers and Border Patrol Guards needed often. $140-$225 Mo. Particulars Free. Write, Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo., immediately. (11x28)

FOREST Ranger positions pay $125-$200 month. Nice cabin. Hunt, trap, patrol. Get free list Nat'l Forests immediately. Rayson Inst., Dept. A-12, Denver, Colo. (12-12)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 1515 Temple Court, Denver, Colo. (3-2)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; watchfobs, $1.00; Moccasins, belts, warclubs, $5.00. Beaded hatbands, headbands, necklaces, $3.00. Dozen selected arrowheads, $2.75. Everything Indian. Costumes. Navajo blankets. Silverwork. Prehistoric relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (11x28)

GENUINE Sioux Indian costumes and beadwork. Buying direct from Indian. Prices reasonable. Free price list. Lyon Curio Store, Clinton, Nebraska. (3-2)

OLD Arms, Indian Relics, Miscellaneous curios, illustrated lists, ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (3-1)

Manufacturers

WIRE goods made to order. Cooley Mfg. Co., 530 N. Western Ave., Chicago. (3-1)

Miscellaneous

GIBBS makes Hawk traps, live Muskrat Traps, Two trigger Traps, Single Grip coil spring traps in all sizes. Humane traps that kill any fur animal from a weasel to a bear. One size fur stretchers that will take any hide from a weasel to a wolf. Trap tags. Send for free catalogue. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. E-41, Chester, Pa.

LEARN Fox Trapping: I have a system different from all others, and get the slyest. Works on bare ground or ten feet of snow. I guarantee fox or no pay. F. Q. Bunch, Welch, Minnesota. (3-1)

GOLD Fish, Japanese and Chinese fish. Artistic aquariums. Aquatic plants. Interesting circular free. Pioneer Gold Fish Propagators, Racine, Wisconsin. (3-1)

BARBECUE your meats on a cold pack hot water canner and barbecue furnace. Circular free. Southern Canner Co., Dept. 8, McKinney, Texas.

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-5)

NEW automatic live animal trap. Catches one to six animals alive at one setting. $4.85 each. $45.00 dozen. Morse Rowell, Box 195, Newburgh, N. Y.

OPPORTUNITY. Let us show you how to make your back yard produce from $1500.00 to $6000.00 a year in your spare time. Progressive Occupations Co., Northfield, Minn. (3-2)

SPORTSMEN! "Victory Rubber Gum" repairs rubber-boots successfully; 75c per can; postpaid. Victory Mfg. Co., South Crouse Ave., Syracuse, N. Y. (3-1)

10,000 ACRE Texas ranch resort. Deer, Turkey, Ducks, Fishing, Swimming. Picturesque, attractive. Boarders accepted year round. Booklet. Gallagher Ranch, San Antonio, Tex. (3-3)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-1)

MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee if not satisfied. Write T. D. Robinson, Box 68 C, Elgin, Texas. (3-3)

Miscellaneous—Continued

RUBBER Stamps! Name, Address, two lines 25c; Three lines 35c. DeLuxe Stamp Works, B572A, Auburn, Nebr. (3-2)

SPOTTED Shetland Ponies, seventy-five dollars. White Russian Wolfhounds, thirty-five dollars. Shetland Pony Farm, Guymore, Okla. (3-3)

TOBACCO or snuff habit cured or no pay. $1.50 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., N23, Baltimore, Md. (3-1)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Photography—Cameras—Pictures

MAKE money in photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. Experience unnecessary. American School of Photography. Dept. 1298, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. (12-10)

FILMS, developed, printed. Give your films a chance. They deserve it. Send for sample. See what good prints look like. Ask for prices. Frank Scobie, 68-D, Sleepy Eye, Minn. (3-1)

PHOTO art novelties. Art magazines, books in French, English, Spanish. Lists and sample pictures 20 cents (stamps). Villaverde Co., Dept. 256, Box 1329, Havana, Cuba. (11x28)

ENLARGEMENTS beautifully colored, send best negatives 5x7, 20 cents each. Whitney, 7554 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOS. Free samples. Ben Meyer, OURGPO, Box 471, New York. (3-1)

Pigeons

PIGEONS: All varieties. John Smith, 1407 Ford Ave., Alpena, Mich.

Poultry

PLANS for Poultry Houses. All styles, 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 517, Indianapolis, Ind. (5-4)

Printing, Engraving and Multigraphing

BOND letterheads, envelopes $2.95 per 1000. Cuts used. Samples free. Williams Printing Co., Reed, Kentucky. (3-1)

CIRCULARS, stationery. Cuts made from photograph. Free samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-2)

SPECIAL: 500 each letterheads, envelopes, cards, $5.75. Work guaranteed. Fernwood Press, 10026 Lowe Ave., Chicago, Ill.

200 LETTERHEADS and 100 envelopes, $1.10, postpaid. Oberman Company, Box 1042, Chicago. (11x28)

Rabbits

CHINCHILLA—blue and silver black fox rabbits. Big type. Real quality. Booklet. Stamp. Brogden Farms, Rush Lake, Wis. (3-1)

RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (7-3)

CHINCHILLA Rabbits, fancy stock. Prices right. W. Whittingham, Arpin, Wis.

SILVER Fox Fur Rabbits. Edward Toll, Ripon, Wisconsin. (3-2)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

CANADA Tax Sale. Seized and sold for taxes. $64.80 buys 20 acres on main road. $100.80 buys 2½ acres 800 feet lake front. $189.00 buys 78 acres farm on river. $279.00 buys 175 acres good hunting. $360.00 buys 160 acres western farm. $585.00 buys 300 acres, sporting—minerals. These properties, with several hundred others, are offered at the prices stated, no mortgage, no further payments. Beautifully situated hunting camps and fishing lodges where there is real hunting and fishing. Summer cottage sites; heavily wooded acreages situated in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario and the new North; also farms in old Ontario, Quebec, Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. Our 12th annual list just issued in the form of a 20 page illustrated booklet describes these properties and gives full particulars. It is mailed free on application. Now is the time to invest in Canada's minerals, forests and farms. Don't delay. These properties won't last long at these prices. Send no money, but send for booklet today so you will have first choice. Tax Sale Service, Room 614, 72 Queen Street, West, Toronto 2, Canada. (3-3)

TIDEWATER Virginia Farm for sale: Peninsula. Four hundred acres. Splendid duck and sora islands. Hog raising without feed. Fenced. No ditches. Two residences. Hot and cold water. George P. Gatling, Lestor Manor, Va. (3-2)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

HUNT and fish on your own land. Our new list of hunting and fishing tracts is ready. Write for it. Kent Realty Co., 915 Michigan Trust Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-2)

J. D. SMITH, Marianna, Fla., has ideal location. Lakes stocked with fish, on beautiful stream, near railroad. For sale cheap. Game forest all around. (3-3)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-1)

160 ACRES, $800 improvements. Price, $1000 cash, or $50 month for 24 months. Harry Blow, Milford, Utah. (3-1)

FOR Sale: Ideal location Muskrat and fur farming. Clark Holt, R7, Baraboo, Wis. (5-5)

MUSKRAT farms, all sizes, get free list. DeCoudres, Bloomingdale, Mich. (3-1)

Stamp Collecting

FREE 66 diff. stamps from fourteen countries (including South Africa, Norway, Japan) and hinges, given those sending 10c (coin) and 2c stamp for illustrated album holding hundreds of stamps. Argonaut Stamp Co., Dept. 224, New Canaan, Conn.

50 DIFFERENT United States 5c to those requesting approvals. Glendale Stamp Co., 1343 Linden, Glendale, Calif. (3-2)

BARGAINS ¼c up. High quality. Babcock, 405 E. Fort, Detroit, Mich. (3-1)

FINEST one cent approvals in America. Elvin Stanton, Niantic, Conn. (3-2)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-3)

300 DIFFERENT, 20c; 600, 50c; 1,100, $1; 2,000, $3.50. Fred Onken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn. (3-1)

Taxidermy

NOTICE: Taxidermists, Furriers, Fox Fur Farms, Rabbit Fur Farms. Save money. Write for free catalogue of supplies, tools, best books ever printed on taxidermy, tanning, trapping, fur farming and fur trade. Manufacturers of glass eyes for mounted birds, animals, wooden decoy ducks, human beings, etc. Glass Indian beads (sample card) 25c. Guaranteed wire fur stretchers for all fur animals. F. Schumacher and Sons, 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-2)

FUR business with taxidermy at sacrifice. Established over 25 years. Must retire for health and old age. Terms accepted from reliable party. Address, H. H. Hindry, Foster Bld., Denver, Colo. (3-1)

Taxidermy—Continued

FOR Sale: A large newly mounted Alaska Moose Head. Newly mounted Elk, Caribou Mountain Sheep and Goat Heads, Mule and White Tail Deer. Heads at reasonable prices. I will ship express prepaid anywhere in U. S. A. on approval. Edwin Dixon, Canada's Leading Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. (3-2)

RAW furs tanned and made into neck pieces, fox or coon, $9.00 each. Same skins you send me returned C. O. D. J. G. Burst, Ridgewood, New Jersey. (3-3)

YOUR Trophies correctly mounted; anything; chokers made. Ralph Feld, Taxidermist, 331 S. State, Marion, O. (3-3)

Wanted

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 72. (7-7)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

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If you looked through our files, you would find lots of other testimonials like this to the tremendous pulling power of *OUTDOOR AMERICA'S* CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS. **You, too, will get results.**

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Outdoor America
NOVEMBER, 1928
Price 25 Cents
Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America
DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE
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Special Offer

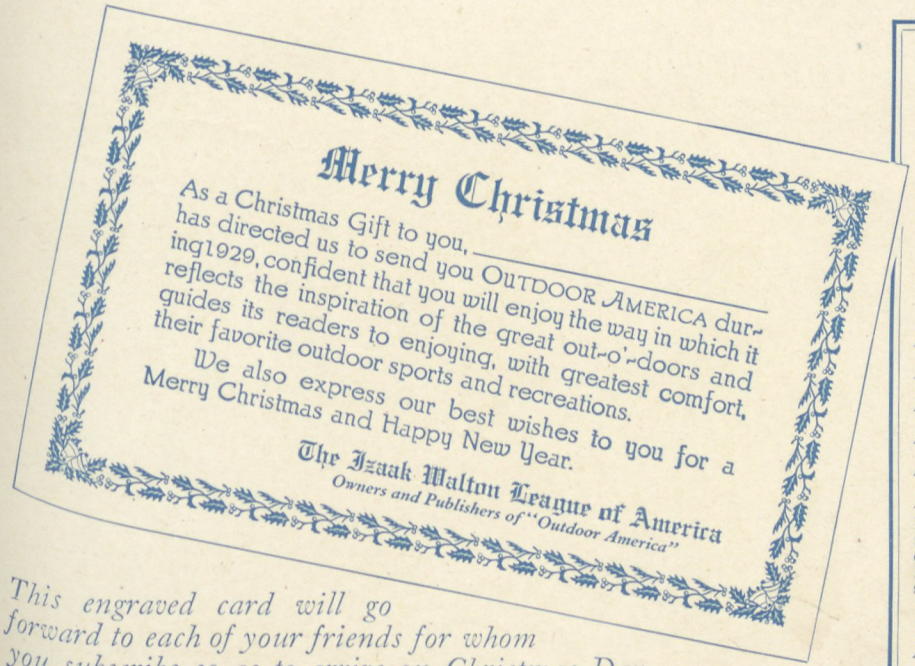
$3 per year

HERE'S A CHRISTMAS GIFT that every he-man who loves the great out-o'-doors will appreciate and enjoy each month throughout the year. We know of no more worth-while gift for your friends than a year's subscription to OUTDOOR AMERICA. The cost is only $3.00 a year.

The new year will bring to OUTDOOR AMERICA a wider variety of more interesting and beautifully illustrated stories and articles on life out-o'-doors.

These and the greatly increased activities of the Izaak Walton League of America will make OUTDOOR AMERICA even more clearly the outstanding outdoor magazine.

Send in your subscriptions now covering the list of names and addresses of your friends to whom you desire to have us send OUTDOOR AMERICA each month during the year of 1929—including the December, 1928, Christmas number. To each we will send for you the handsomely engraved Christmas card illustrated below.


Merry Christmas
As a Christmas Gift to you, _____ has directed us to send you OUTDOOR AMERICA during 1929, confident that you will enjoy the way in which it reflects the inspiration of the great out-o'-doors and guides its readers to enjoying, with greatest comfort, their favorite outdoor sports and recreations.
We also express our best wishes to you for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.
The Izaak Walton League of America
Owners and Publishers of "Outdoor America"

This engraved card will go forward to each of your friends for whom you subscribe so as to arrive on Christmas Day.

COUPON

Outdoor America
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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Name .....
Address .....
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Please send personal greeting card from me and mail December, 1928, issue so both will arrive on Christmas Day.
Enclosed please find check for..... subscriptions at $3.00 each.

(Signed) Name .....
Address .....

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WHERE will you find a more appropriate gift for the man who enjoys hunting, fishing, camping or touring? Or for the man who tinkers with tools.

If you want to give such a man or boy a Christmas gift that will be a source of satisfaction for years, choose this husky Remington Knife.

It's sharp—every blade hand-honed at the factory, and the fine steel in these blades will hold that biting edge. Notice the screwdriver—made to fit average household screws; the bottle-opener; corkscrew; patented can opener that will really open cans; and the punch and reamer blade for making holes in leather, scraping insulation off wires, cleaning spark plugs, or doing a hundred other jobs—it is solid forged and can be easily resharpened when necessary.

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